

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Told by the Troubled Tourist

"I think I've discovered a man who pretty nearly beats my touring record," said the Troubled Tourist as he got down his paper. "He's the man who has just traveled 22,000 miles and spent only \$4.19. What he spent the \$4.19 for I can't figure out, though it appears it was for car fare. That's pretty easy traveling, only it would have been much better to have made the 22,000 miles without the \$4.19 expenditure.

"I wouldn't have looked so extravagant."

"There must be a lot of porters who have lost fortunes by that 22,000 mile trip. Why, a porter would have got that \$4.19 before the first hundred dusty miles had been traveled. There's nothing like walking and saving tips."

"Why a man once who was fond of walking, but that didn't keep him from going to the president of a railroad and asking for a pass. The president of the road, being annoyed at the request and thinking to get rid of his visitor, simply wrote on a piece of paper:

"Right John Doe to walk from here to Jimtown."

"He signed it and gave it to John, who took a peek at it when he got outside. Was he chagrined and did he wilt when he read it? Not a bit of it. John simply took his letter and got aboard the train, and when the conductor came along John, who was pacing up and down the aisle, handed him the note.

"That is no good," said the conductor. "This only permits you to walk between here and Jimtown."

"Well, said John, 'I'm walking.'"

"And he tramped on up and down the aisle."

"The conductor thought a minute and then gave it up, John was too much of a lawyer for him."



"ON-A WALKING TRIP."

"Now, John would have saved that \$4.19 if he had to keep walking from here to Jimtown."

"It's a pity John didn't meet the man who walked up from the South pushing a wheelbarrow. The chances are ten to one that John would have been riding in the wheelbarrow by the time it struck Broadway."

"He missed another chance by not running across the two men who started around the world, one coming from the east and the other from the west. If he had, it's dollars to doughnuts John would have been in the barrel before it had gone five miles. He did like walking trips."

"I rather like them myself. I frequently walk two blocks or more to a car. When it comes to covering 22,000 miles, however, I think I'd prefer John's method of tramping up the aisle."

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Goat's Milk Scarce and High Priced

In foreign lands the milk goat is generally known as the poor man's cow. In this country, at present, it is the rich man's luxury, for an imported animal costs from \$60 to \$75, according to the Philadelphia North American, which says even the common goat, which was once the butt of the jesters and the habbitant of dumps and cabbage patches, has assumed a new dignity and an enhanced value.

It is the quality of milk which accounts for the goat's popularity. In the first place, it is deemed practically immune from tuberculosis and can be used for infants and invalids when cow's milk is not satisfactory. That is the reason why physicians are willing to pay 25 cents a quart for it and why some wise laymen see fortunes to be made in the sale of milk at that price. The fat globules in goat's milk are so small that they rise very slowly. You may set the milk for hours and not find a "wedge" of cream upon it. Consequently it is not adapted to butter making. Anyway, 25-cent milk would hardly be used for that purpose.

In some foreign lands the babies take the milk directly from the udder of the goat. Indeed, the goat is an ideal foster mother and will freely adopt the young of other animals, even pigs. The milk is pure white, and a few drops in a cup of coffee are said to equal a teaspoonful of the cow's product. Also, it is surprisingly satisfactory for cooking. The taste is not radically different from that of cow's milk, perhaps a trifle sweeter.

Great care in drawing the milk must be exercised, however, as it absorbs odors easily and an unpleasant flavor will be found if the sanitary conditions are not of the best. For that reason the goat is not milked in the stall, but in a special room. The amount of milk yielded may vary from a pint to four quarts a day. A goat which gives two quarts is considered valuable. The lactical period ought to continue five or six months. Thus, if a family has two nannies, one coming fresh in the spring and the other in the fall, its milk needs are properly cared for.

If it were not for the difficulty in getting good breeding animals, milk goats would soon be common in this country, even as they are abroad. There is a wide and growing interest in goats for milking purposes. The government has just completed a census showing that there are fifty-five regular breeders in the United States, and probably there are in reality a number of others, whose names were not obtained. The agricultural experiment station at Geneva, N. Y., is not included in the list, although it has a fine herd.

For some years the government has been fostering the interest in goats, but has been hampered because importations have been interfered with on account of quarantine measures. At one time a large herd of Maltese goats were imported; but the animals were quarantined in New York harbor, where most of them died. That experiment was intended to dampen the governmental enthusiasm for a time; but the insistent demand for information continued and the authorities are now helping in the general goat propaganda.

The holes in your stockings are not the kind that need darning. At least, not with a needle. And you would not fill them up for anything. It is funny to watch you at the stocking counter of a department store. Very carefully you thrust your hand into the covering that has nothing of the fine "art" which so artfully conceals, but possesses all of the revelatory power intimated in the rest of the quotation, "yet all things disclose." If the mesh is close, you toss the stockings contemptuously back on the counter and look daggers at the clerk for her indirect assistance to your withering modesty. You want the tissue effect or the lacest of open work.

Here is a letter from the girl who wrote the funny letter about her hatred of dirty finger nails. By the way, she took the reproof like a major. You remember that I told her she needn't be so terribly fussy as to make the condition of finger nails the standard by which she judged people. I intimated that she might have holes in her stockings and that might get on the nerves of others as much as finger nails bothered her.

"My Dear Friend Loretta: When I wrote you, asking you to ferule the girls who had dirty nails, I didn't expect to receive the whipping myself. But you gave it to me. You said I was fussy. So I took it without flinching till I came to the intimation about the holes in my stockings. I never wore a stocking with a hole in it in my life. But lots of girls do. And there are lots of holes. And all plainly visible. Actually placed there to attract attention. These thin and open work stockings are almost an immediate as going barefooted. And the girls always wear short skirts and low shoes, so that their legs are revealed to view. Of course, no self-respecting girl would think of exposing her bare legs in the presence of the opposite sex. But these perforated stockings are practically equivalent to the same thing. And often "barefoot" sandals aggravate the impropriety. Now, Loretta, won't you please make these girls hold out their

What's On Your Mind?



Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Down to Girl With Holes in Her Hose



The recent death of Major George E. Pickett, son of the great confederate soldier of the name, who led the famous charge at Gettysburg, recalls a story told by the widow of General Pickett and mother of Major Pickett, of her first and only meeting with Abraham Lincoln. It was the day following the abandonment of Richmond by the confederates, and when the union troops were in possession of the city. Mrs. Pickett was alone with her baby boy, her husband making the final stand with Lee and his ragged and hungry veterans. It may be needless to say that the wife of the absent general was in no friendly frame of mind toward the conquerors, and her irritation was increased by seeing a body of negro cavalrymen sweeping past her house.

The door opened and in stepped a tall figure in solemn black, wearing a high hat. "Is George in?" asked the intruder, without other word of introduction. "If you mean General George E. Pickett," answered Mrs. Pickett severely, "he is on duty with the army." "George has been a bad boy," continued the visitor, stretching out his long arms and taking the baby, which seemed to like him at sight; and cooed with pleasure in his embrace. Mrs. Pickett, still angry, could only utter, "Mr. Lincoln has been a bad boy," repeated the caller, gazing the baby a toss or two to its great delight, and seeming not to notice Mrs. Pickett's resentment. He was the nephew of a dear friend of mine, and I had him appointed to West Point, but he has been a bad boy." After a pause, while Mrs. Pickett listened speechless, the visitor went on: "But you can tell him when he gets back to come and see me in Washington and I will take care of him."

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Pickett, still in mystery as to her caller's identity.

"I am Abraham Lincoln," was the answer.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Pickett, "the president of the United States?"

"That is what they call me," replied Mr. Lincoln. Then, handing back the baby, he

Lincoln and General Pickett's Baby

passed out with the parting injunction: "Don't forget to tell George to call on me." The visitor departed. Mrs. Pickett noticed there was something in the baby's little fist. It was a fifty-dollar greenback. Major George E. Pickett was that baby—Columbian Magazine.

Pessimism Running Wild.

Jibes—Do you believe there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? Jamna—Say, do you know, I've got a point where I don't believe there's any rainbow!

To rob a swallow's nest built in a fireplace was held in the olden time to be a more fearful sacrilege than to steal a chalice from a church.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



August 22, 1911.

Albert Anderson, 2418 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1898
May R. Bauman, 3840 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Paul Bekins, 1128 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1899
Bertha Bell, 122 Park Ave.	High	1893
Aloys Berka, 2314 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1900
Paul Blotcky, 615 South Twenty-ninth St.	High	1896
Bronistaw, 2561 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1899
Bertha Brown, 2219 Seward St.	High	1895
Sarah Caracello, 2214 Pierce St.	Mason	1900
Ralph Carroll, 3214 South Twentieth Ave.	Vinton	1903
Bertha Christensen, 1519 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1887
Carroll C. Clough, 2625 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1881
Jessie Craig, 3217 Pacific St.	Park	1903
Albert Curry, 5309 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Lester L. Dixon, 513 North Twenty-second St.	Webster	1900
Tereska D. Duszyński, 2561 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1897
Loretta Dwyer, 2305 Vinton St.	Vinton	1904
August A. Ernst, 2029 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1896
Kenneth C. Hampton, 621 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1904
Lucille Hanson, 2102 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1905
Nate Harris, 2630 Davenport St.	Farnam	1902
Charles Hallicka, 1926 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1896
Katherine Hodges, 2520 South Fortieth St.	Windsor	1898
Harold Hopkins, 959 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1903
Elizabeth Imbert, 1958 South Thirtieth St.	Lincoln	1898
Rebecca Israeloutz, 1903 South Thirtieth St.	Lincoln	1901
Ruby M. Kalb, 5121 North Seventeenth St.	Sherman	1903
Margaret Kemmel, 211 South Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1899
Rosaline C. Kohn, 533 South Twenty-second St.	Central	1898
Rosaline C. Kohn, 533 South Twenty-second St.	Long	1908
Thelma Lamphear, 2917 Elm St.	Windsor	1903
Dee B. Meredith, 2314 South Central Blvd.	Vinton	1898
Sadie Newman, 2220 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1901
Russell L. Park, 2415 Dodge St.	Central	1897
Lawrence Peacock, 2820 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1898
Loretta Pezanowski, 2411 Castellar St.	Im. Conception	1900
Inola M. Redd, 2317 North Twenty-ninth St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Leona P. Robinson, Albion Flats, Tenth and Pacific.	Pacific	1901
Angelina Rock, 1236 South Nineteenth St.	Mason	1902
Elsie Schagun, 2836 Decatur St.	Long	1903
Eleanor Shaw, 4422 Howard St.	Columbian	1899
Tyra Sjaberg, 1017 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1901
Charlotte Smith, 106 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1904
Bessie Smith, 3412 Burt St.	Webster	1895
Antonio Sofia, 1118 South Sixth St.	Pacific	1902
Beatrice Spillard, Thirty-sixth and Ida Sts.	Saratoga	1904
Sam Brown, 1055 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1904
Katherine J. Stigberg, 2737 Caldwell St.	Long	1902
Melvin Stiles, 2719 Parker St.	Long	1897
Frank Swoboda, 1782 South Twenty-sixth St.	High	1893
Walter Swanson, 2014 Bancroft St.	Castellar	1900
Ludvik Tomczykinski, 3721 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1902
Bertha Weilligot, 2232 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1905
Margaret Whitefield, 534 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1895
Alice Wiggins, 2620 North Thirtieth St.	Lake	1904
Annie M. Wilson, 4616 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Catherine Wilson, 4616 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1905
William Wintraub, 1315 Pine St.	Comenius	1897
Mary Wroblewska, 2312 South Twenty-seventh St.	Im. Conception	1897
Marguerite Van Avery, 1710 South Twenty-sixth St.	High	1894

Words on the Wooden Leg

It was reported that at a ball game in the east a wooden-legged fan became so excited over the result he left his limb in the grand stand, with the shoe on; which led the "Long Bow" man on the Minneapolis Tribune to say:

Few people appreciate how many men there are who have wooden legs concealed about their persons. In Chicago alone it is estimated that on an average three legs are amputated each day; in the state about nineteen. In Pittsburgh there are nine legs taken off each day and in the state of Pennsylvania an average of about thirty-five. Ohio comes next with twenty-seven a day, and in New York the average runs to about twenty-six.

The artificial leg business is said to be prosperous. In a Chicago leg factory all but two of the 100 employees have artificial support. Legs are today made of English willow covered with a thin parchment and enamel, or of wood and leather. The mechanism which takes the place of the joints is of case-hardened steel, plated with nickel, silver or gold. The foot is of sponge rubber cemented on hickory cores and has a resiliency that absorbs all shocks in walking and permits a natural step.

Legs were made long before the Christian era, but they were not good legs. In the Royal College of Surgeons, London, there is an artificial leg made of bronze and wood which was found by a scientific exploration party in a tomb at Capua, Italy. Its date is estimated as about 300 B. C.

If you have two meat legs and no corns, thank heaven and leap for joy. But if you lose one of these limbs you may not only secure one guaranteed never to have corns, but you may still thank heaven for its mercies and leap for joy. The wooden legged man has considerable on the wooden headed man.

Modern "Mots"

Some women have party line 'phones so they may be sure of an audience.

To the eub drummer: Shun the bagfest; let others tell of their wonderful sales; but keep yours under your hat.

To the waitress: Beware of the young drummer who whippers sweet promises; he isn't sincere. Stick to the home talent.

To the chef: Don't serve canned or dried fruit or vegetables when the same fruit or vegetable is in season.

To the landlord: Clip out the above and hand it to the coach if you have no chef, and "take one yourself."

When you see a traveling man stop and fondle a child make up your mind he has one at home about that size.

Did you ever notice how hard it is to relate a story when some one requests you to "tell a funny one?"

There is one thing we admire about a railroad man: He has nothing to say outside of business. Conundrum: What is the difference between a barber and a railroad man?

"For goodness sake," says the evangelist as he takes up the collection.—Tom Mot in Chicago Record-Herald.

Can Women Afford to Ignore Fashion?

Can a woman afford to exercise some personal liberty as to dress—to ignore whatever decrees of fashion that seem to her as a woman? This question is asked by a writer in the St. Louis Republic and is accompanied with two emphatic answers in direct opposition—yes and no. She can and she cannot, but there are two of her. There are no distinct classes of human beings. Every individual belongs to any number of them and overlaps into as many more, but in the matter of dress womanhood may be divided pretty safely into two distinct classes—those who can ignore the decrees of fashion and those who cannot. The line is drawn quite sharply between the woman who uses brains and good taste to adapt her style of apparel to her particular good points and personality, and the woman whose lack of one or the other or both would lead her into extravagances of dress that would strike dismay or horror into the hearts of all beholders. To the woman of the first class the modera golden calf, fashion, is a crusher-out of individuality. To her sister of the second division it is a saving grace.

The woman of good taste ignores absurd fashions just as she ignores the latest slang. She does not cover her head with pounds of cheap false hair, shorn from heads of people whose hands or clothing she would shudder to touch. She does not make herself ridiculous in hats resting on her shoulders, hiding everything but her chin and giving her the general appearance of deformity. Nor does she squeeze into a tight skirt, whose lack of modesty would have caused her with a business trouble five years ago. On the contrary, she studies her own face, coloring and figure and dresses with the point in view of bringing

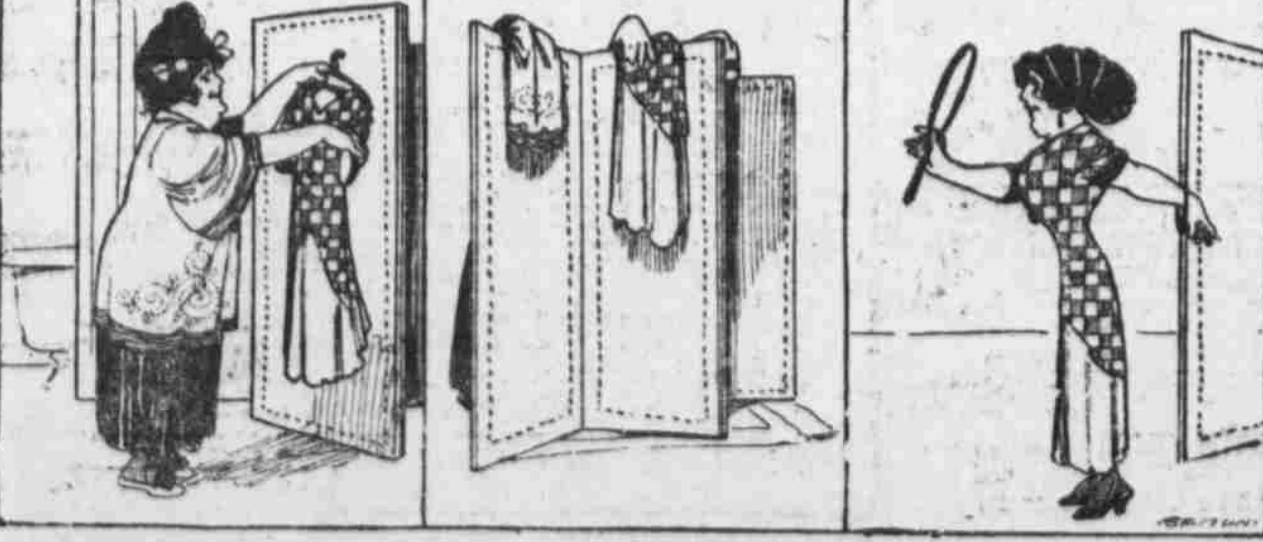
out her best points. She must follow the general lines of the prevailing mode lest she be conspicuous, but ignoring its absurdities and making her clothes individual. Clothes in the best taste are inconspicuous, made to adorn their wearer, and her personality. Otherwise, she becomes a mere lay-figure, an animated clothes horse. If a round, graceful waist is her main charm, she will not wear the empire, thus hiding her one best point. If her neck is thin and scrawny, she will shun the Dutch collar no matter how popular and pretty it may be.

The St. Louis writer concludes that the absolute mystery as to why women will deliberately expose their worst features in order to wear a popular style is at difficult of solution as the riddle of the sphinx.

To a Little Girl

All on a day of gold and blue,
Hearken to the calling cry
All on a day of blue and gold,
Here for your baby hands to hold,
Flower and fruit and fairy bread,
Under the breathing trees are spread,
Follow them, dainty feet,
Past the enchanted garden door,
Friend, the hundred maybe more!
Why do you linger? Ah, you elf,
Must be come for you then himself?
Whimsical master, glorious child?
Where you go now, away from me,
Where are you, lass?
"Come, we must hurry, I and you,
We've such a number of things to do,
Popples to gather, thrushes to hear,
Take my hand like a good girl. Yes,
I am the gardener, T. L. S."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

How Do They Do It?



Mrs. Just a Wife

