



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Told by the Troubled Tourist

"I never realized before how crowded New York really is until I carried a suit case from Harlem to the Grand Central Station the other day," said the Troubled Tourist.

"I've been in a few subway blockades and have seen quite congested traffic in my various travels, but they were merely pauses in the procession compared to the interrupted progress of that suit case."

"To begin with, I had to sit on it to get into it all the things I wanted, and I nearly buried the lid off at that. As I came out on the steps I set the case down on the edge of the top step while I lit a pipe. As luck would have it somebody hit my 'cross-the-hall neighbor's dog out just then and it went out the front door like a shot hitting the suit case and sending it hurtling down to the sidewalk in time to catch a portly old party full in his capacious waistcoat."

"Of course he wanted to have me arrested for throwing a loaded suit case at him, but I apologized profusely and gathered up my baggage, while the old gentleman went in, still muttering."

"I had to hustle to the subway and every step I took the suit case bounced in the knee. When it would bump me in the knee it was bumping into somebody else, who usually stepped and shoved at me until I had to mutter again. On the subway stairs I spotted a woman with a handbag, and in trying to avoid her I jammed the corner of the suit case into the 'shoulders' of another woman ahead of me."

"She stopped to scratch her head and tell me what she thought of me, and I stopped to apologize, so that between us we completely blocked the entrance. An impatient man shoved past a protesting corner of my baggage and the next moment he saw I was coming down the steps with the suit case for a toboggan."

"I finally got the thing into a subway



A FLYING START.

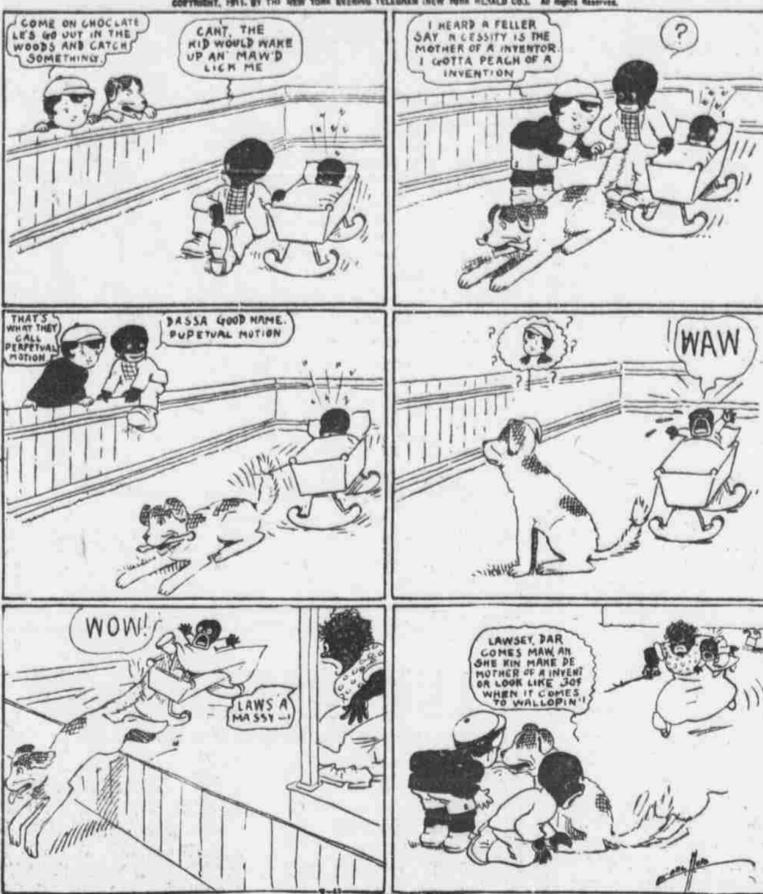
train which was crowded, and sat it on its side. In the aisle. From that moment every one who came into that car fell over the suit case."

"I was kicked, manied, pushed and slammed about till I figured from the threats made against me I'd have enough business suits on hand to keep me busy for a year. When the train reached Forty-second street I grabbed the case and pushed noddily through a protesting throng to the street. And just as I reached the street the handle broke. The strain was too much."

"I was just going to pitch the thing into the gutter when seven boys rushed up with cries of 'Carry your grip, mister, and I let the whole seven lug it off and fight over it all the way to the station. There I asked a porter to rope it, as it was liable to get away, and the next time I carry a suit case I'll hire a trunk.'"

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to Her Own Idea of Love



"My Dear Loretta: I have read your articles since they began. You are always talking about love as if it were a question of common sense and knowing how to cook. I really think that you do not believe in love at all, but regard marriage as a kind of philosophical union. I think a woman who does not believe in love is like a fish without fins; she cannot navigate in the only world where she ought to swim. You advocate all kinds of sensible things. You talk about girls being able to 'do their share.' If people did everything you advise they would never have time to fall in love. They would be so dreadfully common sense and prosaic that they couldn't love. I think you estimate all emotion as mist and moonshine and regard love as an evidence of insanity or weakness. I am really sorry for you. FROM ONE WHO LOVES."

Bravo, Miss Loverless! Maybe I am only a floater in the emotional ocean where you are swimming so finely. But I should like to swim. I do believe in love. It is because I believe in it so mightily that I hate to see you girls failing to take the precautions that will insure you a long and delightful journey in the love ocean.

You might just as well accuse me of not recognizing the existence of roses because I want to put them in water. And I want to have a suitable vase around for them before I pick them or before some one of the very nice men who know my passion for flowers sends me a box of them.

The vase for the roses, the water that preserves them so that I can revel long in their beautiful perfume represent exactly the ways and means I advocate for love's preservation.

Men are going to eat and sleep even if they love. And I see so many stop loving just because they are so outrageously uncomfortable that it seems a hideous waste to me for a big splendid thing like love to go to split on the reefs of poor housekeeping. If you knew all the details of house-making so that you could get the work over and done and have time and energy and inclination for loving, you would be a good deal surer of happiness.

It's the girls who will not take precautionary measures who get fagged and

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

EDWARD DALTON, 2521 Webster Street. August 29, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Edward Dalton, 2521 Webster St.	Webster	1904
Irene M. Majora, 2213 Howard St.	High	1894
Elsie L. Beedle, 4035 Brown St.	Central Park	1905
Dora Bergquist, 3441 South Fifteenth St.	Vinton	1896
Foster Brown, 317 South Twenty-fifth St.	Mason	1896
Beatrice S. Cosney, 2711 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Lois Darland, 3405 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Robert Eldrid, 816 South Twenty-third St.	Leavenworth	1897
Edith Ebbeson, 4008 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1904
Eva Friedel, 1501 North Twentieth St.	High	1896
Louise Fearon, 911 South Thirty-sixth St.	High	1893
Georgia Gregg, 4020 North Twenty-ninth St.	Monmouth Park	1894
Helen Heidvogel, 2614 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1904
Edith Hamilton, 1901 Binney St.	High	1893
Mary M. Hanson, 2302 South Thirty-first St.	Windsor	1899
Averill Beavers, 2619 South Thirty-third Ave.	High	1894
Foster Jacobs, 5024 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1895
John Krejci, 3913 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1899
Eunice C. Kemp, 2876 Binney St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Annie Mertle, 162 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1900
Augustine Powell, 708 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1904
Leo Paige, 1621 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1897
Ruth Peterson, 2615 Cass St.	Webster	1897
John B. Read, 3415 Jones St.	Columbia	1905
Ruth Robertson, 1322 South Twenty-fifth St.	Park	1898
Eugene G. Smith, 402 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1903
Frederick Skidmore, 1014 North Thirty-third St.	Franklin	1905
John Simonick, 1414 South Thirtieth St.	Comenius	1895
Dorothy L. Strang, 3104 South Thirty-first St.	Windsor	1904
Eleanor Smith, 2218 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Long	1901
Stowe T. Sutton, 2104 South Thirty-fourth St.	High	1896
Fannie Singer, 915 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1900
Faronie Solomon, 1121 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1895
Marie Scanlon, 3307 Sahler St.	Monmouth Park	1900
Wendell J. Stephenson, 1907 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1904
Lynds Tingley, 2023 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1895
Cyril J. Uim, R. F. D. 2, Florence, Neb.	Sacred Heart	1898
Mary J. Von Druska, 1933 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1894
Mary Vogel, 2446 South Fifteenth St.	St. Joseph	1898
Jerry Wirthhafer, 2512 Harney St.	Farnam	1898
John White, 2039 Harney St.	Central	1895
Lyle G. Phelps, 3407 Decatur St.	Franklin	1902
Ethel M. Mahaffey, Fort-fourth and Valley Sts.	Windsor	1904
Alice W. Stewart, 3345 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Bertha Sellner, 2919 Burdette St.	High	1895
Agnes Slaver, 1709 South Tenth St.	High	1895
Edith Weeks, 1521 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1893
Edmond Stromberg, 4305 Saratoga St.	Central Park	1905
William Bell, 4214 Pierce St.	Columbia	1900

A Word to Wives

Married women have a good deal to put up with, and in nothing so much as the change which takes place after the fiance becomes a husband. The qualities which the lover appreciates in his fiancee are not at all the qualities which the husband appreciates in his wife. We will take the common instance of the man choosing for his mate the most beautiful woman (if she will have him) in his circle, who has been spoiled and petted at home, and encouraged to believe her supreme duty is to wear pretty clothes, that her charm is caprice, and mankind was born to wait on her. She has never been accustomed to occupy a place in the background, for she is one of the girls that all men find adorable until they marry them.

Then the poor girl, once a wife, is to develop the virtues which at home were the province of one of her sisters, whose sole reward was general neglect by the male sex. Her airs and graces, her spoiled child ways, which were so readily tolerated by her parents, are ascribed to bad temper. She is subjected to criticism if she spends an hour in dressing herself, as she has always been accustomed to do. If she wants to go out when her husband wants to stay in, she is considered difficult, though he first fell in love with her in a ball room, where she was wearing a frock that was a veritable triumph of art. Unjustly the man thinks marriage has spoiled her, forgetting it is absurd to expect marriage to change a woman. If he has chosen her for beauty and the social graces, he has no right to be disappointed if she does not turn out to be a saint as well.

Incidentally, woman has her little weakness. She loves to pose as a power over the male sex, particularly over her sweetheart or her husband. Many a wife boasts to her feminine friends of the nice manner in which Jim takes care of her, and the other, because it is too much for her. Naturally her pride is hurt if he fails to show her proper attention, for it seems inevitable that a woman's idea of love should include a certain public display of homage, which a man (especially a husband) is apt to forget. Of course, he must not be fussy, and insist upon a wrap during a summer ramble when she has never taken cold in her life, these small matters being governed by tact and personality. Possibly half the troubles of married life arise from the fact that both men and women start with preconceived notions of what a husband and wife ought to be like, which do not fit in—since humanity is too lawless to adapt itself to theories—with the realities they do marry.

"The Melting Pot"

The races or peoples recorded by the immigration commission, in the order of their numerical importance as immigrants to the United States for the twelve years ending June 30, 1910, with the number admitted during that period, are as follows:

Italian, South	1,911,923
Polish	1,074,442
German	949,064
Scandinavian	754,273
Irish	727,925
English	439,724
Slovak	406,814
Italian, North	377,527
Magyar	372,625
Croatian and Slovenian	338,151
Greek	216,962
Lithuanian	178,285
Finland	151,774
Ruthenian (Rusian)	147,875
French	116,743
Bohemian and Moravian	100,189
Bulgarian, Serbian and Montenegrin	97,201
Russian	82,671
Roumanian	82,704
Portuguese	52,704
Syrian	56,000
Spanish	51,651
Cuban	44,211
Mexican	41,914
East Indian (black)	38,850
Dalmatian, Bosnian and Herzegovinian	31,046
Armenian	26,436
Chinese	22,526
Welsh	20,722
Turkish	11,563
West Indian (except Cuban)	10,650
Spanish American	7,790
Korean	6,794
East Indian	5,794
Pacific Islander	357

A dictionary on the subject of immigrant races is about to be issued by the commission, compiled by Dr. Daniel Palmer. The Philadelphia Public Ledger says this book will be a good deal of a revelation to the ordinary American citizen, who talks vaguely of the "melting pot," but has no idea just what is being melted. It will be news to him to learn that there are 276,000 Croats in the United States. He may not even know what a Croat is. There is no nation of Croats; they come from six different countries. This race is coming to the United States faster than any other, leaving out the Jews and Slovaks.

The Rivals.
Riggs—Singular, isn't it, that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year?
Griggs—No; it's easily explained. I recently took a good-looking young man into the office and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one.—Rooselet.

Men Who Helped to Make America

Roger Williams' name is associated in the minds of good Americans as the apostle of religious freedom. In a more practical sense he is remembered as the founder of Rhode Island.

Williams was an English university man who became a priest of the Anglican church, and later a non-conformist. He found the religious and intellectual atmosphere of England of his time a stifling one, and in pursuit of freedom for the dissemination of his own views sailed for America in December, 1633.

His fame as a scholar and an eloquent preacher had preceded him, and Williams found no difficulty in establishing himself in Salem, Mass. His radical opinions forced him to leave Salem, and he was for a time assistant pastor at Plymouth.

Later his bold statements that neither bishop nor king had the right to prescribe religious faith, and kindred preachments, led to his trial and banishment from the colony.

He remained, however, and continued to expound his doctrines. Orders having been sent to seize him and send him to England, Williams escaped with four friends and founded the town which, in acknowledgement of God's goodness, he



ROGER WILLIAMS

called Providence, and here liberty of conscience was permitted to all.

Williams was so magnanimous that he aided the colony which had banished him. He obtained a charter for his own colony of Rhode Island, so liberal that it survived the Revolution and was in force until 1842. He died in 1683 in Providence, where he was buried.

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Fetching Costumes for the Mountains

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Of course you are going in an automobile. So provide firstly, one of those long loose sensible coats. The linen and pongee ones are most popular, but brilliant, panama, or mohair are also favorable materials and are especially desirable on hot days on account of dust. Secondly, provide another long coat for cool days and rainy weather; this one must be waterproof and may be evolved from cheviot, serge, rough plaid or novelty woolsens. They are picturesque with big



inset. The changeable veils of blue and green are really lovely and are made by hemming together a length of blue and a length of green chiffon. Any one can do it in spite of the high prices in the shops.

Have a serge trouser skirt or bloomer skirt for mountain climbing; add a snug little serge Eton jacket. Be liberal in your supply of sweater tailored shirt waists for all sports and outings. Linen suits are also indispensable and plenty of simple lawn house dresses for the hot mid-day hours. Foulards and crepons, china silk and crepe, bengaline and poplin are useful for cool afternoon wear. A trout fishing suit of khaki will appeal to the men of your party, but do the whole thing; have high tan boots, leather belt and tan felt cowboy hat. If you are a genuine sport, this costume will be found invaluable for running, and all geological and botanical expeditions. For horseback riding gray or tan linen is the thing. Wear very high boots and very long coat, reaching to the ankles, cut so as to fall like a circular skirt on each side of the horse—every one rides astride today. The masculine refuse used to teach any other way. A small sailor hat and buckskin gloves and tailored waist with mannish collar and tie complete this equestrian rig. For golf, tennis or croquet, middie suits are still the rage, wrought in many new modifications with hand embroidered emblems.

For the garden fete, the hotel dances, the piazza cotillon, there are innumerable patterns of dear little "baby dresses" very like the quaint Greenaway children picture for our delight many years ago. Flowered organdies, figured lawns, white gowns, all show the semi-empire model; there are cute little round, square or V necks; short sleeves, high waist and simple skirts make the dancers appear cunning and petite. Great variety is shown in the use of sashes, girdles, cordilleres, head bands, rosettes, etc. Girls are carrying fancy reticules of lace, even to the dancers, which are found useful for handkerchiefs, fan, dance card and even gloves at informal affairs.

Sun's Heat Makes the Rails Creep

A railroad track, properly ballasted, bolted and fish-plated, looks like one of the most solid structures in the world. That it would and can actually creep forward—rails, ties and all—seems almost incomprehensible. Every double-track railroad in the country, however, has to fight just such a condition.

Railroad rails will actually creep forward along the ties. Solid and ponderous as they are, the steel rails are not immune from the effects of heat or the steady pounding of long trains moving over them, always in the same direction.

The St. Louis Republic says that on the railroad tracks laid down over Eads bridge this peculiar phenomenon may be observed any day in the week. Rails creep just as rapidly over this structure in January as they do in August. Many trains roar over the piece of track suspended over the Mississippi. The constant pounding of these heavy trains and heavy engines sets the track a-creeping. Fifty feet of rail a month is cut from the east end of the east-bound track and from the west end of the track over which the west-bound trains pass.

The rails travel about twenty-two inches every day all the year round. In about two years a given rail would wander all the way across the big bridge. It has been necessary to put in a "creeper" device on one end and a "feed rail" on the other in order to keep the engines from coming down through an unexpected gap in the bridge floor. Once in awhile there is a railroad wreck produced by just such a happening.

In wet weather the rails and ties on open track show the same tendency to creep as do those on the Eads bridge tracks. Under the pounding propulsion of a heavy train they begin to slide forward, but in these cases they take the ties with them. The whole track moves for many inches and would continue to move indefinitely if the section gang failed to come along and "true" things up again.

Bridges and other steel structures actually grow longer under the heat of a summer sun and contract under the chill winds and frosts of winter. The Washington monument feels the sun's rays through all its granite structure when the sun gets hottest in summer. Experiments show that it is slightly out of plumb on every hot day. More delicate experiments show that it inclines toward the sun as that luminary moves around the horizon.

It Was Ever Thus



SEMON.