FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

Flower Crowned Lace Hat

ELEGANCE MISS MARY RYAN OF "FORTUNE HUNTER" CO.
Photo by Joel Vernon.

Many of these charming hats have made their appearance since the first model, pictured here, was worn by Miss Mary Ryan in "The Fortune Hunter." Miss Ryan herself designed the pretty hat, the lace frills being arranged over light pink straw and the entire crown being covered on top with pale pink and lavender flowers. A ciel blue velvet ribbon bow adds to the Frenchiness of the hat.

Brightside and His Boy

"Falling Heir to Wads of Dough," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"Some folks have very peculiar ideas about making their wills," remarks Brightside, at which observation his son and heir regards him with a peculiarly owllike expression.

"That's right," agrees Son, "and I believe that every parent should be carefully instructed by his children how and where to plant the cush when he decides to kick in his checks. A little foresight by the kids would keep a bunch of long green out of the lawyers' mitts."

"Here's a wealthy man who has left a large fortune to an adopted son," continues Father, "but in the will is a long list of rules that the boy must follow if he gets the money."

"That's like inviting a chap out to lunch and then letting him pay his own check," thinks Son. "It's a wonder the old boy wouldn't come across without waving so much red tape."

"Some of the suggestions seem to be designed for the young man's good," comments Father.

"Those 90-year-old millionaires who die and in their wills bar everything from pinochle to pink ink are usually the ones who hit up such a fast pace when alive that the telegraph poles on their way look like a flock of clothesline poles in the back yard of a flat house," declares Son. "Just because they've seen the whole show and put up a holler that they didn't get their money's worth is no sign us young sports don't want to take a hack at the game."

"This man wants his heir to go through high school, college, study law, go to West Point, serve as an officer in the army, then practise law," enumerates Father from the will's contents.

"And if he's still alive after that," ejaculates Son, with a long breath, "I suppose he can have a couple of dollars of the old chap's dough to spend on having a good time all by himself. Or, does he want the kid, who'll have whiskers a foot long by that time, to open up a grocery store just to prove that he's there with the business dope?"

"Knowledge is power," argues Father. "And his long life probably taught this man that if a youth is equipped with a good education, he will be well prepared to fight life's battles."

"What's the use of falling heir to big wads of dough if you have to wake up and go to work like an ordinary dub?" querries Son. "I'd rather be cut off in a will, because then a chap might contest the game and wind up with a compromise for half of the mazuma. If he won the fight he could forget the kind words his benefactor jotted down to prevent him from squandering the fortune, and blow in the simoleons without stooping to read the rules."

"This particular will maker warns his heir against all women," resumes Father.

"I see his finish," retorts Son. "All you have to do is to say 'beware,' if you want a kid to go dippy about the first strawberry blonde that happens to float along. The old chap must have been handed an awful lemon in the skirt line to keep up his grouch even when making his will."

"The boy must learn dancing and music, adhere to one kind of religion, spend his vacations travelling abroad and learn a trade," winds up Father.

"Outside of those few little items," muses Son, "I suppose the kid can go as far as he likes. As for your little Willie, I prefer to toil for my fifteen bucks per—and get it—than to be the goat of some kind-hearted millionaire who leaves all his cush with a rope tied on every dollar."

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Stories About Children.

Mary (aged 6)—Uncle Charlie, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma said that if you gave me a dollar not to lose it.

Little Mildred is in her first term at school, where she gets reports as to her standing marked on a decimal scale. One hundred is perfect and sixty is pretty serious. The other night while saying her evening prayers, her spirits, always high, were actually irrepressible, and her petition was punctuated with snickers and smothered giggles.

"Do you think the Lord will like that kind of a prayer?" asked her mother, reproachfully.

"Nope," returned Mildred, glibly. "Not much! He'll gimme 'bout sixty on that!"

"Come indoors immediately!" called a nurse to a small boy, whose father was going out. "You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty."

"I don't want to go to heaven," was the aggrieved reply; "I want to go with father!"

"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.

"Kitty, you didn't put anything in the contribution plate when the usher came around."

"Well, he didn't have any change for my nickel, mamma. Did you think I was going to give him all of it and go without gum for a whole week?"

Tommie had always had to wear his father's old clothes, yet no one knew just how badly he felt, till one day he was found out behind the barn.

Between broken sobs it all came out. "He's gone and shaved off clean, and now I know I'll have to wear his old red whiskers."

KIND HEARTED.

"Is your son going to be a doctor?"

"Doctor! No! He wouldn't impose on a fly!"

WHAT'S THE USE?

By WEST.

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The DIARY of DOLLIE A Summer Girl

BY M.F.

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Wednesday—The only way we stopped Uncle Peter from playing bridge with us at the party Aunt gave was to tell him it was a dove affair. That frightened him, especially when Aunt read him the list of those invited. He said some of those old doves would be too much for him.

The party wasn't so bad. I was with some people who played quite well. All except one old lady, who ought to have been put in a corner with some knitting or plain sewing. She revoked twice and got hysterical each time. Finally a glass of water and a peppermint helped her a little.

At tea the Jenks man came in looking more bewildered than ever. But May Spencer seems perfectly delighted with him, and with herself. She feels that she has proved her right at last to be considered an attractive woman, because she is engaged. Aunt says everybody thinks she proposed to him. She never could bear me, and told some people once she was quite positive I dyed my hair.

She came up to me after tea and said brightly, but a shade too kindly, "What, not engaged yet?"

"NOT ENGAGED YET?"

I said, "No; I've done my best, but no man will have me." She looked suspicious for a moment and then shook her head and smiled indulgently, as though to say, "She hides her chagrin pretty well at not getting a man like 'Phil' Jenks!"

She and Abbey Sanford, a daughter of one of the oldest inhabitants, and a young

"SHE SAW HER SMOKE A CIGARETTE."

married woman named Mrs. Willing came to lunch yesterday. We played bridge afterward. They wouldn't dream of playing for so much a point, but finally decided it would do no harm to be heavy sports for once and put up 10 cents apiece, to be given to the one holding the largest score at the end. They got so excited it was quite awful. I began to feel myself that I must win May Spencer's dime. They wouldn't go home and stayed to dinner, though Aunt was quite rude. Afterward I pretended I had a dress to show them, and we went up to my room and I found the little table and lit some candles and we played there. Abbey Sanford doesn't play well and got so weak with excitement she could hardly play at all. May Spencer got perfectly furious with me over a mistake she made and Mrs. Willing really swore. They say her husband is very wild.

Luckily I had some nut fudge and a few oatmeal crackers, and they seemed to quiet our nerves a lot. Aunt knocked at the door about 11 o'clock, but went to bed after I told her what we were doing. I didn't mention the cards, as I thought it just as well to let her retire as peacefully as possible. It got to be more and more exciting. Suddenly May gave a horrible yell and jumped about five feet. It was nerve-racking, but I don't blame her. There was a little spider on her sleeve. After that it was worse than ever as Mrs. Willing got more profane. We had to stop at last at 2 o'clock. I had won. Then none of them had any money, but Abbey sent me five stamps this morning. Mrs. Willing's coachman had gone to sleep. I hope her husband let her in. Grace took Abbey with her and got in their front window.

I have made my room here look quite decent with my candlesticks and some other things, including "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," that I always read when I get blue, instead of "Dewdrops of Thought for Languishing Souls," that aunt gave me for that purpose. Also some photographs, especially a perfect one of Molly and the baby. Molly in her new Worth ball gown, looking as though she was just going to give the baby a bath.

Aunt doesn't approve of Molly at all, after she saw her smoke a cigarette once,

"THEY GOT SO EXCITED."

she said she couldn't understand how "Sam" had married her. He had seemed like such a sweet boy. "Sam" was the best amateur actor I've ever seen.

Items of Interest to the Women Folk

The summer frock of mull and lingerie in dainty colorings is certainly most attractive, but only so long as it is fresh. To keep gowns in this condition when away from home is a problem that a girl I know has solved. She has frocks in pink, blue and mauve. All are made with something white about the neck and lower part of the sleeves, which are separate and can be quickly laundered.

As the bottom of the skirt is apt to gather dust and grime, she provides hems of white, but of the same material as the dress, which she renews as required. The result is the girl is always attractively gowned, and the bit of white about the feet give a kind of French touch to the toilet. The new hem can be applied in less than half an hour by hand, which any girl will be willing to give to bring about such happy results.

Now that the handsome lace and embroidery veils are worn so much, women who are sufficiently skilled in needlework should do the decorative part themselves and thus save money.

The foundation is a plain Brussells net, the thread employed a fine embroidery silk. The pattern is placed under the net and traced with the needle and thread. The transfer papers that are sold for the ordinary embroidery will answer, but the hot iron is not necessary. Just baste net and pattern together and when complete snip the basting threads.

Another improvement seen in linen collars that are to be closed with a brooch is the tiny eyelet worked on the ends through which the pin is passed. This saves forcing it through the stiffly starched linen and, of course, the collar will last much longer for not being pierced in a number of places.

Things You Want to Know

The German Advance—The German Naval Policy.

The present naval policy of the German empire was crystallized in the navy bill of 1900, which, according to its preamble, proposed to create a fleet of such strength that "a war with the mightiest naval power would involve no risks threatening the supremacy of that power." This language was a direct notice to England that Germany was not content to permit the British empire to retain absolutely undisputed the supremacy of the seas. It did not mean, perhaps, that Germany intended to build a greater navy than the British navy, but it did say that the German navy should be large enough to cause England to think twice before provoking a naval war with Germany.

At the time there was some excitement in England, but the British people at that time had their fill of war in South Africa and the general public did not take especial notice of the changed attitude of the Berlin government toward naval matters. The navy bill of 1900 was supplemented by other acts from time to time, but about two years ago it was discovered that the original bill was sufficiently elastic to permit the German admiralty to do almost anything it pleased in developing and extending its program of naval construction. When the discovery was made that the elasticity of the the navy law had permitted the secret acceleration of the building program, the entire British empire was panic-stricken; an unwilling government doubled its navy estimates; peaceful colonial parliaments voted appropriations for colonial navies, and nothing was to be heard in all Britain but war talk.

The Emperor William, in a speech delivered at Bremen in 1905 upon the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to his father, made a declaration of his views with respect to strong military and naval policies of the empire. He said that in his boyhood he had been angered and chagrined by the pitiful weakness of the German navy, and that his naval policy had sprung from that feeling, and was not directed toward aggression, but to the command of respect for Germany from the rest of the world. He said his aim was to "do everything possible to let bayonets and cannon rest, but to keep the bayonets sharp and the cannon ready, so that envy and grief shall not disturb us in tending our garden or building our beautiful house. I vowed never to strike for world mastery. The world power that I then dreamed of was to create for the German empire on all sides the most absolute confidence as a quiet, honest and peaceable nation. I have vowed that if ever the time comes that history shall speak of a German world power, or a Hohenzollern world power, this should not be based upon conquest, but should come through the mutual striving of nations after common purposes."

It is needless to say that the people of other nations do not accept the kaiser's avowal of peace making by means of the tools of war at its face value. The Englishman the Dutchman or the Frenchman will point out that as the power of Germany has grown, the kaiser has been tempted often to take advantage of his possession of many sharp bayonets and many ready cannon to force upon his neighbors, not so well armed, his own political and diplomatic policies. His boyhood dream of a peaceful world power based upon quiet and honest endeavor at home has taken on more and more of the color of a dictatorial world power based upon force.

The kaiser, in a speech at Cologne in 1897, said: "Neptune with the trident is a symbol for us that we have new tasks to fulfill since the empire has been welded together. Everywhere we have to protect German citizens; everywhere we have to maintain German honor. That trident must be in our fist!" No man knows better than he that the British empire depends for its very life upon its retention of the supremacy of sea power. If Germania takes the trident away from Britannia, then the German empire will be what the British empire is today—the greatest power on earth."

Germany contends that it needs a strong navy, strong enough to prevent the possibility of war, to give protection to its great merchant marine and its rapidly growing worldwide commerce; and to protect German home ports. Germany has practically no coast line, and it does not possess a single first class port. The German people are and always have been land lubbers. But that does not prevent the German merchant marine being the best afloat and it does not prevent the German navy being the most highly organized fleet in existence.

Yet it is difficult to believe that the growing German navy is intended altogether for purposes of protection. Germany would feel but slightly a blockade of its own ports of Bremen and Hamburg, compared to how much it would suffer from a blockade of Antwerp and Rotterdam. The power to control the mouth of the Rhine is the power to throttle German industry. As long as Belgium and Holland control these great ports Germany need not fear hostile action from those two small countries. In fact they would be forced to submit to German dictation in everything if it were not that they have the moral support of England and the potential backing of the British navy. When the German navy becomes sufficiently strong to make the issue of a contest with the British navy doubtful then it no longer will be possible for Belgium and Holland always to command effective British support. It is within the realm of possibility that the new German navy will be able to secure for Germany the economic if not the political control of the much coveted Low Countries. From the German point of view nothing could be more desirable.

The supreme influence of the German military training thus reflected in the ordinary life of the people is much more apparent in the army itself. The state demands the complete service of every man, and each officer, as the representative of state authority, insists that abject and complete obedience to him is the religious duty not only of soldiers actually under his command, but of all civilians with whom he may happen to come in contact.

Officers always wear their uniforms, and as they are legion one sees on the streets of every city the concrete examples of what the German military system is able to produce. Here civilians step off the sidewalk to permit these gorgeously clad beings to pass. An officer in a tramcar may jostle the civilians, and step on their toes at his pleasure, and the civilians will do nothing more than beg his pardon. But woe unto the luckless wight who should happen to step on the privileged toe of an officer in uniform. It would be an insult to the army.

Officers have the best seats in restaurants, and insist upon their privilege of being served first, although they came last. Two or three young lieutenants will swagger into a cafe and, by hook or crook, will compel every person there to acknowledge in some form or other the tremendous superiority of lieutenants over mere human beings. This goes on until, perhaps, a colonel comes in, and then the three lieutenants become three rigid, silent, humble representatives of the German ideal soldier, paying homage to the greatness of a colonel, while the mere people gasp for breath.

An American cannot help thinking that with their overbearing officers, and their present soldiers, the German people would tire of military show and ceremony. The imperial guard is changed at the emperor's palace in Berlin every day at noon, and it would be difficult even for New York to furnish a larger crowd of gaping spectators for an annual show than does Berlin for this daily ceremonial. It is a little bit beyond the power of an American mind to grasp the thought, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the Germans not only tolerate their army and all it stands for, but they actually like it.

In society an army officer is superior to all other persons. Every wealthy commoner lives only in the hopes that his money will be sufficient to buy an officer to wed his daughter. Every mother hopes that her son one day will be an officer in the army. Every father apologizes if his son is forced to choose some other profession. The army is everything. Army discipline pervades every form of German life and every institution of the German state rests upon the foundation of the supremacy of the army.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Tomorrow—The German Advance. V.—The Army Organization.

Brass Effective in Decoration

"Brass," said a professional interior decorator, "is the color and metal I like best to deal with in dining rooms for summer houses. It is enormously effective both by day and candle light; it wears forever; ornaments of it are turned to practical use and almost never does one see a 'silly' piece, an atrocity to be abhored by artistic people.

"A matter most important in all decoration, you must understand, is that objects which ornament shall also have a reason for being. If you stop to consider all the real works of art you ever saw or heard of, their value and life lies in either the extreme delicacy of their execution, which is craft; their coloring, which is art, or their shape. With the exception of pictures, there is hardly a piece known to collectors which is not designed for a practical purpose. The instant one leaves this latter thought and selects an object which could not be adapted to any use the chances are that it will be inartistic, because it has no coherent reason for having been executed.

"This may seem many removes from brass in dining rooms, but is not, because the metal, intelligently employed, combines the requisites of ornaments. Every householder wants an attractive room, and some ornamentation is necessary. Take the chimney piece, for instance. I have been selecting articles for one today. The mantel ends with a square column at either end, the top of it being Corinthian and at least ten inches above the shelf. The structure is not good in itself, because the columns support nothing, so I have tried to pull them into a scheme. To do this I have chosen two small brass pots of artistic shape, one for the top of each pillar, which thus becomes a legitimate support. I mean to have the pots always filled with fresh flowers. There are two Italian candlesticks just below, at either end of the shelf. They are pottery, beautifully decorated, and at night hold lighted candles. The centerpiece is a dish of the same pottery.

"Blue predominates in the ware, so you may fancy how brass lightens that section of the wall.

"On the side table is a great brass candlestick holding nine candles, and a low brass dish for flowers. Those two pieces are enough for that table. Over the sideboard is an old gilt mirror, and beside it is a pair of brass sconces. The thin muslin and silk window hangings are held back by old brass or gilt branches.

"The walls of the room are gray and the window hangings a dull pastel red. The brass is the one bright note."

Daily Health Hint

Upon the choice of food depends the state of the health. This is, of course, true at any time, but particularly in summer.

Less food should be eaten and correspondingly more simple. Avoid anything that is heavy, rich or indigestible.

MOST UNFEELING.

"Oh, Bob, dear, I got a lovely little morning frock at Madame Deargown's to-day for a hundred dollars."

"What did you go into mourning for—the hundred?"