



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Loretta's Looking Glass



There is nothing funnier nor more foolish than the effort of a well-meaning man to correct the folly of a girl who is not well meaning.

Your "boss" sent for you. You entered his private office with the smiling indifference which you assume in order to impress him with the fact that you are neither fearful nor overawed. The occasion demands no such acting. He sends for his employees to instruct them about the business. But you, because you are a girl, inject into the experience something apart from business.

"Miss Blank you are new to business life, I believe," he begins, and he is obviously fighting with his own disposition to send you out without completing the purpose with which he summoned you.

"Would you—that is, would it inconvenience you to—wear long sleeves in the office?" he manages to ask.

"Certainly not," you respond with a frigidity that notifies him that you consider yourself insulted.

"Thank you," he responds, and turns to his desk, the disgust with girls in business riding through him. It eddies every man who tries to eliminate what does not advantage his business and really harms the girls in it to be treated as if he were an ogre.

You call out of the room. You race forward at the weakness of men who cannot see a girl's arm bared to the elbow without thinking other than business thoughts. You utterly misunderstand a kindness, and you do more to complicate the position of girls in the business world than all the men whom they are associated ever can. You defend your short sleeves with the assurance that they save washing. They do. But at an expense of something else.

The world does half its thinking with its eyes. The impression of an office

where several girls in short sleeves are pecking at typewriters is about as unbusiness like as can be imagined. It is almost offensively indelicate. The steeve that looks dainty and becoming and feminine in the house amid surroundings in an office. I do not care what you think or how it feels. That is the way it looks. You give a cheap, unidiomatic impression of girls in business. An employer who objects to having his office atmosphere permeated with that impression has a right to tell you so without being treated as if he had offended your sex. As a matter of fact, he is putting you in a way to defend it.

The other day I experimentally entered the retiring room for the girls employed in a large office building. The insane inmates made me pity the self-respecting, refined women who are obliged to carry their livings in the world that such feminine freaks pollute. The place before the mirror was jammed. I counted twenty puffs on one girl's head, and she was not an exception. And the short sleeves on most of them gave a breath-taking impression of nudity. And I thought a long thought. How much of the trouble that girls have in the business world from the attention of men is due to the delicate wearing of clothes that open the way for personal comment and conversation.

If you business girls persist in wearing short sleeves, you need not be so much surprised—or indignant—when some men with open eyes see your arms. And you have not cause to be affronted if he calls you so. He is quite justified in thinking you will hardly mind when you make a flagrant display of their roundness. He may think you want him to say he sees what you intentionally reveal. And maybe you do.

How to Train a Wife

"The Browns have a new baby," announced the Hopeful Housewife.

"Boy?" asked the confirmed Commuter, eagerly.

"No—another girl," answered his wife. "I think that's perfectly lovely! They'll be such company for each other, and they're so near of an age that they can always dress alike. If I were Mrs. Brown I should be perfectly delighted."

Notwithstanding this opinion it was more than evident that the Commuter's interest in the accession of the Brown family had ceased utterly the moment he heard it was a girl.

"Poor old Brown!" he exclaimed commiseratingly. "He'll be so disappointed. He sort of banked on it being a boy this time. I can't tell you how many drinks he bought on the prospect."

A child playing on the brink of a precipice—an up-state visitor getting ready to bow out the gas—is not more unconscious of fatality than was the Commuter as he spoke these harmless words.

But the wind that blows between the worlds and cuts one like a knife is a gentle zephyr compared to the icy rush of words that were heaped from the lips of the Hopeful Housewife as soon as he had ceased to speak.

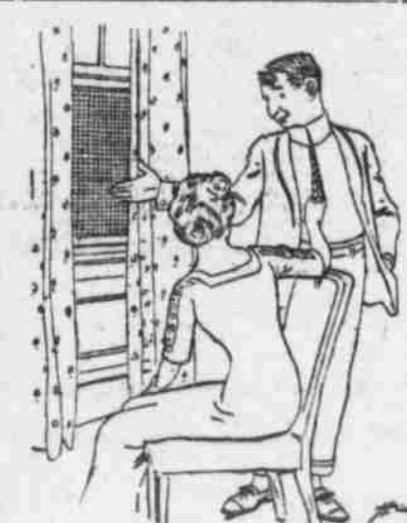
"It would be very interesting to know just what the average man is possessed of that particular obsession," she began.

"Of course, I can understand why a preference for boys excited a few hundred years ago. It was purely selfish. A boy was something that could be made to work for his father. He was an economic asset, while a girl was a liability—something to be supported indefinitely till another man took the lot off his hands."

"But," interrupted the Commuter, "is a girl more apt to support an old father and mother today than a boy is?"

"A son marries as soon as he's through high school and then, of course, he persuades himself that he's obligated to his wife and children are such that he can sit back and see his sister become an involuntary old maid because she can't afford to give up the job that keeps her parents alive. That's why all that talk about the 'greater family obligations' of men teachers were so sickening at the time there was so much discussion of equal pay. Theoretically, anyhow, support a wife and children brings active pay and compensation with it. Teachers, bookkeepers or whatever they are—support parents or little brothers and sisters, and their boys are all ethical and pretty few."

"Say!" exclaimed the Commuter meekly,



"A MAN CAN DIE WITHOUT A CENT AND KNOW HIS BOY WILL MAKE GOOD."

"Doesn't it strike you that it's a pretty long jump from the Brown baby to the principle of equal pay for teachers? Why didn't you drag in the binomial formula or the fourth dimension to cover your point? You're way off as to why men prefer boy children, anyhow. It's not for selfish reasons at all. It's because a man feels that a boy can rough it—that, no matter what kind of a predicament he gets in, he can always land on his feet. Now, a girl's different. She has to be protected, cared for. A man can die without a cent and know that his boy will make good if he has the right stuff in him."

"A girl will do just the same if she's brought up properly," interrupted the Hopeful Housewife.

And then she added, in a milder manner: "There are lots of other reasons for preferring girls. Girls are neater than boys, and you can buy such lovely clothes for them. And they take such lovely cute photographs, and you don't have to cut their hair. I was talking to Mrs. Brown about it today when I went over to see the baby."

"Well," interrupted the Commuter, "I guess it's up to me to go over and buy old Brown a drink."

"Yes," the Hopeful Housewife assented. "I guess it is, but remember when royal children are born they fire twenty-one guns for a boy and only about half as many for a girl. Don't let Mr. Brown forget that he's only celebrating a girl baby!"

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Queer Characteristics of Plants

With us, as well as with the Japanese, the chrysanthemum is valued simply as a beautiful flower. In the Austrian province of Dalmatia, however, and especially in the islands of the Adriatic, belonging to that province, it is largely cultivated for the manufacture of the substance known as "Dalmatian insect powder." On the island of Lesina, once covered with great forests, but now bare of trees, there are large fields covered with a thick growth of chrysanthemums, all of which are used for this purpose. No other crop raised in the region is so profitable. So promising is the industry that the Austrian government distributes plants very cheaply among the inhabitants every year in order to develop it.

It is well known that many plants, common enough but by no means troublesome in their native home, when transplanted in distant parts of the world grow and spread to such an extent as almost to exterminate the native vegetation, sometimes becoming a dreadful nuisance. This has been the case with the European has been the case with the European watercress in New Zealand, where it has developed into a coarse and most troublesome mat of vegetation, choking the streams and in some places turning their course and causing much damage.

In Chile the most mischievous plants are our very useful oats and white clover. A botanist writing from the interior of Chile says: "On the way from Traiguaco to Angol one sees great fields, several acres in extent, thickly covered with oats, among which no other plants appear. This crop has not been sown by men, but a spontaneous growth of bearded oats from southern Europe called *tattina* by the Chileans."

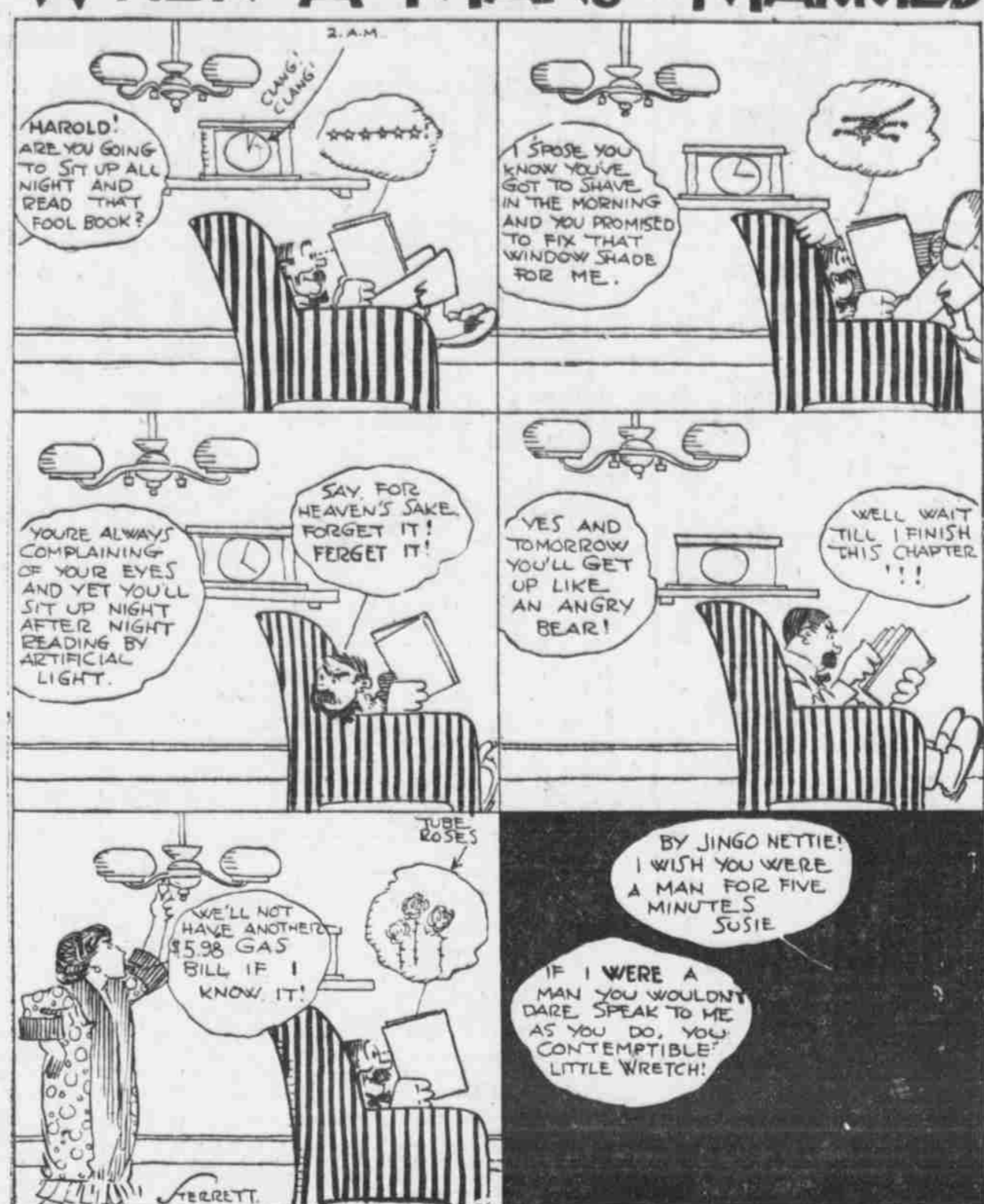
The common white clover is also spreading more and more in Chile and suppressing native plants as it goes. As European man has driven out the native American man, so European plants drive out those indigenous to the soil.

During the last few years a beginning has been made in England of the cultivation of the Chinese "soap tree." This tree is very useful to the Chinese; the soft substance inside the pod being used for washing the face by Chinese women. They do not tell us what the Chinese men make use of for this purpose.

The seeds of the tree are strung together and made into a sort of "chain-armor undershirt" for wearing next to the skin in summer by the coolies.

Godongwana, Zulu chief, formed a celibate army in 1776.

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



Nubs of Knowledge

The world receives sufficient heat from the sun in a year to melt a coat of ice forty-six feet thick all over the globe.

A ton of steel made into hairsprings for watches is worth more than twelve times the value of the same weight of pure gold.

In some cantons of Switzerland all the dead, rich as well as the poor, are buried at the public expense.

Brain workers are proved by statistics to be long lived. Five hundred and thirty eminent men and women were taken as a basis, and their duration of life gives an average of about forty-eight and a half years.

Plants growing near the sea have thicker leaves than those growing inland. Apparently the sea salt in the cause of this phenomenon, as plants cultivated in artificially salted soil yield thicker leaves.

The wild horses of Arabia will not admit a tame horse among them, while the wild horses of South Africa endeavor to decoy domesticated horses from their masters, and seem eager to welcome them.

The air is so pure in the Polar regions, so free from harmful microbes, that throat and lung diseases are unknown there. The region is also entirely free from contagious maladies.

Francis Furber, a recluse, died near Burlington, N. J., January 19, 1878, after living twenty-five years without fire in an oven-like cell.

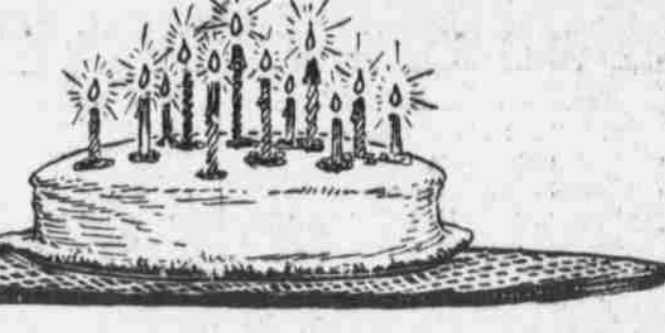
YES, IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY!



THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate

TUESDAY, September 19, 1911

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Millard Burress, 213 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1896
Ralph Byers, 809 North Forty-eighth St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Cameron H. Brown, 1814 North Twenty-sixth St.	High	1895
Thompson Berry, 2305 South Thirty-second St.	High	1897
Charles Brewer, 1821 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1899
George Craig, 5820 North Thirty-sixth St.	Central Park	1901
Glady's Crouch, 28 The Strehlow Apartments	Lake	1901
William J. Casey, 1847 North Eighteenth St.	Holy Family	1905
Irene Cox, 2810 Davenport St.	Webster	1905
Harold Dorsey, 2212 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Viola Forsell, 2237 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1905
Erna Falk, 5333 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1895
Marjorie M. Forgan, 1510 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1895
Anton Gutachenski, 2919 South Twenty-third St.	St. Joseph	1899
Edwin N. Greevy, 2914 Hickory St.	Park	1896
Eva Lo Greco, 2103 Pierce St.	Mason	1905
J. Peter Gepson, 3318 Grand Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Elmer L. Gangstadt, 424 N. Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1899
Lois M. Hoel, 1412 North Thirty-fifth St.	Franklin	1896
Volney Hampton, 3226 Webster St.	Webster	1902
Otis D. Howell, 1522 Canton St.	Edw. Rosewater	1900
Harvey Jordan, 5313 North Thirty-fourth St.	Monmouth Park	1898
Joseph Kirschbaum, 913 Atlas St.	Edw. Rosewater	1900
Annie Krakowska, 1939 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1901
Clarence Landon, 2215 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1897
Katie Lueble, 2337 1/2 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1896
Queenie Martin, 3027 Burdette St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Wallace Mann, 3311 Haskell St.	Windor	1903
Edwin Musgrave, 1904 Ohio St.	Lake	1897
Fred L. Morledge, 845 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1899
Donald B. McCutcheon, 3864 Charles St.	Franklin	1902
Catherine McGovern, 2247 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1897
Howard Magrane, 3524 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1905
Leighton McCaslin, 602 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1900
Arlene Maytham, 2959 Farnam St.	High	1894
Lola Metheny, 2218 Clark St.	Kellom	1901
Millie Nelson, 3010 Frederick St.	Windor	1897
Eather Nordstrom, 4736 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Lou R. Purvey, 3412 Sahler St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Hugh J. Poore, 1721 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1902
Carrie Robbins, 4804 North Thirty-sixth Ave.	Central Park	1904
Stanley Rynarzewski, 2518 South Thirtieth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Harold Russell, 1805 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1902
Walter Rouse, 2719 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Alfred M. Schuing, 108 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1896
Rose Slobodinsky, 1154 North Twentieth St.	Cass	1895
Sahara Sjoloto, 2227 Pierce St.	Mason	1905
Rudolph Swanson, 821 North Twenty-sixth St.	Central	1902
Robert Swanson, 321 North Twenty-sixth St.	Central	1902
Salera Stocking, 1128 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1897
Harvey Viele, 407 Dorcas St.	Train	1904
Grace M. Vaad, 4935 Pacific St.	Beals	1904
Walter Wherry, 2443 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1905



Woman Arrested for Witchcraft

In a recent issue the Philadelphia Ledger tells of a woman being haled into court at Allentown, Pa., on the charge of being a witch. What makes the case still more remarkable is that this case was not an accidental and sporadic instance of superstition, but apparently a symptom of a state of mind which is almost universal in eastern Pennsylvania. Neither the witch herself nor the people who caused her arrest seemed to see anything unusual about the proceedings brought against her. None of her neighbors did; and yet the community in which she lived was not a back country district, but a busy and populous neighborhood, in a big, wide-awake and thoroughly modern city. And the prisoner was kept in jail forty-eight hours.

The woman was Meta Immerman, a New York dressmaker who had gone to Allentown to start a sort of Knipp sanitarium. She believed in various theories of the kind which the frivolous minded termed "crank." That of itself would have been enough to convict her of witchcraft in the eyes of her new neighbors at Allentown. The very idea of such a thing suggested the weaving of spells. So, the first time Meta was seen walking barefooted in early morning her case was permanently diagnosed.

However, she did not leave her neighbors with merely this evidence. She carried a little pocket electric light, and sometimes on dark night she would pull this out and use it—say for some such purpose as to read the number on the street door of some house she was looking for.

So there were now two counts in the indictment, and the evidence was almost overwhelming.

First—she wove spells by walking barefooted through the grass at dawn.

Second—she cast spells by throwing a witch light on houses at dead of night.

She was lodging with the family of George Klipp. A young couple by the name of Sober also lived in the house. It was the male Sober, John by name, who brought things to a crisis. He was seized one night with what he subsequently called "a terrible pain in my stomach."

That was enough. All the suspicious circumstances of Mrs. Immerman's case flashed at once to the minds of the Sobers and the Kippes. Then a new and still more damning thing was remembered, which was that Miss Immerman lived on nuts and raw eggs. It was obvious to them that she was living on a witch's diet.

They did not proceed to extremities at once. Klipp relied on a charm he had put over his door to keep witches away. Sober's pain, however, was too real and too severe for him to wait for results. His wife advised him to lose no time, but to go and see a witch doctor right away.

Fortunately, one of the best witch doctors in Allentown, lived right across the street, George Kistler by name, and Sober at once consulted him. "No," said Sober

afterward, "he didn't give me any medicine. He just closed his eyes and asked me if I felt as though somebody was clutching at my sides. That was just how I felt, and I told him so, and he closed his eyes again and seemed to go into a trance. Then he said, 'Young man, some woman has cast a spell over you, I said. Do you mean a witch?' He closed his eyes again, and said that was just how people were bewitched.

"I came home and told my wife, and she said right away it must be Miss Immerman. Then I knew when it was that she had cast her spell. She had asked me to help carry her trunk to the third floor. Of course, I obliged her, and as I took it up the stairs she kept her eyes fastened on me steadily, instead of looking at the trunk. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but now I know that it was then she was casting the spell."

Kistler, the "pow-wow" doctor, never charged Miss Immerman with witchcraft; it seems that "hex" doctors never give names. They simply diagnose the case as any other doctor would do, and discover the bewitching from the symptoms. So Kistler had merely diagnosed the case as one of witchcraft, and it was the Sobers who settled on Miss Immerman as the witch.

The Allentown authorities felt it was necessary to get Miss Immerman out of Allentown and back to New York, where she is now and where she can waste her spells with impunity and even ride a broom if she can find a good steady nag of that kind. Miss Immerman took the hint and hastened back to her infidel and materialistic town, where, if there are people who believe in witchcraft, there is at least no great danger of getting arrested for practicing it.

Tabloid of Wisdom

- Bitter pills are glibed.
- Avarice is the spur of industry.
- Dignity increases more easily than it begins.
- Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
- Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
- Who moves picks up, who stands still dries up.
- Many things difficult to design prove easy of performance.
- All men commend patience, although few be willing to practice it.
- 'Tis said that to dream of a white horse is a sign that you are going to become rich.