

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Great idea of that convention of 'medical' who held the newspapers to run a 'yellow' sheet on a separate yellow sheet," observed the Chair Warmer. "I suppose the M. D.'s know just how to run a newspaper."

"Yep. And they could run a hotel, or write a libretto, without any previous training, too," replied the Hotel Lobbyist. "And you must be better than scorch when a newspaper tries to explain to its readers the details of an operation or a disease. They know all about bones, too, and can tell you that a reporter or editor is one solid bone from the shoulder up. No wonder they can tell just how to print news."

"Still, even the dullest can learn from the wisest. The medical profession is about as near to the journalistic as any—excepting bartending. Physicians are either for soothing people or laying them open, same as newspaper persons. Surgeons would make grand yellow copy readers. A reporter friend of mine told me that a copy reader is the triumph of experience over hope, whatever that means. And anesthetizers would make superior editorial writers. And when we're hitting the doc's on the state-of-the-world Kink George set the style—make Dr. Ogler the Knight Editor? Chloroform, quick!"

"But about this request of the medical convention to print all suicides on a yellow sheet, so that 'idiot' people can throw it away without reading. They cite the fact that some newspapers print base ball and other brutal sports on pink or green or other colored paper. Fine argument! Fine argument! The reason there are colored sporting sheets is that they can throw them away, but as that the hungry fans can get to it at once and devour it."

"However, to the 'wool' schedule! Why—if they like the idea—may limit the color



"COPY READER."

scheme to yellow suicide sheets? Let me suggest to editors that they have a separate lemon colored sheet for marriages and divorces, a gold sheet for money and market news, while news about very rich people could be on vermillion. A sky blue page for aviation, pink page for engagements and romances, purple page for coronations and news about royalty, green page for saloons, brass of romances and swindles, blue page for cost of living and other disasters, creme de la creme colored page for society, drab page for the political outlook, and gilt for court convictions and sentences.

"But—Why," spluttered the Chair Warmer, "why not a red paper?"

"Oh, they'll all be read," chorused the Hotel Lobbyist.

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## British Club Men Drink Barley Water

English lounge dealers are filled with sorrow as the result of a new craze now in vogue throughout the kingdom. All alcoholic drinks have been superseded by barley water.

"In the good old days," said one wine seller, discussing in the New York American the extraordinary change which has come over the drinking habits of the British, "the British constitution was nourished on port wine."

"Regardless of the port being stored up for their sons, the old English gentlemen of the late Georgian and early Victorian periods drank a great deal of red wine and considered it essential for the welfare of the blood. The tradition lingered through the reign of Victoria, although the 'three-bottle man' began to drop off in London clubs.

"Later the habits of society changed. Whisky took the place of wine among clubmen, and it still the favored drink among those who desire alcoholic stimulation. But whether it is due to the budget or to society's repudiation of its sins, the curious fact is now established that in the clubs of St. James street and Mayfair the favorite drink is barley water.

"Some time ago the clubs used to provide barley water for a few clubmen who asked for it free of charge. But now that it has become such an established habit they make a charge of 4 cents for a glass of barley water, with a dash of lemon in it. It is not old fellows with gout and indigestion who drink this poor stuff, but what I may call the 'young bloods' of society.

"The penitential war was not fought on barley water. The stimulus of our old stock is not likely to be kept strong and sturdy by drinking gruel fit for old maids and their pious daughters. Bless my soul, their fathers and grandfathers took their bottle of port like gentlemen and were all the better for it. Barley water? That means the speedy destruction of the British empire."

On the other hand, philosophers, who are not wine sippers, may well ask if a sober and temperate young manhood is not a fine asset to the nation, and if this barley water 'kick' does not indicate that young men of today are more fit to be leaders and body for the great adventures of life than those who took early morning naps.

pre-prandial cocktails, and after-dinner stimulants. Now that the 'young bloods' are drinking barley water their brains may begin to work.

## A Fat Fan

The French ambassador, Jules Jusserand, said at a recent luncheon in Washington: "This warm weather and the sight of all these fans remind me of a story—a story illustrative of the mischievous and arch politeness of Paris."

It is the custom in Paris for the cook to do all the marketing. This adds considerably to the cook's income; for every dealer allows her 5 centimes (1 cent) on every franc (20 cents) she spends. So French cooks insist on their marketing prerogative, and the mistress who denies them it is deemed a very mean, small, piggyard sort of person.

"Well, a person of this sort, an elderly woman, was in the habit of doing her own marketing in a long duster. The duster hid her purchases. It prevented her, while usurping her cook's rights, from being detected in the act.

"As the woman, one hot morning, was walking homeward in her duster from the Marche St. Honoré, she stumbled in the Rue Hyacinthe and a bag of mutton fell and rolled across the sidewalk.

"A passing stranger picked up the bag of mutton and returned it with a bow and smile.

"Permit me, madam—your fan," he said.

## Knew His 'Kin'

Here is a story which ex-Secretary of War Dickinson tells of how a colored man planned to save money when his brother died. The darky went to the station agent in his little town, which was about fifty miles from Memphis, Tenn., and asked solemnly:

"Boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse from hyun to Memphis?"

"The agent told him."

"Well, boss, how much is it to fetch a corpse on a round trip from hyun to Memphis?"

"This information was also given, but the agent added:

"I never heard of carrying a corpse on a round trip."

"Well, boss, you see, it's dis' way," explained the darky. "Dis hyun corpse is my bruvver, an' we got a lot of kin folks up in Memphis. All dem kin folks would come down hyun to look at de corpse an' dey would 'jest eat me outen house an' home. I thought I'd save money by fetchin' dis corpse up dar an' lettin' 'em take a look at him. Den I could bring him back and bury him quiet an' peaceful."—Rochester Herald.

**Hard Proposition.**  
Young Bachelor—often wonder if I am making enough money to get married on.

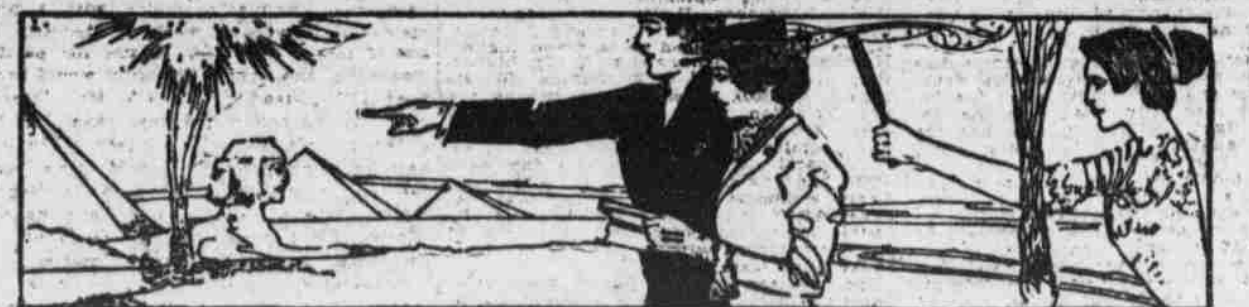
Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making; but you ain't!—Puck.

At a congress of German music teachers in Berlin an earnest protest was raised against what was called "scavenger or gutter music." According to the principal speaker, this class of music takes the form of operettas of a degrading and silly character.

# THE RIVALS



## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who Has Been Abroad



All of the coxcombs do not go abroad, fortunately for the wise ones who stay at home and have to listen to the returning traveler's tales. But a surprising number seem to have the money to make the trip.

And when they come back from "the other side!" No hot mouthful of mush ever inspired the unfortunate who afforded it temporary accommodations with such peremptory eagerness to get rid of it as you do the unwary friend who happens to drift up against you in society.

You held her with a mesmeric power while you mount your theme and gallop at break-neck speed all over Europe. And you drag her along. With an oblivion that is the nearest known approach to the lethal forgetfulness, you fail to recall that she has spent the winters in Rome for years.

You do not want to remember. Oblivion for you, since it gives you a chance to describe St. Peter's! With an instructive manner only permitted to one class of persons in the world, the school teachers—and endorsed from them because the pupil cannot protest—you proceed to tell who Michael Angelo was and what he painted. You have an aggravating way of throwing in a 'you doubtless know,' or 'possibly you have heard,' now and then, which further imparts an exasperating impression that your victim is short on intelligence. She begins to think so, too, when she finds herself unable, without actual rudeness, to release herself from your clutches.

"When we were in Paris," you begin; and there is a look of suppressed antagonism that settles over your hearers. Nothing you could say would interest them. They simply will not let it. You have made such an unappealing Turk of yourself in butchering their patience and battering up their self appreciation that they refuse to allow themselves to respond to any of the wiles you throw out as bait for an opportunity to tell more about your travels.

If you have the "culture craze" severely

you become a positive infliction. You are always telling how they do in some country or other with a view to fixing the fashion in your own. Paying for a stateroom and being the guide of a Cook's courier seemed, in your estimation, to have conferred upon you the right to enlighten the world. Your paper at the club may be on the production of pulp in Canada; but it's a sure thing that you will manage to make it, by some hook or crook, serve as a means to advertise the fact that you have been "abroad."

The devious ways you follow to show off your "rare advantages of travel" would have given Gulliver pointers. A reference to a mountain is an excuse for you to lug in the Alps. You pounce upon it and drag the whole range into the conversation. An unwary water-colorist offers you a much disguised opportunity when she refers to a

sketch of Lake George. The English lakes suddenly flood into the talk.

You have seen the only conventional sights. And you have seen them with the gaze of the tripper who observes the scenery in streaks as she flies along to cover all the ground and damp spots possible. Yet you talk to those who know and love scenes which you have merely glimpsed with a condescension that is an insult to their intelligence if it were not such clear proof of your not knowing any better. They forgive you on the ground of pity for your ignorance. But the one who has not been abroad does not forgive you continually thrusting the fact against her ears and killing the illusions with which she has anticipated seeing the sights and wonders of the old world. You make her decidedly tired. And I am telling you so for her.

## On with the Dance

Among the first arts dancing is the oldest and most universal.

The cotillon originated in France. It antedates the quadrille.

The waltz, the German national dance, began in 1813. That and the two-step are now the vogue.

Under the Roman empire, pantomime and mimetic dances attained a high degree of perfection.

Dancing was introduced by the Hebrews into their festivities, especially on occasions of triumph and pleasure. Reference was first made to one of these occasions in 1491 B. C.

Soap was made in 625 B. C. Business of manufacturing it began in London in 1324.

## Nubs of Knowledge

Woolen cloth was woven in 1451 B. C.

Copper plate engraving was invented in 1459.

First game law was passed in England in 1496.

Dissection was practiced by Democritus in 500 B. C.

First case of drunkenness was recorded in 1461 B. C.

Gold and silver coins were used in Egypt in 2000 B. C.

Wine was made from rice by the Chinese in 1208 B. C.

Polo, which is described as hockey on horseback, is a game of Asiatic origin and was introduced into England in 1872.

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



July 3, 1911.

GERALDINE WOLFE  
5112 Martha St.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ida Adler, 2350 Pierce St.	Mason	1904
Roscoe William Anderson, 4210 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Adolph Anderson, 843 South Twenty-eighth St.	Mason	1895
Wilson George Bertrand, Twentieth and Howard Sts.	Mason	1900
Rebecca Brown, 1052 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1901
Gladys Bailey, 612 South Seventeenth St.	Leavenworth	1905
Graham P. Butler, 3517 Seward St.	Franklin	1904
Graham Butler, 2913 Franklin St.	Long	1904
Jessie Backensen, 1509 Corby St.	Lake	1903
Zlata R. Conlan, 1824 Binney St.	Sacred Heart	1900
Alice B. Comstock, 316 North Twenty-sixth St.	Webster	1900
Ruth Cunningham, 4619 Mason St.	High	1893
Bessie Crume, 2204 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1905
Helena Carlson, 3518 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1898
Preston Clark, 978 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1896
Frank Diffast, 1034 South Twenty-third St.	St. Philomena	1897
Mary Dearmont, 3312 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897
Gilbert Drew, 1015 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1897
Warren L. Davis, 1614 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1904
Helen Grace Fahrs, 2818 North Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Louis Fuerst, 2022 North Eighteenth St.	High	1890
Violet Goodman, 2430 South Fifteenth St.	Castellar	1904
Lily Goldstine, 2317 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1905
Viola Hibbler, 2115 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1901
Mildred Hill, 3522 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Harry Jenkins, 1322 South Sixth St.	High	1893
Mildred Johnson, 3844 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Elmer Jacobson, 4124 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Helena Kaueht, 1913 Clark St.	Kellom	1895
Dewey Keller, 2927 Dorcas St.	Dupont	1898
Helen Kelley, 2919 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1904
Charles Kasper, 2501 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1896
Alfred Moore, 4068 California St.	Saunders	1899
Mary E. Miller, 6315 Curtis Ave.	Central	1902
Romaine Mohrman, 3515 Howard St.	Columbian	1898
Agnes Messmore, 4065 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1898
Abe Milder, 1107 Davenport St.	Cass	1900
Elsie Meredith, 2424 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1896
Margaret Noss, 5301 North Twenty-third St.	Saratoga	1896
Virgil Northwall, 3715 Lincoln Boulevard.	Franklin	1900
Howard Price, 1521 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1904
Josephine Platner, 322 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1901
Virginia Pearce, 119 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1904
Lillian Parsons, 213 North Twenty-ninth St.	High	1882
Hazel R. Roulette, 3321 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Clara Reh, 1044 Dominion St.	St. Joseph	1902
Zeleth H. Skriver, 1421-25 Military Ave.	Walnut Hill	1897
Lawrence Scavio, 1117 South Fourteenth St.	Pacific	1900
Paul Sullivan, 2216 Burdette St.	Lake	1905
Walter W. Tallafiero, 4003 Blondo St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Helen Turkington, 1208 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1900
Phyllis L. Waterman, 1345 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1901
Earl Welna, 1916 South Twenty-seventh St.	Dupont	1904
Harry Weldner, 715 South Seventeenth St.	Leavenworth	1897
Grace Weeks, 3508 Jackson St.	Columbian	1899
Geraldine C. Wolfe, 5112 Martha St.	Beals	1902

## Current Credulities

Tickling a baby causes stuttering.

A mole on the arm indicates riches.

A man will call if you drop a fork at the table.

People with pointed teeth are not to be trusted.

Sing after you go to bed and tears will come before breakfast.

If you shake your dress at the new moon you will get a new garment.

Button your coat wrong or draw on a stocking inside out and matters will go wrong that day.

Let a young woman pin a four-leaf clover over the door and the first unmarried man who enters will be the one she is to marry.

Throwing a whole apple paring on the floor after swinging it three times around your head will form your true love's initial letter.

Floored Him.  
"Didn't you tell me last summer that you were going to build a concrete house?" asked Miggle.  
"Yes," answered Gluggins, "but after looking over the architect's estimates I left the house in the abstract."—Life.

Newly Wed.  
"I suppose, now that you are married and settled-down, life is a struggle for bread."  
"Not exactly. It's more of a struggle with bread."—Judge.

## Curious Facts

Mary Jones, who died at the age of 100 years in 1773, was two feet eight inches in height.

The Newport Mercury of August 27, 1787, is authority for the statement that Philip Macool, who had died that year in Dublin, Ireland, weighed 800 pounds, and his waist-coat covered seven men.

The minuet was first danced in 1603 in France.



## Such Things Will Happen



## Trouble on the Border

