

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"Have you noticed that a publisher thinks the fashion magazines will be regarded as historical documents by future generations?" asked the Regular Fellow.

"Future generations have a good laugh in store for them," answered the Innocent Bystander. "Those fashion plates will hold food for thought, but it may give them cramps. If they're to be regarded as historical documents we can expect to see them kept with the Declaration of Independence, the constitution and other state papers in some unprotected place which is not fire proof."

"I noticed that the esteemed publisher's representative said that it was most proper to be lenient in the postal rate on fashion magazines not so much for the women of the present age to keep up with the mile-a-minute procession, but for the benefit of their descendants, who might wonder how the present generation dressed or wanted to be dressed."

"If posterity is guided by the fashion plates it will get an idea that this era was populated by tall, willowy females, each about nine feet high and a foot wide, with the general architectural design of a plank and the coloring of a poster. Of course, all our present women are demure but haughty nineties of the telegraph pole variety; of course, they all have swan-like necks, thin, oval faces, broad shoulders, no hips and little mice of feet."

"Future generations will get an idea that all of the women of this age went around staring vacuously and with hauteur at nothing, wearing gowns which never wrinkled or bulged and engaged exclusively in idleness, which last won't be such a bad guess by posterity."

"By that time the women will probably be in congress and in the seats of gov-



"GIANTESS"

ernment, and without doubt there will be many learned and impassioned references to those sacred old state documents, the fashion plates, when the question arises of revision downward on the waist line or the skimping on wood and silk. Along with the doctrine of the fathers, that we hear so much about now, our descendants will have to stand for a lot of noise about the doctrine of the mothers."

"It takes a constitutional lawyer to interpret the meaning of the fathers," objected the Regular Fellow.

"It will take a constitutional dreamer to figure out what the present day mothers mean," replied the Innocent Bystander.

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Trying to Regulate Aerial Warfare

Reports from Europe say that students of international law are now seriously considering the possibility of regulating aerial warfare. Recently the question was up before a meeting of the Institute of International Law, held at Madrid. Prof. Holland of Oxford urged that aerial warfare, even scouting, be prohibited. Prof. Westlake offered a resolution to the effect that, all fighting with balloons be forbidden, leaving the right to use balloons or aeroplanes for reconnaissance and scouting work. The German, headed by Prof. von Bar, wanted to restrict such warfare as to make it virtually impossible. Paul Fauchille, editor of a French publication, opposed any restrictions. Further, he said, a treaty of La Haye, which provided that such warfare could not be prohibited because a nation which had neither a standing army nor a fleet would be able to defend itself only with airships and would have a right to make use of this defense in spite of all treaties to the contrary. Further, he said, this warfare is the most economical of all. He also raised the question whether, if aeroplanes be permitted to attack armies on land or fleets at sea, they should also be permitted to attack each other in the air. Admitting that they may bombard a

fort or an army or a fleet, may they, when fighting with each other, imperil the lives or property of innocent noncombatants below?

The delegates were practically unanimous in saying no to this last question. It was pointed out that in terrestrial warfare the same of hostilities is always limited by the cumbersome of armies and fleets; in a battle in the air, which might move at 100 miles an hour, because of the mobility of the flying squadrons, the same of hostilities would be almost unlimited.

To cover these two points M. de Lapradelle offered a resolution to the effect that "war in the air is permitted on the sole condition that it does not subject the persons and the property of noncombatants to greater dangers than are entailed by war on land or sea."

An English proposition prohibiting all aerial warfare was defeated and the resolution of J. de Lapradelle was adopted by a large majority.

This was only a vote of principle; it is said. In September, 1912, at the meeting in Christiania, the subject will be brought up for final decision and the result will be sent to the next peace conference at The Hague.

Acting Proverbs

In this game the company may be divided into actors, who illustrate the proverb in pantomime, and spectators, who must guess the sentence represented.

The actors are each given a proverb which they must represent in turn, alone and without speaking.

The first player may come into the room where the spectators are waiting, with a sprinkler in one hand and a cup in the other. He begins sprinkling the flowers, then pours water over them, acting the proverb, "It never rains but it pours."

The second actor also brings a cup of water. He repeatedly attempts to drink from the cup, which keeps slipping from his fingers as he brings it near his mouth; "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

The third brings a purse containing brass buttons, which he takes out and counts

over deliberately. Then he looks at them closely and with seeming doubt, finally throwing them away from him in a rage. Proverb, "All is not gold that glitters."

The next actor appears with a large stone which he rolls about the room. Then he examines it critically and shakes his head. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Another may bring in a bundle of hay (or something that may be supposed to be hay) and tosses and turns it over with a fork carried for the purpose, frequently looking up to an imaginary sky. "Make hay while the sun shines."

Very easy illustrations have been given here, but proverbs more difficult to act may be chosen as the play goes on.

The game is more interesting if spectators are given paper and pencils to write down their guessing of each proverb when the actor leaves the room to be followed by another.—Philadelphia Record.

Yeast Crop Swells

Those who recall the "hop crop" furore in certain sections of Nebraska some years ago will be interested to learn that in Oregon hop growers will be greatly enriched this year. It is reported the yield this year will not only be one of the best ever known, but prices will be high. Indications are that within a few days 30 cents a pound will be paid for the growing crop and many farmers who the year before had a 40-cent market will be reached before the autumn is over. Indeed, one Pacific coast dealer makes the prediction that hops will sell for 50 cents before the first of the year.

Heredity Brings Pain

The small girls of Virginia were early instructed, before the war, as to the importance of their "family." Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, in "I Myself," recalls her own yearnings to play with a certain "Bully Bates," who lived near her home, and also recalls her colored "mammy's" refusal to permit her.

Mammy looked imperious and disapproving. "Dem Bates children ain't bad children, I ain't sayin' dey is, but who dey gran-pa? Dey ain't nobody in de round 'round dat knows, or wants to know. Now you's got a gran-pa, an' what yo' gran-pa wuz, you is. An' yo' gran-pa is a gentleman, an' you ought to be a lady. But you ain't gwine to be if you goes an' plays wid de Toms. Dicks an' Harrys in dis here town."

"But, dear mammy—"

"Now don't you 'dear mammy' me! I seen you flingin' wid William Bates yesterday—no familiarity of nicknames for mammy—'an' I ain't tell yo' mammy yet, but I let me know you at it again, dat's all!"

The words of mammy have come painfully and acutely true the last few years. My "gran-pa" died with gout, and several attacks have lately laid me low, and at last, after many years, "what my gran-pa wuz, I is."

What's On Your Mind?

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Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Shop Talker



Of course, it's better to be a shop talker than a shoplifter. Only naturally the latter courts secrecy and nonexpression, while you seek and make occasions for your particular activity with a pertinacity and a positively unshakable enthusiasm that becomes an awful bore to those who have to listen.

Personally, I have a lot of sympathy for school teachers. I think it's about the hardest work a woman can do. It's the profession which is abused by the public more than any other, with less chance of retaliation or recompense. Mothers freely and frankly acknowledge that they will be glad when vacation is over and the children in school. It's because they are glad to shove off on the teacher the task of disciplining the young American whose wild pranks and ungovernable activity are more than they can manage.

The school teacher is everybody's servant and nobody's boss. If she reproves a child in a way he deserves, but of which the parents do not approve—though said parent frequently has recourse to the same method—she is humiliated and harassed almost to death. Yet, in spite of the drawbacks and

the impositions in connection with her work, she is the champion shop talker. But you are her close second. And your business is art. At least, you claim it as yours and you load it off like an old man of the sea to burden everyone else.

You are authority on everything that anybody ever painted anywhere. Any you correct the well-meaning and education-seeking comments and inquiries of your acquaintances with an air of such superiority that you kill what embryonic craving for art culture they have.

And, after you have acquiesced them into silence, you begin your shop talk. You are at work on a marine scene. It is to be so and so, and such-and-such has said that it year or two working in this country and then you will go abroad. Art is the main business and should be the chief interest of the universe. There is something in your manner of speech which intimates that your special art execution should be the bright particular point on which all eyes should fasten.

Your friend who sings is almost as much of a shop talker. She relates the peculiarities of her pupils and impresses the fact

that they had almost insuperable vocal faults when they came to her. Which, of course, is but an opening to the emphatic disquisition she thereupon delivers in regard to her extraordinary ability in having overcome the colossal obstacles. She, too, has ambitions.

Not bad things to have; but dreadfully bad things about which to talk too much. For the unsympathetic public is apt to remember the glowing predictions made by herself and when she settles down to teaching do-me-to any one who can pay the price, they will recall that she anticipated an operatic career. And, instead of giving her credit for earning an honest living by industry and hard work, they will jeer at the difference between the to-be-that-was and the what-is-now.

And how men hate the shop talker. It's the social or the mating instinct that attracts men to women's company. And when you shop talkers show so much more interest in what you are doing than in what you might do with the men's assistance, they think you are too terribly self-centered down to teaching do-me-to in your lives. Talk about the weather! Anything—rather than your business!

"Age Cannot Wither"

Elizabeth Marbury, the dramatic agent, was talking at the Colony club in New York about beauty doctors.

"The papers and magazines are full of their advertisements," she said. "They must make a great deal of money."

"But, Miss Marbury," said a young woman lawyer, "I have heard that beauty treatments are dangerous."

"Well, you might call them dangerous in a way," Miss Marbury agreed. "I know, for example, a very rich widow of 62 years, for example, a course of ten beauty treatments, and last month married her boy chauffeur."

Who masters his tongue saves his head.

Truisms

A man is a lion in his own cause.

Better sit idle than work for naught.

A friend is not so soon gotten as lost.

Priority is good in all things but death.

Those things that are uneasily are unsafe.

He that follows two hares catches neither.

To pave the way be a stepping-stone to anything.

Old Saws Revived

Many will hate you if you love yourself.

The friendship of the base is a wall of sand.

A load that is cheerfully borne becomes light.

When the danger is passed the saint is mocked.

Despise not the world, for thou cannot do without it.

Who laughs the last doth laugh with great success.

"I Should Say Not!"



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

August 14, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
William E. Burton, Thirty-fifth and Brown Sts.	Monmouth Park	1900
Doris Benson, 2820 Elliott Ave.	Miller Park	1904
Leon Bruno, 1411 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1900
Antoinette L. Beall, The Majestic.	Lake	1903
Ruth Burdge, 2568 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1904
Fred A. Collins, 1106 North Eighteenth St.	Holy Family	1904
Merle B. Colliflower, 316 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1898
Adela L. Christensen, Thirty-ninth and Wright Sts.	Windor	1902
Arnold Clark, 3322 Dodge St.	High	1895
Mabel Elmquist, 2221 South Twenty-ninth St.	Castellar	1907
Ira Goodwill, 1406 South Seventeenth St.	Comentus	1903
Max Greenberg, 519 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1900
Harold L. Head, 2824 Blondo St.	Long	1902
William J. Hughes, 1021 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1896
Roy Hiland, 3348 Grand Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Ernest L. Hecht, 3018 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1904
Walter Hornig, 1601 Frederick St.	Castellar	1901
Harry Haykin, 1002 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1908
James F. Hutson, 1920 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1897
Harold Johnson, 2425 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1902
Sarah F. Kellogg, 847 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1900
Mary H. Kellogg, 847 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1900
Walter Kurz, 2207 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1904
Alexander J. Keenan, 1901 South Fifth St.	St. Philomena	1897
Frank J. Kane, 542 South Thirtieth St.	High	1895
Eugene H. Kleiner, 1820 Clark St.	Kellom	1901
Mildred Larsen, 1112 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Katherine S. Lentz, 1113 Park Ave.	High	1897
Heleen Lindquist, 1502 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1901
James McCollister, 3041 Stone Ave.	Miller Park	1904
Frances Musgrave, 2615 Gust St.	Saratoga	1897
Mary M. Mohott, 3338 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Sybil Nelson, 2959 Poppleton Ave.	High	1894
Hazel Nelson, 3436 Curtis Ave.	Saratoga	1896
Ernest H. Nelson, 1514 Ohio St.	Lake	1903
Adelaide O'Neil, 2607 Bristol St.	Sacred Heart	1902
Earl Price, 410 Francis St.	Train	1905
Nunzia Polito, 1003 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1904
Arthur Pakiser, 6719 North Thirty-seventh St.	Central Park	1898
Lydia Ruppert, 2014 Martha St.	High	1896
Johan Svittata, 2910 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1904
Ida S. Smith, 1322 South Twenty-fifth St.	Park	1900
Joseph Schmidt, 2329 South Fourteenth St.	St. Joseph	1901
Richard Sheldner, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Heleen C. Sargent, 414 South Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1900
Mabel A. Sward, 2812 Davenport St.	Webster	1902
Olive Schneider, 3824 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1903
Ethel Stannard, 2119 Grace St.	Kellom	1903
Letitia Van Buren, 1129 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1896
Max Weiss, 2306 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1895
Frank L. Wicklund, 819 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1895
Viola H. Zorn, 4811 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1903

A Triangle

Says Siction Foreman Murphy to Siction Foreman Burke:

"Why don't yeh quit yer loasin' an' find a job o' work?"

Yeh haven't done no jointin' since the twenty-ninth o' May."

Yeh did it then to celebrate yer bye was born that day."

Yeh'd get a haulin' over if the boss should happen by."

Fer all yer ties need tamplin' an' yer low joints all is high."

Yeh tracks is like a scrap dock, so high wit' junk they're piled."

Yeh ralls is full o' bumps an' bumps that drive the brakemen wild."

To Siction Foreman Murphy, says Foreman Burke, says he:

"Yeh'd better find yer siction, an' not be watchin' me."

Yeh curves is out o' kilter, yer angle bars is cracked."

Yeh ties is all so rotten yer shingles kin not stay latched."

Yeh niver take a shovel an' shovel out yer ditcher."

Yeh niver cut the daisies from an' yer frogs an' switches."

Yeh stavin' miles o' siction is overgrown wit' moss."

How did it happen, Murphy, they made yer siction boss?"

A gruff voice interrupted. 'Twas Suprintendent Flynn:

"Why are ye sittin' idle—ye an' all 'Twould take a year o' labor to put yer track in shape."

An' now, instead o' workin', I find ye half asleep."

Says Siction Foreman Murphy to Siction Foreman Burke:

"Yeh hear what Mither Flynn says, go an' an' 'fit to work."

Says Burke: "Yeh ye he's roastin', ye clumsy, stupid man!"

Then Flynn, he lost his temper an' gave them both th' can."

—Lydia M. D. O'Neil in Railroad Man's Magazine.

Met Wrong Dog.

Once upon a time there was a rabbit that took a drink of whiskey of the kind that is said to make a rabbit fight a bulldog.

He duly attacked the first bulldog he met and was promptly slain. The bulldog had just taken a drink of the same kind of whiskey.

Moral: From this we should learn that a bluff is only good where it will go, and when we fool with a fool we should be certain we have the fool to fool with.

Nubs of Knowledge

Mortar for building purposes was used by Hebrew nations in 2547 B. C.

There are 100,000 telephones in use in Japan at the present time.

Built in the year 700, the mansion belonging to Count Matsushita, at Winkel-on-the-Rhine, Germany, is believed to be the oldest inhabited house in existence.

From one and a half millions in 1901, the number of horses in Canada has risen to nearly two and a quarter millions at the close of 1909.

The largest restaurant in the world has been recently opened at the Berlin Zoological gardens. There are accommodations under the roof for 10,000 persons and for a like number in the surrounding grounds.

Posters are so called because in former times the footpaths and roadways of London were separated by lines of posts on which it was the custom to paste announcements.

Rio de Janeiro has the finest harbor in the world, with fifty miles of anchorage.

The streams in various parts of Borneo are at certain seasons un navigable because of the clouds of mosquitoes which infest them.

First Greek anthology, or book of choice thoughts, was compiled by Melesager, of Gadara, Syria, about 60 B. C.

Bonded warehouse system was first authorized in England by act of Parliament in 1802. It was suggested by Sir Robert Walpole in 1733, but was then defeated owing to its unpopularity.

Industrial exhibitions began with the French in 1788.

The child that wears a black silk cord around its neck will not have croup.

You must not pay the doctor entirely, or there will be sickness in the family.

When swallowing a chicken's heart whole make a wish, and it will come true.

Hope is the last to abandon the unhappy. When pleasure can be had it is fit to catch.

First recorded discovery of iron in the United States was in North Carolina in 1585, and the first attempt to manufacture it was in Virginia in 1610.

James Mack was a New York poet and author of some note. He was born in 1800 and published several volumes of poems, the last being entitled the "Romance of the Ring," which was issued in 1880.

Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Tonna was one of the most prolific religious writers of the nineteenth century and her works had a large circulation. She was born in Norwich, England, in 1792, and died in London July 12, 1864.