

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Are you going to the coronation?" asked the Chair Warmer, with an attempt to be peculiar.

"Am I, my boy? My room is littered with 'em. I have dropped in my attempt to qualify," asserted the Hotel Lobbyist.

"Haven't you noticed I have been going up the bottoms of my trouser legs a little more every day, even when it was dry over here? Have my efforts been all in vain? Dear me! And to think you have failed to observe that when I referred to the person behind the register, the leading man with the diamond scarf, I invariably called him the 'clerk.' Maybe you thought I was speaking of Champ.

"Breaks these men with bank account so low—let's see, how does it go? Something about the embattled farmers standing at London Bridge and paying the shot toted around the world. I'm with these lads. Believe me, that is my idea of modern patriotism, being able to simply ride over the shoulders of other men in showing out the coin at the momentous 'stet carnival when George the Five Times slaps a crown on his head and assumes a string of titles resembling a Barnum & Bailey three sheet poster.

"War is not the modern way of conquest. There is no call for firing a volley of lead—too common. Soiled and cold steel common. A bit of a wheeze, me boy. Anyway, we never had anything to do with the 'Commons; our money married into the House of Lords, although a little of it was used at the 'buy-elections.' Ohio please write.

"No, sir. No volleys of common lead to establish our supremacy. Nothing but gold volleys for your peerless representatives abroad to mow a swath through the effete and titled regiments to the front seats of the mighty. Of course, I speak of our very best people. Not all of the \$1,000,000 being here will be the job, but the select twenty or fifty thousand. So let the American eagle scream. Let the half-eagle and the plain iron man squeak a little, too.

"That's conquest for you. Don't mention such trifles as 1776 and 1812. They were mere skirmishes to the grand campaign, the steady advance, the grand assault and the knocking of a nation insensible with tons of detestable but negotiable Yankee gold, the smothering of prejudice with bales of drafts, the raking fire of tips which make the Englishman and the Continentalist blink with anguish, and finally burying the entire army of Britons under acres of American cash.

"That's up to date stuff. Don't talk to me of the countermanding or counter-tempting on the Mexican border, nor of the enraged Alaskans dumping English coal into the chilly northwestern waters. The Boston precedent, doesn't hold good, for the salt never goes well in tea, even on April Fools' day, while the coal can be



"CONQUEST" recovered. But as for the American money, it will never come back."

"Think of the joy of renting the most desirable window to view the parade, taking it away from the Londoner," grinned the Chair Warmer.

"Yes, the joy and the pane," answered the Hotel Lobbyist.

"Mother Couldn't Do It. A little girl, sitting beside her mother in a New York theater, caused many amused glances by her frequent bursts of comment and laughter. For a time her mother, unwilling to be the center of attraction, succeeded in holding the irrepressible in check. But, when a Japanese troupe, in pink fishings, came on, the twinkling legs of a recumbent Jap, tossing a barrel in dizzy revolutions, proved too much.

"Look, mother," piped the shrill treble, "you could do that, too, if you wanted too; couldn't you?"—Lippincott's.

Did's Mean It. The old friends had had three days together.

"You have a pretty place here, John," remarked the guest on the morning of his departure. "But it looks a bit bare yet."

"No, missus," replied the ferryman, "no one ain't never been 'ere. Mars Jake Bristow don't got spilled out, but dey found 'im agin nex' day."—Lippincott's.

No One Lost. "Are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" asked one of the ladies, anxiously, as they hesitated before the frail and rickety Sand Bar ferryboat.

"No, missus," replied the ferryman, "no one ain't never been 'ere. Mars Jake Bristow don't got spilled out, but dey found 'im agin nex' day."—Lippincott's.

The servant in the house is worth two in the employment agency.

TRIALS OF EDITOR MOUSE



Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who is "Responsive"



"My Dear Loretta: Are you one of the old-fashioned women who believes that a girl should be an iceberg till the right man comes to thaw her out? I don't see why a girl should be austere and repellent just because a man has not proposed. If she likes him, why should she not show it? It seems to me that she can be as affectionate with her men friends as with her girl friends. I should like to hear what you will say to a girl who believes in 'bread-mindedness.' Or else you are terribly unattractive. I do not know which to think. If you actually knew what you were talking about you would suffer a thousand mortifications at your own foolishness.

"MISS BROADMINDED." Miss Broadminded, you must know some very fine men. If you honestly think what your letter says, it is proof positive that the men you know have respected your 'bread-mindedness.' Or else you are terribly unattractive. I do not know which to think. If you actually knew what you were talking about you would suffer a thousand mortifications at your own foolishness.

You can't kiss any kind of a man as you would another girl. The kiss might be the same muscular contraction of the lips, but its nature would be changed. And you could not make me believe if you gave all your time and a good deal more eloquence than you possess to convincing me that you feel toward a man exactly as you do toward a girl. It is not human! It is not natural!

Girls can self-deceive themselves with a perfection that the ostrich who thinks he is hidden because his head is covered has never achieved.

But wake up! The affection between a man and a girl who are not blood-kin or the kind of friends who have grown up together has possibilities that are utterly out of the question between girls. And listen to this! You may be generously dispensing your kisses just to find out some time that they are regarded as trifles. Why! kisses are—I don't know just how to tell you what they are! But they are not things to be cheapened. And don't you run the risk of making yours so common that you may disgust the very man whose interest in you might grow to be the love which deserves a monopoly on your caresses. Some day you may feel as other loving women have, how little, how meager, how limited are the gifts you have to lay on love's altar. You will want every kiss then that you have wasted! You will weep and wall for more, more, more, to be giving!

Here is something experience has taught me. The men who have a purely friendly affection for me have never betrayed any frantic desire to kiss me. When they begin to get enthusiastic about kisses, one of the queer changes that take place in the emotional laboratory of a man is working. A new element is there. The purely friendly is mixed with or negated by it. And this is what I say to you. You are not breadminded. You are mixed-minded. You are longing for love and playing with fire. You are taking the signs and symbols of love and deliberately pretending that they stand for friendship. But they do not.

Keep Your Manners on Right

There are a lot of folks who have a lovely little mantle of shyness hung up in the wardrobe of their personal equipments, ready to slip on and off at a moment's notice. When they want to make an impression on some one particular person or persons they hastily brush the dust off the mantle, throw it across their shoulders, and lo! Beau Brummel in his palmy days wasn't more of an exponent of the art of being polite.

Some folks have two mantles, a Sunday one and one of cheaper material for week-day wear. Others simply take the precaution of providing themselves with the Sunday model and let the week day take care of itself. They consider manners entirely too much trouble to carry around all the while, so they leave them at home with their frock coat and plumed hats. All of these wearers of shyness mantles come under the caption of shams, fakes, posers, imitations and the like. They are trying to bunco the world into thinking they are the real refined article. Sooner or later they stub their toe on some little situation that requires just a wee bit of real thoughtfulness, and ever afterward their number is known.

"Now, when Aunt Mary comes today be sure to use your company manners," is a common warning sounded by parents. This mistaken idea of two sets of manners tussled into a child's mind is likely to de-

velop a selfish and unavoidable man or woman because the value of being real at all times is destroyed. Children who correct their parents, men who scatter their clothes about their room, women who come to the table with tawled hair, all these are on the list of the impolite, no matter how polished their manner may be in public.

The thoroughbred is involuntarily thoughtful; with him it is subconsciousness, second nature. His manners are as much a part of him as his right eye or his left arm, and he is mannerly not because convention demands it, but because he can't help it.

Talked Shop Too Much. A young woman of Toledo, O., was asked by a friend as to the likelihood of a young chap who for some time had been paying devoted attention to the young woman in question.

"Oh," replied the fair one carelessly, "William is a nice enough fellow, but he talks shop too much."

"How's that?" was the next question. "I thought he was a street-car conductor."

"So he is," returned the other, "and he's continually saying 'Sit up closer!'—Judge, Mrs. Crabshaw—My dear, you won't know me when I get my new hat. Crabshaw—I don't suppose I will, if it's one of those contraptions that come down over your ears."

Fizz Water Figures

There may be cause for rejoicing among prohibitionists and a corresponding cause for alarm among others at the news that the importation of French champagne into the United States shows an immense falling off from the importation of the preceding year. In fact, the official figures indicate that 1910 was the worst year for the champagne importers since 1888.

The figures, 481,771 cases of champagne in 1910, and only 254,751 cases in 1909, tell their own story, and the American Wine Press offers the following explanation: The French champagne made a big apparent gain in 1909 because thousands of extra cases were imported to escape the increased tariff duty, and large quantities of the wine are said to be unsold or in warehouses. In brief, the American champagnes are gaining what the foreign brands are losing. The importations of French champagnes into the United States in 1910

amounted to 481,771 cases; in 1909 to 254,751 cases. Here is a decrease of 227,020 cases, which at the wholesale price of \$28 per case would represent a loss of \$6,358,560 worth of business.

Which Nobody Can Deny

The bartender—All smiles. The auctioneer—Morbid and forbidding. The bridge fiend—Wistful. The waiter—Tipsy. The lumberman—Bored. The glazier—With a pained expression. The manure—Handsome. The bucketshop manager—Pale. The bride—Well groomed. The police court judge—Fine. The night watchman—Mournful. The poker player—Winsome. The carpenter—Wail-eyed. The aviator—Looks down on us.—Lippincott's.

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Edwin D. Altshuler, 1809 Burt St.	Cass	1891
William Anderson, 8138 Chicago St.	Farnam	1901
Donald Burroughs, 2224 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Josephine Burroughs, 2224 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Beatrice Bruner, 1718 Cass St.	Cass	1900
Ralph Benedict, 568 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	Columbian	1897
Jennie Blumenthal, 2902 Cuming St.	Webster	1896
Blanche Burchard, 2526 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Rene Conain, 2409 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1902
Goldie Curtis, 1251 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Arthur Carlson, 4534 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Harry Dowd, 2423 Templeton St.	Saratoga	1901
William F. Durker, Jr., 415 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1897
Joseph Djugumu, 701 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1903
Carolina Forbes, 1811 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1903
James C. Graham, 2407 Wirt St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Anna Greenberg, 1529 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1901
Morris Gruenstein, 2821 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1905
Mary Goldberg, 619 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1898
Harry Goldman, 1512 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1905
Elizabeth Hoevath, 2402 X St., South Omaha	St. Joseph	1902
Helmer Hanson, 1490 Ogden St.	Beals	1899
Phillips Israel, 1315 Pacific St.	Kellom	1897
Grace Klug, 1719 Fort St.	Sherman	1898
Helen V. Krennberg, Dunsany No. 2, Tenth & Pierce	Pacific	1905
Meyer Kasper, 2121 Charles St.	Kellom	1898
Philip Lincoln, 2642 Rees St.	Mason	1899
May L. Larson, Thirty-fourth and Fowler Sts.	Monmouth Park	1904
Ether M. Lindbloom, 607 North Forty-first Ave.	Saunders	1901
Molly Levine, 1824 Locust St.	Lothrop	1898
Thomas Lynch, 1814 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1902
Gladys Muir, 8523 Cass St.	Saunders	1899
Archie McBride, 1836 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1899
Alfred S. Mayer, 603 Georgia Ave.	Park	1900
Helen Moore, 1827 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1898
Sophia Matcha, 2464 South Fifth St.	Bancroft	1897
Himan Markovitz, 2415 Burdette St.	Long	1904
Fern McCoy, 1443 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1897
Carl Nelson, 1008 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1897
Frances M. Nelson, 1431 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Beatrice P. Olmstead, 3524 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Druid Hill	1904
Olea Peterson, 328 North Thirty-fifth St.	Saunders	1902
Walter H. Peterson, 2504 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1898
Walter Parker, 1907 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1902
Helen Payton, 2311 South Seventeenth St.	Castellar	1904
Murtle M. Pickett, 2520 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1896
Lester Parker, 4169 Cass St.	Saunders	1901
Herbert Ring, 3106 Half Cass St.	Webster	1903
Marie Svoboda, 1108 South Second St.	Pacific	1900
Heulah Steadman, 1443 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1898
Clara Schroeder, 3158 South Fifteenth St.	Edward Rosewater	1905
Helen Stodola, 2217 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1905
David Slaven, 1709 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1898
Samuel Slotky, 3620 North Thirtieth St.	High	1893
Albert Stilling, 4244 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill	1900
Edward E. Spencer, 318 1/2 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1901
Verna Thomson, 817 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1901
Leonard Tibke, 2025 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1899
Ina N. Thompson, 1455 Phelps St.	Edward Rosewater	1906
Lula Versteren, 1021 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1898
Fred Wright, 4710 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1900
Joseph Watson, 3330 Parker St.	Franklin	1901
Helen Weymubler, 1822 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1899

Where Cooking is Really "High" Art

Housewives in the Rocky mountain region and in other elevated portions of the United States are obliged to solve a few culinary problems that do not trouble women elsewhere.

For example, a woman goes from an eastern city to one of the high valleys of Colorado. She attempts to make a cake and quite naturally uses the recipe to which she has long been accustomed. The cake, instead of acting as it ought, flows over the side of the pan, covers the bottom of the oven door and over the kitchen floor. What remains in the pan, instead of rounding up, appears collapsed.

The Fad for Early Rising

An early to bed and early to rise is the latest craze of society. The fashion was set by a number of smart women whose physician held in high disdain their sacred custom of breakfasting in bed. In favor of the benefits to be derived from an adherence to the old adage, one doctor says: "Practically 50 per cent of us rise an hour too late. Everybody up to the age of 60 years should be downstairs by 7 o'clock. Then a two-mile walk, a ride on horseback or a cycle spin should follow. Lack of money is no excuse, for walks cost nothing but effort.

Nubs of Knowledge

St. Paul, the apostle, was shipwrecked in the year 63. Sandy Hook lighthouse was first lighted on June 18, 1764. First school in Newark, N. J., was established in 1576. Harps were familiar to the Hebrews in the time of Moses, and were played as early as 2000 B. C. by the Egyptians, who attained great perfection in their construction. During 1909 more deaths occurred in the month of March in the United States than any other month. The victims numbered 75,983. Another as a rule has the largest mortality and June the lowest. Gold was discovered in California in 1847. Almost immediately upon his arrival in the West Indies in 1492 Columbus received from the natives pieces of gold in exchange for hawk's bells, and from that year until 1800 the annual exports of the yellow metal from America to Europe amounted to nearly \$20,000,000. This most precious of metals is mentioned in the oldest records of the human race. A Little Knowledge. Dr. Marcus Herz of Berlin is credited with saying to a patient who read medical books diligently in order to prescribe for himself: "Be careful, my friend, some fine day you'll die of a misprint."—Buffalo Commercial.