

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Come to think about it, the United States is getting to be a country," said the Troubled Tourist. "You pay-as-you-enter, can't go in without paying, unless you swim. With pay-as-you-enter cars and pay-as-you-enter theaters, I should think anybody would go a step further and invent a pay-as-you-enter saloon. It would save a lot of trouble, and might do much to overcome the American habit of treating, by not stopping at saloons to get drinks. A man usually knows what he wants to drink. He could pay for the drink as he goes in, and then if any friends drop in they have already paid their fare, and nobody has a treat. Nobody would be taking a chance. The man who buys his ride before he gets in is sure of it; and the man who buys the drink ought to feel safe. Of course, on a hot, dry day there might be a long waiting list, but it wouldn't be any worse than a pay-as-you-enter car crowd on a wet day. I got into trouble on a car the first wet day by demanding a rain check. The conductor wanted to know if I thought I was at a ball game, and I could see he was annoyed.

"I might suggest also that you adopt the pay-as-you-enter restaurant. That would give some of the giddy spenders a chance to pop a hundred-dollar bill into the chopper box and say 'Just let me know when I've eaten my way through that.'

"Pay-as-you-enter taxicabs might do for the man who knows exactly where he is



"DO YOU GIVE RAIN CHECKS?"
 going, but there are so many who don't. Pay-as-you-enter barber shops might eliminate a lot of conversation after you get inside. Out my way once I know they improved on the voting system a whole lot by putting up a sign at the polls that read, 'Get paid as you enter, but I don't know that I'd recommend that system for general use.'"
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Striking Gowns Seen on Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—All women who love beautiful things and are interested in beautiful costumes will be pleased to hear of some of the most striking gowns seen lately on the Fifth avenue afternoon promenade. One hardly knows which to describe first, as they were equally charming, though radically different, and each represented the very latest fancies of fashion.

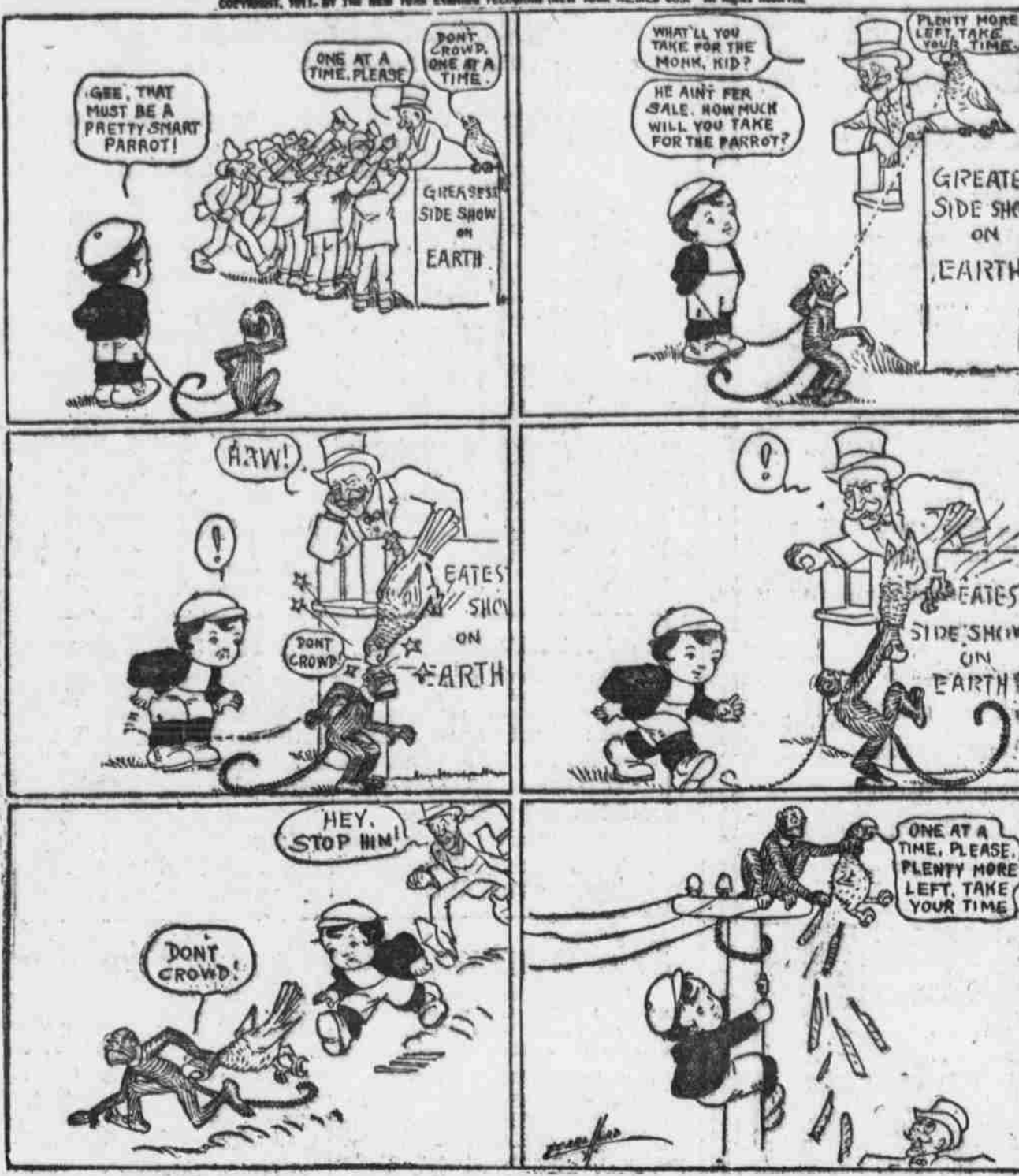
A most lovely creation in two melting shades of heliotrope, a particularly lustrous and handsome quality of shantung silk, showed a gracefully fitted skirt, set in conservative cut, and short bell sleeves in one-with-the-waist; the ornamentation was very elaborate and consisted of dull gold embroidery and short silk fringe in heliotrope. The accents were acquired on the waist and the buckle from which the light blue folds of the skirt above the knee by touches of darker velvet. Unlike colored shadow lace in all-over pattern formed the thin yoke and high collar and undersleeves. A gorgeous necklace of amethysts set in gold was worn with this exquisite gown; a smart hat of heliotrope satin-straw braid was set off with just the right shade of dull pink roses in a tight, Frenchy little bunch. A handsome handbag in violet and gold embroidery with elegant gold-washed clash was worn in unwise fashion, quite as a quartet carries his foolishness, with silk cord slung over the shoulder and the bag banging at the hip. Long lavender suede gloves and patent leather ties completed this vision of loveliness.

During the summer months, one always finds it necessary to have at least one outfit suit. Among the latest styles now in vogue is the Norfolk blouse. The one shown above was made of black and white-striped linen with collar and cuffs of plain material.

Another most striking model represented the perfection of black-and-white combinations, which had such an unprecedented vogue. The material was black-and-white striped chiffon voile, a most delectable fabric, delightful to touch and perfect to drape. Decorative panel effects in front of waist and skirt were made of white chiffon embroidered in the delicatest of designs in black-and-white silk. The waist-line was high and even especially accentuated in the back by a black satin raised stitche. Bias bands of the same black satin finished the square neck, the skirt hem and shirt side panels, which have been so popular. The way the bias stripes met each other in the back of the skirt was a triumph in dressmaking. The only "highlight" of color was a shimmering knot of coral-pink pame velvet tucked peeping from the folds of the surplice waist and disappearing into the folds. This lighting of coral was repeated in the black-and-white chip turban. A fascinating parrot in graduated stripes of black satin on white gross-grain attracted especial attention.



PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to a Letter from Veronica



"Dear Loretta: I would like very much to know why you are always match-making and talking up matrimony? Do you really think that matrimony is the only thing a woman was created for? I have come to the conclusion that you are 'an old maid' who wants a helpmate and would gladly accept anything that wears trousers.

VERONICA.

Your cheerful stab in the back might reach my heart, Veronica. If I am an old maid, pining with the loneliness of the unmet, made despondent by the sense of unfulfillment, you may be driving the barb of your feminine jab very deep indeed.

Old maidenhood, like city limits, has clearly marked lines. According to the old time schedule, I am an old maid. Computing by the modern, I have still a few years to go on. But I am keeping a weather eye open for "the right man." And he must not only wear trousers, but he must have the "doublet and hose in his disposition." But just anything in bifurcated attire will not do, so you needn't express the sorrow from your village berry patch. I have a few scarecrows to choose from without paying expressions—I know you would send him C. O. D.

Listen, Veronica. A tiny seed fell in a hole in the ground, in sun and shine it grew. And then it bloomed. The flower was a blessing. It gladdened the worried gaze of work-strained eyes. It nodded its sweet head with a message of hope, of promise. Other weary work-faded eyes might come, but other blossoms still would bloom. Hope sang in heavy hearts and lifted them. Then, nature's marriage was celebrated. And the promise that the nodding blossoms gave was fulfilled. The other flowers for coming years were assured.

Flowers and humans follow the same great nature law, if they are healthy, wholesome blossoms. Marriage is the hope-route of the future. Along it men and woman move. From it come the buds of promise. There, need not be a wholesale crop, either. Any florist regards the production of a few high-type specimens as of more service to the progress of his flower culture than a field full of blight

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate
 August 3, 1911.

Name and Address	School	Year
Edith Anderson, 1912 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Burnie Aronson, 506 South Nineteenth St.	Central	1903
Richard O. Barrette, 2327 Larimore Ave.	Sacred Heart	1901
Benedict A. Burkard, 1902 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1906
Goldie Booth, 2024 Grant St.	Lake	1904
Clarence Bantin, 2402 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lake	1900
Wesly Bell, 905 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1901
Lillian Carlson, 721 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1897
Zetta A. Crandall, 2601 South Thirtieth St.	High	1892
Glenn Childs, 812 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Manon	1899
Dan Coffey, 2111 Larimore Ave.	Saratoga	1903
Irene M. Carlson, 838 South Twenty-first St.	Manon	1902
Augusta Cartano, 2769 California St.	Webster	1896
Frances A. Coulter, 2917 North Twenty-fifth St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Mable B. Christensen, 3524 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Druid Hill	1902
Irene J. Callahan, 3830 North Thirty-third St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
William Coons, 546 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1894
Gladys Dreibus, 2703 Farnam St.	Farnam	1896
Theodore Bradis, 821 William St.	Trina	1905
Rachel Z. Raynes, 1415 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1895
Irene M. Elkins, 1625 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1900
Helen E. Ericksen, 1524 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1904
Frank Fretz, 3126 South Second St.	Bancroft	1903
Earl Greest, 4809 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1902
Winfield Harp, 5447 Underwood Ave.	High	1894
Margaret Harrington, 1115 Jackson St.	Pacific	1900
Dorothy Harris, 216 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1895
Sorensen Johnson, 2315 Rees St.	Mason	1897
Gladys Jones, 1231 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Margaret Kuhl, 3037 South Eighteenth Ave.	St. Joseph	1904
Rosamond E. Kinkemon, 3025 Pratt St.	Druid Hill	1905
Preston Loomis, 1920 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1900
Mary E. Liverpool, 3704 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1904
Sadie Lincoln, 719 South Thirty-fifth St.	Columbian	1897
James A. Love, 127 North Thirty-second St.	Farnam	1901
Herbert M. Mayer, 603 Georgia Ave.	Park	1897
Lewis C. McVea, 4380 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1904
Mary Munchoff, 1554 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1900
Milton Mandelson, 3310 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1905
Gertrude Norby, 1804 Ontario St.	Vinton	1897
Robert Olson, 3517 Franklin St.	Franklin	1897
Jean T. Palmer, 411 South Fortieth St.	Columbian	1902
Oscar Peterson, 398 North Thirty-fifth St.	Saunders	1903
Roland C. Petersen, 2413 South Forty-first St.	Beals	1905
Pauline Roth, 2202 Harney St.	Central	1895
Margaret Richard, 3807 Seward St.	High	1894
Roger Rase, 422 North Thirty-fourth St.	Saunders	1897
Emma Ellen Ring, 905 William St.	High	1895
Nellie Renstrom, 4248 Maple St.	High	1895
Clara Soukup, 1310 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1896
Flora Shukert, 2228 Larimore Ave.	Saratoga	1900
Francis Schwink, 2721 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1904
Helen I. Shaffner, 1702 North Thirty-sixth St.	Franklin	1896
Elizabeth Samek, 1435 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Frank Svejda, 1263 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Helen F. Trebery, 3519 North Twenty-fourth St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Fred W. Twiford, 2109 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsoer	1897
Leo Weltz, 2306 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1903
Albert Wendt, 210 Walnut St.	Ger. Lutheran	1897
Clarence Whitbeck, 1231 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1895
Katherine Welner, 3045 Evans St.	Sacred Heart	1900
Clara Weiner, 1630 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1896
Helen Zogurski, 2364 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1902

Fair Ladies of the White House

The lamentable death of President James A. Garfield in the second year of his administration caused the responsibilities of the office of the chief executive to devolve on the vice president, Chester Alan Arthur. When he assumed that office President Arthur was a widower. His wife, Alice Lewis Herndon Arthur, was the daughter of Commander William Lewis Herndon of the United States navy, who in 1851-1852, explored the Amazon river in the government. Ellen Lewis Herndon was married to the future president in 1859. When she died, in 1886, she left two children, Chester Alan Arthur, born in 1880, and Ellen Herndon Arthur, born in 1881. The first child, William, was born in 1890 and died in 1892.

During President Arthur's administration social affairs in the White House were under the capable direction of his sister, Mrs. Mary Arthur McElroy, who was born in Greenwich, Washington county, in 1842. She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Arthur.

Her education was acquired in the famous seminary of Mrs. Emma Willard in Troy, N. Y. In 1881 she married John E. McElroy of Albany. As the mistress of the White House she was a charming hostess.

New Railroads Needed

In a recent address Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific railroad, presented some astonishing facts for consideration. He said that either Maine (33,000 square miles) or Indiana (36,359 square miles) could be placed in eastern Montana and no railroad would touch it. This area would hold the great state of New York with Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, thrown in for good measure. On a ranch in central Oregon corn was needed last summer, and the freight charge by wagon for 100 miles was \$30 per ton, 30 cents per ton per mile, while the average rail rate in the United States in 1909 was 1 cent 100 miles per ton-mile. Corn is taken by railroad from the Mississippi river to recent construction, the great state of New York, 1,500 miles, for \$3.20 per ton.

"There With the Goods"

"Merry morning to you, madam," said the factor, with a grin;
 "I haven't seen you in an age,
 And, pray, how have you been?"
 "Now, that will do for you," said she.
 "I'm proof against your sneer;
 You can't sell me a thing today,
 So keep a-moving on.
 I don't need any bonnets beans,
 Or sudden soap today;
 Besides you bumped me before,
 So, now, be on your way."
 "But, prithee, ma'am, let me explain;
 I'll show you something new."
 "Well, if I was in need," said she,
 "I wouldn't buy from you,
 You forced me once with pilans prunes,
 And other had inventions—"
 "But, madam, let me have a word;
 I now have good intentions;
 I have an article today—"
 "Say, no, I tell you, no!"
 "Exclaimed the angry housewife,
 "Now, will you politely get
 For if you don't, I promise you

That you will rue the day
 You made me try to feed my cows on
 Artificial hay."
 "But, madam—"
 "Never mind," said she,
 "You heard me—that will do,
 Now, if you don't be on your way,
 I'll see the dog on you."
 "Ah, glory be, at last," cried he,
 "You've struck the proper note;
 For dog cakes here I have to sell—
 Now, won't that set your goat?"
 Crash! Bang! Slam! G-r-r-r-r!
 Wooff! Wooff!
 "Goodness, how that man can run!"
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A Hungarian foot soldier of the Archduke Ferdinand attained the stature of eleven feet. His portrait was in the Ambrosian cabinet at Vienna.

Hans Bar, whose full size likeness drawn in 1894, was in the imperial castle at Innsbruck, measured eleven feet.

Meaty Maxims

Sweet meat must have sour sauce.
 Love will creep where it cannot go.
 Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
 Steal the goose and give the giblets in alarm.
 We ask advice, but we mean approbation.
 Truth may be blamied, but it shall never
 be shamed.
 In a thousand-pounds of law-there's not an ounce of love.
 Drink wine and have the gout, and drink no wine and have the gout too.
 Men will wrangle for religion; write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything, but live for it.
 Do not know everything.
 Ripening love is the stiffest.
 Prosperity makes few friends.
 Take care or care will take you.
 The heart is often elated when the face is calm.
 To be misunderstood is the cross and bitterness of life.
 Good greeting softens a cat.

Would Be a Winner
 You can pray, if you will, to be made a "good loser."
 To be schooled in defeat and to fall with will is a gain.
 But what I will ask—and I guess I'm the chooser—is not to be loser at all—but to win!
 If I don't win, I'm just like the average winner.
 I'll try to be neevy in spite of my fall!
 But, Lord, let me know what it is to be a winner!
 A good one, perhaps, but a winner, that's all!

Let me play the game fair—though I'm grateful for favors—
 Let me stand on my feet—though a boast does not harm—
 But teach me to see when the enemy wavers.
 And help me to strike with the strength of my arm.
 Some sneer and say: "Ah, but the game's worth playing.
 Though failure should hold you forever
 Perhaps, but I'm in it to win, so I'm praying.
 To be on the square—but a winner, that's all!

The world is filled full of its excellent losers.
 Who toll and who toil in monotonous wise.
 While the winners are riding in autos and cruizers.
 And sending the glory that victory brings.
 Let someone else act as the deliver and sinner.
 Let someone else stay 'mid the poor and the small.
 The game is to win and I want to be winner.
 A good one, perhaps, but a winner, that's all!
 —New York American.

Mrs. Just A Wife



A Hot Weather Idyl

