



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Undoing of Mr. Uplift "Finched by Lady Cops," Argued by Father vs. Son.

"I see that new woman mayor out in Hunnewell, Kan., has appointed a woman chief of police," observes Mr. Uplift, a ramp of all-like wisdom brightly burn- ing in his forehead for the daily verbal hand- ling.

"Oh, very well, Hunnewell, do your worst. We defy you!" Son exclaims, jauntily, excavating a torch and setting it on fire.

"While I am, strongly in favor of women holding offices," declares Father, who is ever a champion of the fair sex, "I have some doubt about the wisdom of such an appointment. I fear she will have trouble in making arrests."

"Where's the gink who would kick about being pinched by a dame?" Son demands with much display of skepticism. "Believe me, that skirt won't have any trouble when it comes to running in us coarse streets. One word from her and the boys will eat out of her hand."

"The woman to whom the post was offered agreed to take it if she could have a man assistant," explains Father.

"Let the hired man do the work," approves Son. "Their motto seems to be, 'Who work when there are more men look- ing for jobs?' All they want to do is to draw down the big money and pass the buck on the rough stuff to."

"One thing is certain," affirms Father, with emphasis; "there won't be any crime wave so long as a woman heads the police."

"The only kind of wave this dame will give a license to is the Marcel wave, I suppose," suggests Son.

"I should like to live in a city with women police," avers Father, "for I would feel certain that a high moral tone would be upheld at all times."

"They'd be so high toned," surmises Son, "that they would probably refuse to as- sociate with a common second story big- lar long enough to arrest him. This uplift game is all to the good, but I hate to have to get down my trusty telescope to follow 'em."

"I understand that this woman police chief is going to work a lot of reforms," announces Father.

"That's what they all say when they first take the job," Son volunteers. "She'll find out before she gets through that a police force is some different from the Salvation Army. Running in the lowbrows has no connection whatever with the so-



ONE WORD FROM HER.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

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IF THAT BOY BRINGS ANY MORE PETS A-ROUND HERE, I'M GOING TO SHOOT 'EM.

GEE, IT'S A BARN NEW ONE. ANY OF 'EM ARE YER FOLKS GOIN' LET YER KEEP 'EM?

SURE, THEY GOTTA KEEP 'EM 'CAUSE THE STORM FETTERED 'EM. YER GOTTA KEEP 'EM 'CAUSE THE STORM FETTERED 'EM.

"SPECK I'D BETTER HIDE WHILE PW'S FEELIN' THAT WAY."

"TIFE!"

"YOU JES' NO! STILL TILL I GET YER STILL'S FIXED."

"SQUAWK!"

"I WANT TO SEE YA A MINUTE, YOUNG MAN."

"SQUAWK!"

"IF YOU HADN'T 'I REMEMBERED IT' 'I WORNED! WHO EVER HEARD OF A STORM SATTIN' IN?"

"SQUAWK!"

How to Treat a Husband

"If there is one thing more than another, that destroys confidence and trust," said the Wise Wife, as she toyed with the roses on the table, "it is the little white lies of matrimony."

"Take this apron for instance. I was out shopping with my dearest girl friend who has a lot more money than she can possibly spend and who can't understand why everybody isn't in the same comfortable predicament.

"We went to the 'Maison de Something' to look over a fresh importation of hats. The name sounded suspicious, and I wanted to beat a graceful retreat, but Mary insisted that my opinion was vital to her happiness, so I took a chance at results.

"Of course, the sales, who goes by the name of somebody, perched a perfect love of a hat on my head. It was in my favorite shades, and when it nestled down in my hair and dared me not to buy it, I felt like the newest Broadway sensation in a society play, and I had looked it, too.

"Will you believe it? I bought that \$30 thing of stuff and feathers, though I know Bob was awfully cramped just now and that a hospital bill I contracted last winter needed attention. But it was a love of a hat.

The Difference in Two Girls

She wore a pitiful little torn brown coat. The tears were the sort that couldn't be mended, because there wasn't any cloth there to mend. There weren't any buttons either, but the pins that replaced them were neatly fastened. No hair ribbons tied the thick, smooth braids of hair, and though the tiny collar was of the cheapest kind of lace it was spotlessly clean.

Her thin arm just reached the strap in the street car. Before her a solid line of men sat with their faces buried in the base ball score of the latest news thrill. If any- one had walked up, tapped them on the shoulder and said they were not American gentlemen they would have resented the insult with their fists. Yet it remained for a slip of a girl in pigtails to teach them a lesson in plain courtesy.

Up aisle a woman, of perhaps 40 odd years also clung to a strap. She was perfectly well and strong looking and ex- ceptionally dressed, but she was a woman not in her first youth, a fact for which true gentlemen have a regard.

The man sitting in front of the young girl awoke to realities only when the con- ductor called his station, and even then he lingered for a last look at the racing sheet. The girl quietly threaded her way through the stragglers to the woman, here's a seat for you," she said sim-

Way of One Man-Do You Know Him?

They strolled into a fashionable hotel, making their way toward the luncheon room, where a dainty table, fragrant with the flowers she liked best, awaited their coming.

He stopped a moment to speak to a friend. The girl walked on, not noticing she was alone. Her dress was undeniably striking. The skirt had a way of clinging and swirling that on more than one occasion had drawn unpleasant attention, but the girl seemed rather to enjoy the sensation of being stared at.

A man of perhaps some fifty summers stood in a recess of the lobby hall as she passed, looking her over as she would a prize filly at a horse show. She felt the steady gaze and colored a bit. Just then her companion came hurrying down the hall to rejoin her. He caught the man in the midst of the stare and turned sharply on him. A few hot words passed between the two and the older man, knowing that the reprimand was deserved, took it quietly.

Now comes the strange part of the story. The day after the incident the young man is discovered in a cheaper restaurant downtown, hurriedly snatching a near luncheon. The girl who asks for his order is refined, her face delicate and her manner is reserved to the point of shrinking. She does not glance at the patrons of the place, confining herself strictly to trays and bills of fare.

"Hello, girlie; not mad, are you?" asks the man flippantly as he looks up into her averted eyes. A shade of weariness passes over her pale face, but her hands do not tremble as she pours the coffee in severe silence.

"My, aren't you the particular party though? I thought you might like to go down to J's with me some night."

"My mother is an invalid and I spend my evenings with her," said the girl simply fixing him with her clear gray eyes.

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Trifling With English

Elijah's chariot of fire was vanishing in the distance when the constable arrived.

"That old chap's a-hittin' her up at a high old rate of speed," he said, gazing at the distant vehicle. "Any of you fellows happen to catch his number?"

"Nothing doing," murmured the crowd.

"Have ye got any idea who it wuz?" asked the constable.

"Yes," replied a bystander, "it was old man Elijah."

"Wa-wal, I wonder how," ejaculated the constable, "that the country constable when our very best folks 'll go an' violate the speed laws like that."—Harper's Weekly.

New One on Him.

A youth from Calhoun county, Illinois, which has nothing but a solid line of transportation went to Elshery, Mo., the other day to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis. He had never seen a train, and when the Hannibal local came rolling in, he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam, and finally pulled out.

"I thought you were going to St. Louis on that train," shouted the station agent, thrusting his head through the window.

"I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down the gangplank."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Those who make dross and drakes of their property are sure and sander.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl With Inside Information

I object to being a promenade for another woman. If a man walks over me, I can half deceive myself into believing that I am playing the interesting role of martyr to the inhumanity of him. But I cannot excuse or decorate my service as sidewalk for a woman. It is just an unmitigated indignity.

And the girl with "inside information" does it with the most perfect success. She walks over other girls with an assurance that makes them thrill with resentment. She is just the "dearest enemy" of her sex. She always knows something about every- thing that nobody else knows. You may be talking about your own eyetooth, with which you have lately had the intimate and painful association that a toothache cultivates, and she can give you inside information about it.

If you, in the frenzy of your suffering, need ladanum, she tells you a few points about the interior of your tooth that dem- onstrates the foolishness of the ladanum treatment. You may have discovered it by the torturing testimony of the continued ache, but your knowledge is as nothing with her inside information. It matters not what the theme of conversation is. She can always reduce the most enthusiastic linguist to helpless, wrathful, futile, can- doring silence by offering her inside information.

I always hated her. She made me tell the biggest "whopper" I ever whopped. She goaded me to it. And I always hate the ones who show me how weak I am. She was an "stage-struck" as I. And she read all the dramatic notes in the backs of the magazines, too. But she had her "inside information." She aired some knowl- edge about an actress I never heard. She aired some more. The ignorant and sub- merged rest of us sat on the steps and submitted gratefully to her superior wis- dom. It became unbearable. Without an atom of compunction, I said I had seen the actress in a play for which I shamefully invented a name. I glowed with my new I-triumph air. The others looked more de- served. But do you think the girl with inside information was suppressed? She calmly asserted that she had seen the ac- tress in the star for which I invented a

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 27, 1911.

EARL HALL, 1821 Spencer Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
William Armbrust, 1909 Ontario St.	Vinton	1909
George Edgar Bruner, 2722 Fort Omaha Ave.	Miller Park	1905
Emilie Bristol, 2928 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1900
Nellie Bildt, 2609 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1896
Edna Cook, 1214 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1897
Wallace Carlson, 2881 Bart St.	Webster	1902
Helen M. Crawford, 2710 Cuming St.	Webster	1898
Earl H. Elliott, 4303 Saratoga St.	Central Park	1900
George M. Eoelin, 2110 Lake St.	Lake	1900
Ellen Edquist, 312 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1895
Paul Graff, 917 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1901
Frank Hixenbaugh, 623 South Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Marian D. Hansen, 2722 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1898
John Haegen, 2003 Atwood Ave.	Vinton	1903
Harry Howland, 1211 South Fifth St. (rear)	Pacific	1903
Fay V. Irving, 3013 Manderson St.	Draud Hill	1900
Theron Jefferson, 2202 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1900
Avid G. Johnson, 132 North Thirty-seventh St.	Saunders	1901
Leo Kochanowski, 2825 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1905
Verna Kirschbraun, 305 South Thirty-eighth St.	High	1896
Gardner Kirk, 1451 Phelps St.	Edward Rosewater	1909
Mary Kafka, 2586 Walnut St.	Dupont	1899
Goidie Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1901
Sylvia Lovelady, 4215 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1901
Nora McKinney, 1040 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Edith Murphy, 2729 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1899
Marjorie Manley, 3016 Pinkney St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
John McElenaghan, Fortieth St. and Poppleton Ave.	Columbian	1902
Dorothy McAllister, 3358 Franklin St.	High	1894
Theresa Nybbelin, 3124 Lindsay Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Barbara A. Robb, 1718 North Twenty-ninth St.	Long	1896
Herman G. Reinholz, 1428 Martha St.	Comenius	1898
May Stenard, 708 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Mason	1896
Herbert A. Shultz, 2012 Maple St.	Lothrop	1900
Fay Snook, 2821 Dorcas St.	Dupont	1898
Arthur Starkey, 3030 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1904
Alberta Skonwka, 2711 South Thirteenth St.	Castellar	1902
Augustus Tholshecken, 1602 Military Ave.	High	1895
Ralph Weeks, 1846 Sherman Ave.	Kellom	1894
La Vern I. Winter, 3343 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park	1900
Edith Weberg, 2214 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1899
Bessie Yun, 2227 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1904

Popular Effects in New Styles

NEW YORK, April 25.—The favorite of all embroideries this summer is to be the open English work. Fortunately this em- broidery, since it can be worked so much more rapidly than the filled-in patterns, is not so expensive as the latter. English embroidery can also be learned quickly by the amateur, and with comparatively little expenditure of time and labor it is possible to make for oneself a most sat- isfactorily effective bodice.

Blue worked upon a background of white is exceedingly smart, and mauve is an- other color much in vogue this season. An attractive gown is fashioned by embroidery of white batiste embroidered in mauve, colored bordered with a deep band of mauve-colored lawn.

Mauve belt, hat and parasol complete this charming costume. Occasionally the gown is of white worn over a slip of pink or blue that, against the color, the beauty of the work may show up with the best effect.

Linen gowns also this summer show a wealth of English embroidery. For a dark linen gown made quite simply, an iced or bolero jacket of white embroidered linen makes an effective finish, and this jacket can also, of course, serve its turn with other linen frocks in the outfit.

Striped and plain colored voile is to be as fashionable for midsummer frocks as for the gowns for city wear during the last days of spring. Stripes grow wider as the season advances, but the color and the white line remains of equal width. Black and white is still a popular combination, and for town, dark blues and greens with relief in the broad white stripes are ex- ceedingly smart. For mourning, frock voile is an excellent material, dull in finish, de- licately light and cool in weight.

For hot weather voiles should be made on a foundation of lawn or China silk, rather than taffeta. If necessary, this lining can be boned and fitted as well as satin or heavy silk.

At this time of year mohair coat and skirt costumes commence to make their appearance, and excellent silks they are for warm days. Deep purple with collar and cuffs of white mohair is smart, but for pure service there is nothing to com- pare to navy blue or black, preferably of a striped or check pattern.

For the wool suit of light color which must be provided in every summer out- fit there is nothing more satisfactory in the long run than a good quality of home- spun of not too heavy weight. White or a deep cream is perhaps most popular for this style of dress, but the pale soft tones of pink, blue, green and lavender—shades quite different from any made up for city wear—are unquestionably smartest.

Hats are undergoing an interesting trans- formation, which, although slow, is sure. Crown hats, not so large, brims are decidedly smaller, and the hat which nearly covers the entire head is not likely to last throughout the summer. There is a ten- dency among the newest French hats to be placed much higher on the head, and it is even rumored that bandeaux, lifting the hat up from the hair, are to return to vogue. It will be noticed that while a number of last season's bonnets are possible again this year, they appear much larger than they did when packed away in the autumn, which goes to prove the undeniable return of smaller shapes. Nor is it necessary for the hat to match ex- actly the gown with which it is worn, although it must, of course, bear reference to the costume which it complements. Green hats of all tones, from pale bluish matrix to most vivid grass color, are popular for both spring and summer headgear.

Sailor shapes, small in diameter, are seen again with the brim slightly wider at the back than in front. One quill placed flat against the right side of the crown and extending out some inches beyond the hat itself is a smart model for a traveling or shirt-waist hat. A facing of black vel- vet will make almost any hat becoming if the color is too vivid against the face. For dress hats, uncurled ostrich feathers are much in evidence.

The figure shows a charming little frock with one of the new gartered hip yokes. The bodice is quite plain, in peasant style, with a collar and revers of lace. Buttons and braid finish the closing outline.

A Very Particular Actor.

"I can't get a leading lady for York Ham."

"Plenty of competent actresses to be had."

"Yes; but he has his peculiarities. Won't act with anybody he has ever been di- vided from."—Chicago Tribune.



"I may have remained a trifle late, but her remarks were too pointed."

"What did she say?"

"Told me their lease was about to expire."