

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

Pennsylvania is sending out a corps of men to combat the chestnut blight, whatever that is, announced the Regular Fellow.

"The chestnut blight you are familiar with is the policeman who takes a handful and then chases the peddler off the block," replied the Innocent Bystander. "But this isn't that kind of a chestnut blight at all. It's the blight that has struck the musical comedy and vaudeville stage, that has made deadly inroads on the joke books and has laid its heaviest curse on the banquet table—not the eating part, but the place where the toastmaster gets up and says, 'We have with us tonight,' meaning 'to blight,' of course."

"A state commission in one state can't stop the chestnut blight, because it is nation-wide, world-wide, if you will. You can't escape the chestnut blight, no matter where you go. There are fifty-seven varieties of official chestnuts and when you try to escape you run into the man waiting to make a touch and he hands you a chestnut about paying it right back."

"There is the barber shop chestnut—and when under the razor even the worm doesn't dare turn. If you inquire your way to an address of a passing tourist being and ask where this street runs to, like as not he gives the chestnut that it doesn't run at all, but lies right beneath your feet. Then here are domestic chestnuts, not counting mother-in-law. There's the chestnut blight in its fullest bloom. I couldn't get through talking without having to ring in the mother-in-law chestnut, and there was only one man who didn't have to stand for that and he was Adam. He went in for apples."

"The newspapers and magazines are under the chestnut blight. Sit down at a table to decorate the interior with some



food and what do you find? Chestnuts. As of the theater? Well, if there is any place where the chestnut blight is thicker or blightier? They're still handing out the ones about getting a diamond from a lobster, what the astorian said to his horse, when King George wears blue suspenders, we can what we can and what we can't we tin, caught two trout and one smelt, slipping on the head of the stairs and coming down, and several forests more of them. The comic papers have the advantage because they can put all of the chestnuts on aeroplanes and take them up to date."

"How do they combat the chestnut blight?" asked the Regular Fellow, yawning discreetly.

"With a large club," replied the Innocent Bystander. (Copyright, 1911, by New York Herald Co.)

One Mother's Way of Managing Her Girls

When the girls go off to boarding school, this autumn we may be quite sure that no matter how homelike and lonely the feel, they are not taking the change as badly as the mothers that they left behind them. How, then, does it come about that we meet so many women at this season not rejoicing that their girls have "finished" and come home for "good," but deploring the fact because they don't know what to do with them?

By way of a beginning a mother of experience suggests that there can be nothing better than letting the girls do something with themselves. Her oldest girl stayed at home, the second became a teacher, the third a typist, and the fourth also came to remain home from school because her eldest sister was to be married. All these girls were happy in their various ways, and all are closely united to the mother, a woman of happy temperament, who, having been her children's protector when they were little, knew how to become their demure as they grew older.

"It is easy enough with the girls who go to business if only one is able to restrain the motherly desire to interfere. I didn't find it easy, for I wanted to guard my chicks, and there were many things that modern girls say and do that I disapproved of in every fiber of my being. I'm an old-fashioned woman, and very sorry for the unchaperoned girl. But I knew that times had changed and I saw also the unreasonableness of giving freedom to young brothers and giving no freedom to young girls who know what I mean. Our boys can do anything and go anywhere

not because we like it, but because we aren't interfere, our girls, even if they are 40, mustn't accept an invitation to tea without telling us all about it, and can't save home for a visit without having a "made" made.

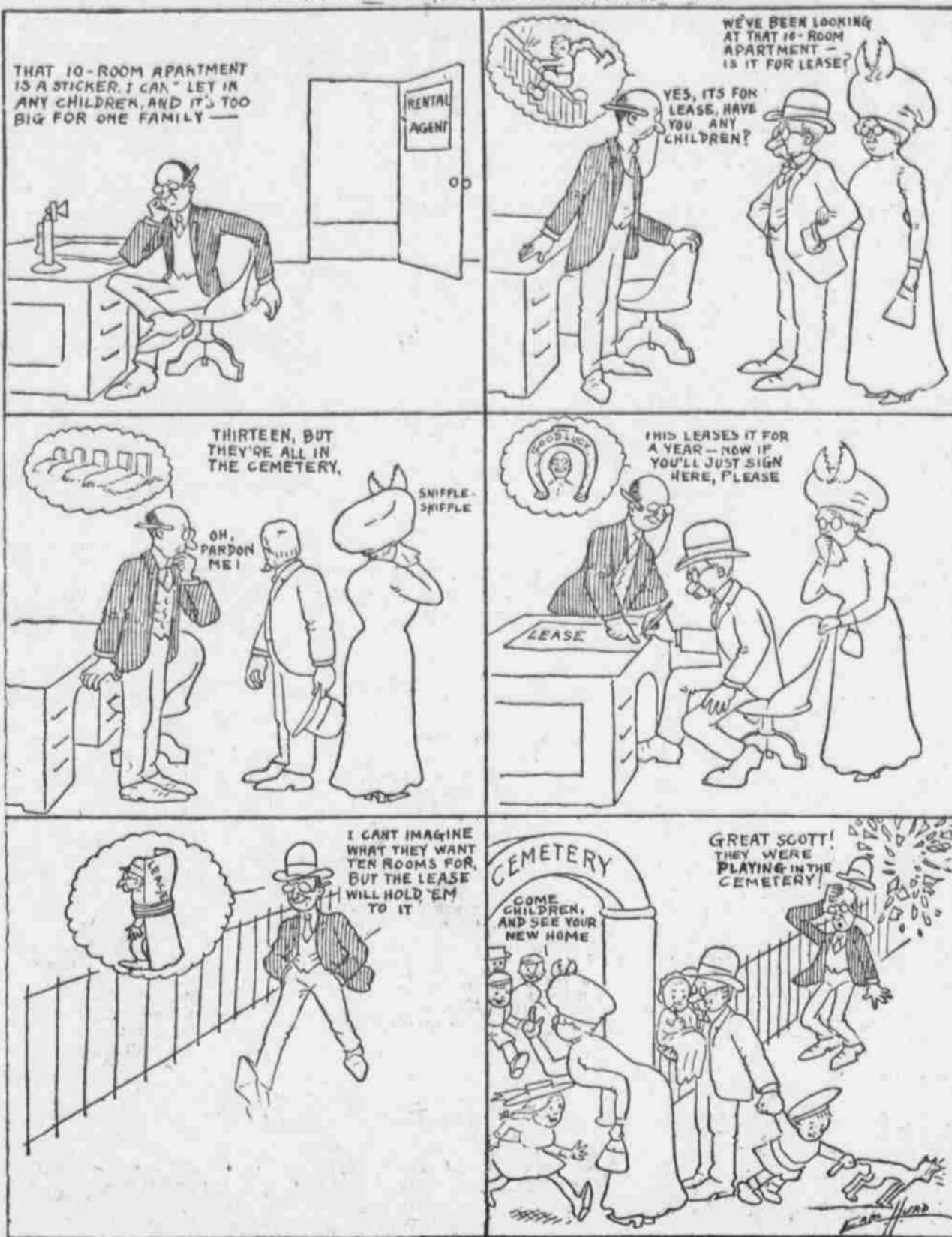
"Well, I felt it wasn't fair. Sometimes I didn't like my girls to have certain friends and go to certain places, but I didn't complain. On the other hand, I showed all my interest and approval in the friends and the ways that I did like, and gradually things adjusted themselves."

"Each household should have its own rules, but I cannot express too strongly my feeling that before laying them down the mother should discuss these with the daughter of the house and receive her acquiescence. The fact that she has consented to their making puts the girl on her honor to see them duly carried out. After a time, when she has gathered some experience, my daughter and I took weekly turns at housekeeping, and the boys quite frequently turned against their mother and agreed that sister's week was best."

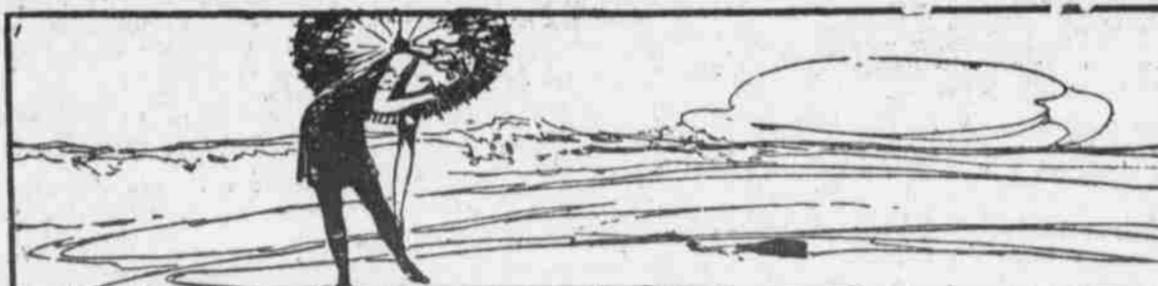
"Besides all this, my girl needed a social training. We read books together and talked about them, and, as it happened, we got together, though naturally the companion on the links was often a boy or girl friend." This woman is considered fortunate in her daughters, but luck has really had little to do with it. If other mothers whose daughters have come home experiment on "lucky" lines, they would be equally "lucky." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

What's On Your Mind?

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Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Girlie in the Bathing Suit



You ought not to mind having a mirror held up before you. You are gotten up with such an eye for effect that the experience will not disconcert you. But you will be mad, as mad as the proverbial borstal, when I begin to tell what the mirror shows.

"But I am going to do it. You cannot have the reflections all your way, you know. It is time some one cast one, at least, on you. You have been reflecting discredit on the members of your sex who have a regard for modesty, when you look like ladies, long enough. And a whole lot of them resent your flaunting abuse of the delicacy which should characterize a woman."

"Your bathing suit was a dream—in the shop window. It is an outrage against propriety on the beach. If you could wear any less clothing doubtless you would. But you COULDN'T and escape arrest. And the screaming absurdity of your costume strikes any sensible being. The reason for going into the great waves is defeated by the stiffness of your whalebone-and-steel armor. How much exercise can you get with such a muscle squeezing mechanism compressing your anatomy? If you would deign to wear a little more goods in your gown and a little less corset, you might escape a lot of notice which you may translate as flattering, but which is really derisive."

"Why will women deliberately defy the truth that the appeal of suggestion is more subtle and more certain than that of revelation? I do not mean suggestion in any broad or vulgar sense, either. I just offer the information that physical beauty is lent a charm by modesty that it never has without it. And modesty never goes with an indecently exposed person. She is the companion of enough gathers and tucks to disguise, at least

slightly, the contours of the human form and if there is any disguising done by your bathing suit, it is not associated with your figure."

"I have actually known nice girls, girls who were really refined at heart, to wear clothes which seemed to brand them as the opposite. And I am not so narrow as to believe that the revelations of your bathing suit necessarily indicate that you are out on a tour of attention attracting which is unflattering to your womanhood. But there is room for question. No one looking at you can feel at all certain that you are a 'nice girl.' People judge by appearances. And there certainly are plenty of appearances about you from which to draw a most uncomplimentary conclusion."

"You look like a ballet girl turned loose on the beach. No, you look worse than she does on her native stage, for distance and footlights and grease-paints do a little bit of illusioning that sand and sunshine cannot achieve. You look crude and coarse and common! Mercy! Isn't it awful to say that right straight out in spelled out words! But it NEEDS to be said. If a plain-looking girl, dressed sensibly and with no obvious effort to attract attention, goes into the briny deep, she is regarded as a decent person taking a perfectly legitimate recreation in a perfectly sane way. But you! The men look at you, and the smile they wear is more a sneer, a derisive mental comment virtually expressed, on your vanity and indelicacy as it is one of approval. If you believed in vivisection, and could look into one of the hearts of men, you would find yourself outside the warm spot kept for dearest interests and most beloved things. The women who look as well as are, modest and womanly, decent and refined, have these choice places, not the silly little girls in immediate bathing suits, which show that they want attention even if it is the wrong kind."

Wonderful, but—

Early in the legal career of Joseph H. Choate the future ambassador was opposed to a hot-tempered attorney, who, in the heat of argument, shouted impetuously at his young opponent: "Why, I can whip six like you." Choate looked at the other with profound contempt. "My father owned a bull," he said at length, "that was a wonder to fight. He could lick all the cattle in the neighborhood and he did it, too. But," concluded young Choate significantly, "he couldn't win a law suit."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Knocking Ohio

The noble battleship Ohio steamed into Quito harbor one day and anchored alongside a British tramp. Presently the tramp's dingy was lowered and sailor men rowed out to the battleship. They arrived under the name plate and painfully spelled out the warrior's handle. All looked puzzled. Finally one Britisher tried it aloud. "A 'ho' and a 'hitch' and a 'h.' he said softly. "Wot a 'ell of a name for a ship!" It is good luck to find a horseshoe.

How Do They Do It?



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



September 11, 1911.

JACK SUTCLIFFE, 3715 Leavenworth Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ethel M. Adams, 3904 Gold St.	Windsor	1902
Rogena Anderson, 2215 Lake St.	Lake	1899
Bianche Adkins, 209 South Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1898
Lucile Andrews, 3213 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1902
Grant Barnes, 3516 Poppleton Ave.	High	1894
Iwing W. Benolken, 122 South Twenty-ninth St.	High	1894
Helen E. Bloss, 3515 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1905
Fred Brasch, 2631 Lake St.	Long	1895
Leslie Burkenroad, 3060 North Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Irene Carey, 1938 South Thirty-fifth St.	High	1895
Hazel Chapman, 4109 Corby St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Marvin Chase, 3325 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1905
Lucile Clause, 1138 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1901
Martha Christensen, 2012 California St.	Central	1896
Florence Coon, 3901 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1900
Lillian R. Dillon, 1109 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1904
William Donnelly, 2782 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1902
Ernest C. Falk, 2813 Webster St.	Webster	1897
Una M. Furstenberg, 2520 Rees St.	Mason	1901
Charles M. Garvey, 443 North Thirty-eighth Ave.	Saunders	1905
Edna Graner, 2729 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1901
Ludmilla Grieb, 2019 Bancroft St.	St. Joseph	1897
Ruth Goss, 1440 South Eighteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Herny Hansen, 1928 North Eleventh St.	Lake	1900
Paul Hansen, 4304 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill	1898
Frederick O. Haines, 1922 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1898
Elizabeth Henkel, 5320 Pierce St.	Beals	1903
Donald A. Hardin, 1204 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1896
Frances M. Johnson, 4221 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Hazel Johnson, 2540 South Ninth St.	Bancroft	1899
Marya Johnson, 4930 California St.	High	1895
Paul Kohlmeier, Forty-first and Fort St.	Central Park	1904
Alfred Kramer, 1402 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1901
Mildred Landon, 2215 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1901
Olga Lenser, 2907 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1901
Stella Madsen, 5116 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1900
George Mann, 2606 Rees St.	Mason	1904
Henry C. Munch, 1619 Center St.	St. Joseph	1898
Ruth Myers, 1752 South Ninth St.	High	1895
Mildred M. Nelson, 3117 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1904
Albert E. Nuelson, 1329 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1897
Jesse Phillips, 1806 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
Fritz Pinnow, 3412 South Fifteenth St.	High	1894
Vera G. Renstrom, 4248 Maple St.	Webster	1899
Della Reis, 1843 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1900
Andrew Rocco, 4622 Cuming St.	Columbian	1900
Lena Rosenthal, 3018 Burdette St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Katherine Seemann, 6002 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1900
Roy Shiveley, 2806 Dodge St.	Farnam	1900
Alice Stephens, 5922 North Twenty-eighth St.	Miller Park	1900
William Stewart, 408 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1900
Zita M. Sully, 2620 Parker St.	Long	1900
Jack Sutcliffe, 3715 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1902
Helen Swanson, 1025 South Eighteenth St.	High	1893
Isabel Turkington, 1208 North Twenty-sixth St.	High	1893
Donald M. Vesey, 2011 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1896
Clarence Waybright, 2917 Douglas St.	Farnam	1900
Katie Wexelman, 1217 Davenport St.	Cass	1905
Carl Wittze, 3427 South Thirteenth St.	Vinton	1898

Queer Quirks of "Literary" Folks

Anent the peculiar views of the Upton Sinclair and the alleged butter-in, one putative post named Kemp, the following from the San Francisco Chronicle will be of interest to students of the curious quirks of human nature:

Andrew Lang says that the reason literary characters are often unhappy in marriage is that there is a home industry and they and their wives see too much of each other. The Carlyles rise to the front as a useful instance; the Grotes more humorously. "I like Mr. Grote," exclaimed Sydney Smith, "he's so ladylike; and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman!" Jenny Lind compared the historian to a fine old bust in a corner which one longed to dust. "And," commented Hare, "Mrs. Grote dusted him!"

More aggressive in defense was the Rev. R. C. Marvin, who, when in the throes of composition, would be seen with a red water stick on his forehead, a sign to his wife and a sponger family that he was not to be spoken to. That the home industrial is not, however, the sole cause of conjugal ennui is suggested by the famous letter of the French wife: "I am writing you because I do not know what to do, and I am ending my letter because I do not know what to say."

The traffic in kind speeches and occasional slips from the chalice prepared for other lips are potent factors in the pleasantness of married life. When Harm Jan

Hudekoper and his wife added up the same column of figures to see of the results would correspond, and they would sometimes differ, he would always say: "Dear, I must have made a mistake." Less tact was shown by the autograph collector who, perceiving that the house was on fire, scrambled out of bed crying to his wife: "You save the children and I will save the autographs." Obviously, if an important thing is to be done, one should do it one's self.

Wordsworth, on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when, "as you know, I was better looking." "But, my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."

Lady Dacre on her eighty-third birthday wrote to her granddaughter: "I do assure you that if I had been a lovely young bride striking 19, more affectionate and gratifying speeches could not have flown from my bridegroom's lips of 53. I am so little worthy of it. It belongs to his nature; I have nothing to do with it," a delightful instance of the dormant qualities which come out in elemental partnerships.

Was Willing to Pay

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Delaware tells the following story:

"A young man came to me on day and said: 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'"

"All right, young man; I'll marry you," I assured him.

"Well, I want the bell to ring," he continued.

"Very well, you can have the bell rung."

"Well, I want the organ to play."

"All right; you can have the organ played."

"And I want everything else that anybody ever had at a church wedding."

"Certainly, you shall have it."

"Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited, instead of leaving the chancel. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the bride and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with my hand out he said, somewhat impatiently and in a tone that could be heard all over the church: 'Now, don't be in such an all-fired hurry, bishop; I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can.' And everybody in the church giggled.—Housekeeper.

Cynical Musings

When a man has a clear conscience he doesn't care if people do see through him.

It isn't every fellow who can fall in love without fracturing something.

A woman is never afraid to tell her age so much as she is afraid some one else will.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Blessed is the man who hasn't time to tell his troubles.

The only man who can afford to be a sluggard is the one who has a rich aunt to go to.

A family tree doesn't always bear the fruits of a man's industry.

The great trouble with our running expenses is that they are such sprinters.

The man who is forced to swallow his pride should see that it is peddled.

Don't be a small potato if you want to get to the top of the heap.

Clocks are wiser than some men. They stop to rest when they feel run down.

We should all be impervious to gossip. Even a good book is talked about behind its back.

The fact that beauty is only skin deep shouldn't influence a woman to be shallow.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A reasonable amount of egotism is good for a man. It keeps him from brooding over his neighbor's success.

Quick Quittings

Quintus Aemilius Lepidus, Roman general, in passing out of his house stubbed his great toe against the threshold and expired.

Thomas Otway, English poet, in a starving condition was given a guinea, with which he bought a loaf of bread, and died as he swallowed the first mouthful.

What's in a Name?

W. A. Phelon of Cincinnati tells this story as an actual happening, the scene being a boxing arena in Milwaukee. The boxers were announced on the bill as Kelly and Mahoney and the bout brought many Irishmen to the ring-side. Kerry and Connaught men were as numerous as Germans, who discovered Milwaukee.

As the fighters came on—both in green trunks and with Irish caps for belts—there was mad applause and eighteen fights were started in the gallery. The boys took their corners—vicious, warlike fellows, both of them—and a typical old-timer from Galway made his way from one of the boxes to the corner occupied by Kelly. "Marry, the lad Oi've known be the name ay Kelly," croaked the good old tad. "Poine byes an' g-r-ran' roilighers, Kelly, ma bouchal, Oi wish ye luck."

Kelly leaped over the ropes and shook