

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Do you think Bacon killed Shakespeare?" asked the Chair Warner.

"Nope. The fellow who did that was a modern actor. I saw in recent years," answered the Hotel Lobbyist. "He certainly massacred Shakespeare. All right. I'll put over a mayhem and a foul assault on the Avon bard, but this other fellow, whose name escaped me, slipped over the coop de mort, as we Frenchmen say."

"Anyhow, Bacon was never indicted for it, although this American professor, Owen, may be trying to plant the evidence and then have it have Francis B. formally charged by a grand jury. The statute never runs out on murder, I'm told."



"DEADHEAD."

"Of course the professor may have some damaging or damaged evidence which makes it look bad for Frank, but Wye, oh, Wye!—(that's a little English pun and you can skip this part, because you wouldn't understand it anyway). Wye, I repeat, I repeat, that would go strong on the other side, Wye does he want to be in the River Wye to get the goods on a scholarly person who has been replying for these four hundred years, his peace of mind disturbed by constant charges that he was a snob, a grafter, a play pirate, a plagiarist, a man who bought others' bright thoughts, a scoundrel, a wit, a gentleman, a polished shine, a bonehead, a robber, a flatterer, a grave robber, a cryptogram fiend, a first nighter, a producer, a song house booster, a ticket speculator, a Jekyll-Hyde, an amateur actor, the man who wrote Shakespeare's works, the man who spoiled Shakespeare's works, a theatrical censor, and now finally a murderer."

"This is all wrong, this campaign of defamation. History shows that Bacon was always going into the Globe on paces, and does not the old Latin phrase in respect of the deadhead speak only for it? I think the meanest thing about Bacon was said by his well meaning friends. Think of their asserting these years that any sensible high paid court attendant like Frank would spend his young life inventing a cipher code that even he couldn't read! Why look at his picture! That shows at a glance that he had all the good things about him. The latest styles in nobby gowns, frilled lace collars and velvet pants, the correct style of trimming a beard without having to complain to the mayor, and in trying various cures for baldness."

"It's bad enough to call him a first nighter. When he went over to see 'Bury My Heart at Wye' production, theater did have a kitchen attached to attract an audience with fancy food, nor a fancy marble entrance with an imposing array of speculators to make it look like big business, nor an iron handed clique to enforce the latest songs from Tin Pan Alley, nor scenery and chorus girls especially painted for this production. The only sets at the old Globe were oranges, with which those who could buy could pet the original, true students of the drama—the pit. Why were there to be pitted rather than to censure? No true

student in the gallery soaks the wealthy brother downstairs with peanut shells and programs. Those were the days! When Francis and Bill went out on a tear Shakespeare always brought home the Bacon."

"But do you think Bacon killed him?" persisted the Chair Warner.

"Seems to me I did read that Bacon was a dramatic critic," said the Hotel Lobbyist.

Queer Combs and Brushes

The cat carries her close brush in her mouth, for with her rough tongue she cleanses her glossy coat as a boy brushes of his clothes. She licks one of her front paws and rubs it over her face, and she is ready for her breakfast.

Foxes, dogs and wolves do not use their mouths when they need to wash and brush, but scratch themselves vigorously with their hind paws and are as fresh as ever.

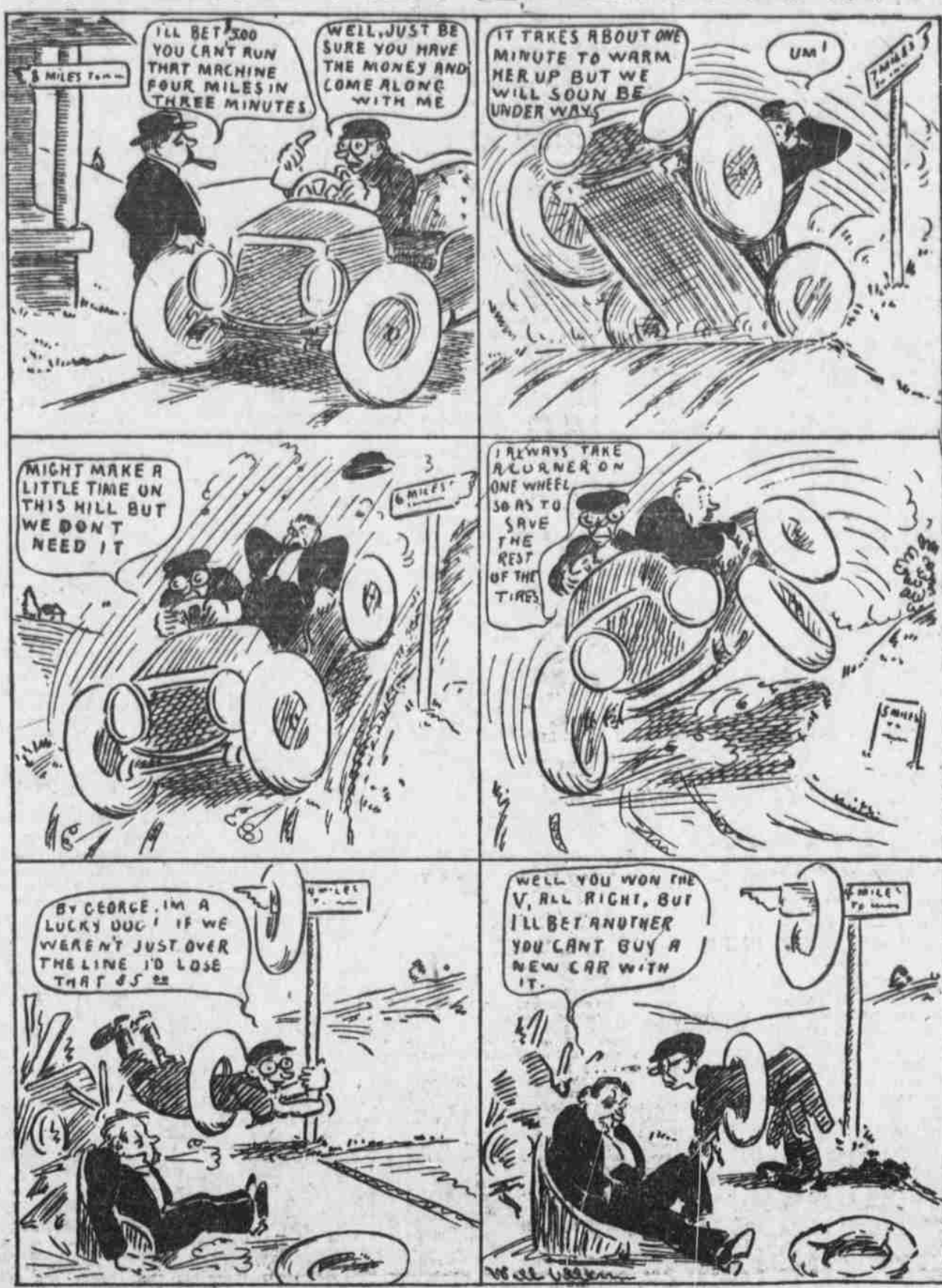
The cow, with her long, rough tongue, combs her coat of hair until it is clean and curly. The horse, more than any other animal, depends on his owner to keep his coat in proper condition, but often he will roll on the green grass or rub himself down against a tree or fence.

Field mice comb their hair with their hind legs, and the fur real in a similar manner spends as much time as a woman in making herself look smart.

Although the elephant appears to be thick skinned and callous, he takes great care of his skin. He often gives himself a shower bath by drawing water into his long trunk and blowing it on the different parts of his body. After the bath he sometimes rolls himself in a toilet preparation of dust to keep off the flies—Our Dumb Animals.

If youth but knew what age did crave, many a penny would he save.

Wouldn't Be Bluffed, but—



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 8, 1911.

MINERVA RAE QUINBY, 4916 Dodge Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Cecil H. Alexander, 2409 Lake St.	Lake	1901
Mary Abboud, 1732 South Thirteenth St.	St. Philomena	1888
Cecil Alexander, 1116 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1901
Ida Kathryn Bruner, 3401 Decatur St.	Edward Rosewater	1902
Gertrude A. Beachler, 3331 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
John Bohan, 5330 North Twenty-seventh St.	Miller Park	1900
Muri Born, 1212 South Fourth St.	Pacific	1899
Sarah Brookstein, 1916 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1902
Virginia Carlisle, 3315 Harney St.	Columbian	1904
Russell J. Chambers, 314 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1905
Edith Cundiff, 122 South Twenty-seventh St.	High	1895
Sarah R. Cole, 2231 Howard St.	High	1894
Agnes Darda, 1941 South Twenty-seventh St.	Dupont	1904
Faith Dunham, 206 South Twenty-seventh St.	Farnam	1904
La Verne Diefendorf, 4502 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Lillie M. Douglas, 2820 Castellar St.	Dupont	1897
Willie Feingold, 802 Georgia Ave.	Park	1904
Eva Glick, 1815 Cass St.	Central	1902
Charles Green, 717 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1895
Leon Gross, 501 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1902
Ruth Greenburg, 517 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1901
Helen Gooch, 3717 North Twenty-second St.	Lothrop	1898
Clarence Garnett, 3319 Burt St.	Webster	1901
William Hoch, 4506 Ames Ave.	Central Park	1905
Raymond Hanna, 2121 Lothrop St.	Lothrop	1903
John Hardy, Thirty-sixth St. and Redick Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Bernice Hughes, 2402 Fort St.	Winslow	1901
Clarence Johnson, 922 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1896
Fred Jones, 3022 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	High	1895
John Kish, 2013 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1904
Thomas Kagador, 3510 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
William Lewis, 2214 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1905
Catherine Lubischar, Forty-eighth and Q Sts.	St. Joseph	1905
Adeline Lehmann, 1913 Spring St.	Vinton	1900
May Maloney, 1413 South Fifth St.	High	1895
Horace Morse, 2212 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Long	1901
Mabel Marlow, 1915 Elm St.	Vinton	1903
Gertrude H. McEvoy, 2708 Manderson St.	Sacred Heart	1904
Therese Machtigall, Forty-eighth and I Sts.	St. Joseph	1898
Millou L. Mathews, 2864 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Leo A. Moulton, 2850 Binney St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Mary M. Nygaard, 3103 Marcy St.	High	1895
Roy C. Norgren, 216 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1901
Agnes O'Dell, 1825 Locust St.	Lothrop	1905
Emanuel Priesman, 2721 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1901
Louisa Perruccio, 1118 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1896
Ethel Pettengill, 2807 Hickory St.	High	1895
Lillian Perditz, 1942 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1902
Minerva Quinby, 4916 Dodge St.	High	1898
Jane E. Redgwick, 2912 Shirley St.	Park	1902
Wallace Shepard, 4915 Capitol Ave.	High	1895
William Stewart, 1215 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Violet Simpson, 2118 Harney St.	Central	1903
Philippi Spatois, 2227 Pierce St.	Mason	1900
Seppan Spelle, 1307 South Pierce St.	St. Joseph	1902
Earl J. Turner, 939 North Twenty-seventh St.	Kellom	1897
Hazel Turnquist, 981 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1902
Mina A. Valentine, 4213 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Frank N. Wolf, 1536 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1904
Helen Yates, 2117 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1899

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to Girl with Cross Father



"My Dear Loretta: My father is crosser than a bear. He is liberal enough about clothes and all that, but he will not let any gentleman come to see me. And I am 25. He says he does not want his daughter to marry. So he acts like the Old Harry when any one dares to call. My sister and I are tired of it. Do you happen to know a way to cure a cross father?"

A REBELLIOUS DAUGHTER.

The Chance of Happiness.

"Yes, I do. It is the quickest, most direct and honest way. You just go to your father and say: 'Father, I am grown up. And I want the privilege of living my own life as you had to live yours. I want to receive the attention of men; and I want to be sure while I am doing it that you will not set off the alarm clock at 9:30 and make the furnace an hour earlier than usual. I consider that a girl has the best chance of happiness and the largest opportunity for growth by being married. I am not going to let you make an old maid of me and cheat me out of the career I

was born to have. If you think you cannot be agreeable long enough not to scare the men away who want to come, I shall see them somewhere else. And I shall marry the first man who asks me, in order to have a home where I can feel comfortable and unembarrassed."

Don't you lose your courage when you deliver this same and womanly speech. Remember you are not asking a privilege; you are demanding a right. And don't let his growling scare you into hedging. It's right and fair that your own home should have its doors open to the men who want to know you. It is there that the right one should find you. And you keep that in mind! Open those doors to your own opportunity to be what you should.

When it comes right to the point, men face this marriage business more directly and sensibly than we do. Your father may be cross; but something in your letter makes me think he is a man of sense. He knows that marriage is the natural career for a woman. He knows, too, that the supply of girls is somewhat in excess of

men. If you tell him that you want to receive men because one of them will probably be the means of your entrance into the career that most needs and best suits you, he will realize that it is not all frivolous and fun, mere useless wasting of the gas and wearing of the rugs that prompts you.

Facing the Dragon.

I send you my mental support in your facing of the dragon. And I hope you will win your way to burning much gas and to a great deal of wear and tear on the oriental floor coverings. May the right man be the one to turn the lights economically low and to kneel at your feet—oh, no! You wouldn't want a lover to be so foolish! I wish I could know what your father looks and says and does when you heard him in his den!

Did You Ever Think of This?

The doctor didn't say. "Your asthma and bronchitis are caused by your collar button," but after feeling under the collar at the back of the patient's neck he did say, "It's a wonder a person who wears such a collar can breathe at all."

"I suppose for twenty-five years you have been wearing high, rigid collars," continued the doctor, "with a collar button half an inch long pressing heavily against the spinal column near where it enters the brain—where is enlarged into the medulla oblongata. The tall, stiff collar worn as tight as you wear it, cuts off a good deal of the blood supply from the head. When you lean forward over your desk it chokes the big blood vessels that supply the brain; then when you lean back it presses hard against the base of the brain itself. But the collar button, such as you wear, and as most men wear, is worse than the collar, and together they are certainly a vicious combination. The medulla contains vital centers of automatic action of the body. The chief of these centers is that controlling respiration. If the medulla is injured death ensues by suffocation. In cases of hanging it is the injury to this center that causes death. The medulla is also the center for the vasomotor nerves, regulating the size of the blood vessels. A heavy and continuous pressure on the spinal column such as is exerted by a collar button that

is so long and so firmly held as to imbed itself deeply in the tissues of the neck cannot help but affect the nerves leaving the medulla, causing troubles in breathing and a long line of distressing symptoms due to vasomotor nervous disturbances."

"I would not say that a shorter button and a loose and soft collar would cure your asthma, but they certainly are among the remedies indicated. Just think of the weight of pressure that is put on that collar button, with heavy winter clothing fitting as to collars of vest, coat and overcoat, forcing this small piece of metal deeper and deeper down on these nerves that control the most vital functions of the body!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

At the Party

"Don't say anything to make Mrs. Leeder laugh. Her enamel's cracking."

"The man who just came in? He's Mrs. Muldrum's second husband. I've forgotten his name."

"You never know whom you're going to bump against when you come to a place like this."

"Watch out—here she comes. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Gwimp, we're enjoying ourselves immensely."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN A MAN BUYS



Wooling the Mice

A renting agent and the city salesman for a carpet sweeper came to me in an apartment house hall. They had met there before.

"Seems to me," said the renting agent, "that you are doing a land office business among my tenants."

"Pretty fair," said the salesman.

"Funny the sweeper came out so soon," said the agent. "But that is not the only funny thing about this house. There are the mice. I am here to see about the mice. There shouldn't be a mouse on the place, for all the tenants seem to be good housekeepers, yet every little while somebody complains of mice."

"Our errands here originate in the same cause," said the salesman. "Every woman in the house is careless with her carpet sweeper. She leaves crumbs in it over night. That brings the mice, which nibble the carpet trying to get at the crumbs, and then the mice eat the carpet and I make these periodical calls to get rid of the mice. I to sell sweepers."

An Extremely Local Issue.

"Charles," said the young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think you and I will ever see serious trouble with the Japanese?"

"No," replied her husband, wearily, "not unless we happen to get a Japanese cook."

—Washington Star.

Iceland Women Win.

The men in the town council of the capital of Iceland wanted to light the city with electricity and the women wanted gas, so that they could cook by it. The vote was a tie and the mayor, siding with the women, gas will now be used.

Missionary Tree

A missionary, during a Lenten tea, said pointedly:

"I have established missionary trees all over the country and I think you don't know what a missionary tree is. A missionary tree is one whose profit goes entirely to missions."

"A New York farmer has in his apple orchard a golden pippin tree that helps to support the Chinese missions. A Florida woman has an orange tree that helps to uplift the cannibals of New Guinea. A California nut farmer devotes a walnut tree to the spread of the faith in Zanzibar."

"Missionary trees," the speaker ended, "are very good things, but the principle that underlies them need not be confined to farms and farmers."—New York Times.

Brain Parasites.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Philadelphia's famous author and no less famous neurologist, has no sympathy with that type of writer who continually accuses the publisher of cheating him. Dr. Mitchell, condemning this type of writer, said some time ago at the Franklin Inn:

"One of these fellows proposed, at a publishers' banquet in New York, the toast:

"To the publisher, who always drinks his wine out of the author's skull."

Sometimes an Affliction

"Have you always enjoyed good health?" asked the life insurance physician of the prospective policy holder.

"Yes, through the winter months. In the base ball season I'm afflicted with it."—Philadelphia Times.

Female Fascinations Easily Summarized

"I have found the most wonderful deliciously funny book," exclaimed the feminine oracle with an enthusiasm she never displayed toward the publications of the hour.

"It is called 'The American Lady' and was published in 1888. The dear old gentleman who wrote it evidently thought he was being terribly radical when he urged that women should be educated. Here is a quotation," and she proceeded to read it with much derisive expression:

"The enlargement of the female understanding is the most likely means to put an end to those petty and absurd contentions for equality which female snatters so anxiously maintain."

"Now what do you think of that?" she asked.

"I think the old fellow was an optimist," replied the student of femininity. "So far as I can see the female snatterer is contending just as hard—no, a thousand times harder today."

His eyes twinkled as he spoke, but the red flag of danger was flying in the cheeks of the oracle and her voice shook with indignation as she answered:

"I would rather have been a dog than a woman when men could write like that! I could cry when I think my poor grandmother had to read it and take it seriously! Imagine not being able to laugh at such a stupid, pompous, ridiculous, ignorant, vulgar old fool; such a—!"

"Hold on!" cried the student, in some alarm. "You needn't be so sorry for your grandmother. That picture you showed me she took after her granddaughter and was a very fascinating woman."

It was impossible for the oracle to repress her smile of mollification.

"Nevertheless," she said, rather acidly, "what has feminine fascination to do with the subject we are discussing?"

"Everything!" promptly answered the student. "A fascinating woman rules her own world. She makes her own laws. No matter what her disadvantages on the statute books she can do anything and everything she pleases."

A look of acute distress crossed her countenance.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed petulantly. "It's talk like that which makes a woman a woman that men like—wish that she was a missionary to the heathen."

"But that's just what she is," he interrupted.

"A missionary to heathen men and that would languish in darkness and the barbarism of ugliness if she weren't a living gospel of sweetness and loveliness."

"What eloquence!" jeered the feminine oracle. "But what do you mean by a fascinating woman, anyhow? Now, I don't want you to get personal. I want you to discuss woman in the abstract."

"But I don't care for women in the abstract," the student objected. "What does it matter to a man whether a woman has brains or not compared with certain other qualities? He has a brain of his own! What makes a woman fascinating to him is not her points of resemblance, but her points of difference, her candor, her ingenuousness, sometimes even her silliness, her cute little ways, her funny little fibs, her—oh, I could talk an hour and not be able to explain."

"But suppose you had to summarize the subject?" she asked.

"I can do it in one word of three letters," said the student boldly, and the letters are Y-O-U!"

How Coffee is Spoiled

A family living in East Orange has a model servant who has proved herself the best cook they ever had, but she has insisted upon making up all her dishes strictly according to her own receipts.

"Margaret," said the mistress, one day, "the coffee you are giving us is very good. What kind is it?"

"It is no kind at all, mum," was the reply. "It's a mixture."

"Well, won't you tell me how you mix it?"

"Sure, mum. I make it one-quarter Mocha, one-quarter Java and one-quarter Rio."

"Yes, but that is only three-quarters. What do you put in for the other quarter?"

"Why, I put in no other quarter at all, mum. That's where so many people spoil their coffee, mum, by puttin' in a fourth quarter, mum."—Success Magazine.

The Kaiser's Cold

When the Kaiser takes cold the court sneezes.

The Kaiser to the Waiting Chamberlain—Wad is id you wad?

The Chamberlain—Your Majesty, I hab sub papers for you to side.

The Imperial Aid-De-Camp ad ing are here, your Majesty.

The Kaiser—Wad de madder, boys? You bode got colds?

The First Lady in Waiting, in the doorway—Your Hiddess, de Embress will waid spod you.

The Kaiser—Wad, anodder! Is de influenza so brevalent?

The Chamberlain, bowing low—Imdashad de de sidderest fladdery, your Hiddess.

The Kaiser, much pleased—Dad's very touching. I thag you id de nabe of Germany—Cleveland Plaindealer.