

A Hiving

"You look rather done up," remarked Atkins, when Shelley returned to the office after a few days in the country. "Didn't your outing agree with you? What's the matter with your face? What makes it so swollen?"

"I may not be as handsome as I was," replied Shelley, "but I'm wiser than when I left town. I've learned something, and that is not to devote from my own special line of work. Hereafter beekeepers in particular need have no fear of competition from me."

"Go on and tell me about it," said Atkins.

"Yesterday morning," Shelley related, "Genevieve—she's the well-to-do's Duron's sister—took me out into the garden to see her brother's roses. We were wandering along the paths in quite an idyllic fashion when we heard a queer humming sound.

"What's that?" I asked. "Have all the mosquitoes in the county congregated here?"

"Mosquitoes?" repeated Genevieve. "Don't you know a swarm of bees when you hear it? See, they are gathering on a branch of that cedar. How I wish we could hive them and have them make honey for us from our own flowers. Wouldn't it be lovely? If brother were only here, or the gardener! Isn't it too bad they're both away just now?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, nonchalantly, for it was rather annoying to have her assume that I wasn't equal to a job which evidently would have been my child's play for her brother or the gardener. "If you really want those bees I suppose I can hive them as well as anybody else. Where's the hive?"

"We have none; but I should think a clean dry goods box would do. We have lots of them under the back porch. Let's go and pick one out."

"She led me to a door in the latched foundation and I groped around in a dark place less than four feet high until I found a box (that seemed to my inexperienced eyes to be the right thing, but which Genevieve assured me was) I brought it out as entirely too small. So, although my back was breaking, I dove into the cobwebby cave of gloom once more and found another, which Genevieve was pleased to accept.

"We have to put something in for the comb to rest in," declared Genevieve, who seemed to know all about furnishing a bee's home.

"I'm not remarkably expert with tools, but under her direct on I succeeded at last in preparing a home for the bees with all modern conveniences, including air holes and honey racks.

"Now for your makeup," said Genevieve.

"She proceeded to drap me in about ten yards of mosquito netting. Then she drew white stockings over my hands and arms and pronounced me ready for action.

"We approached the cedar tree warily, for we didn't wish to excite any suspicion in those bees until the psychological moment. That moment came much sooner than I expected. I had placed the open box under the tree and was just waving off the branch on which L. S. bees were lodged, when they suddenly decided to depart. Genevieve told me afterward that probably the queen bee didn't like the cedar and gave orders to march on. If ever I meet that queen bee face to face without her millions of subjects I'll have my revenge for the marching orders she gave. Before I could come down from the ladder—"

Notes and Comment

HUMAN EVERGREENS

Some Famous Examples of Women Whose Characters Have Defied Years

"Evergreens" are women who have retained their charm until long past the period of life when most of their sisters have slumped into middle or old age.

An English woman, the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stuart, writing in the Strand, says that American women make good evergreens.

"They play the game of youth," she says, "with splendid success. Anglo-American marriages became the mode in the '70s, and several ladies who crossed the pond in those far off days have kept ever young and retained social queens for two generations.

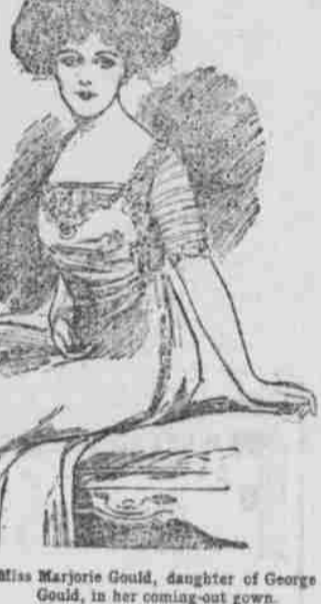
"Among these are (consue) Duchess of Manchester; the Hon. Lady Carrington; Lady Moleworth, Lady Paget and Mrs. Cornwallis-West.

"Queen Alexandra is the best in the shape of a lady long past her prime who has kept much of her beauty grace and youthful fascination. As is an open secret with royal personages, and most people know that Britain's Queen will reach 40 on the first of next December.

"Yet her features remain perfect. She is still slender in figure, is bright and alert and keeps as keen as ever on many interests and amusements. She is still a good walker, can drive her own motor, is a regular opera goer, attends balls and parties and is always dressed to perfection."

Among famous evergreens of other days when Cleopatra, who was 4 when Anthony fell in love with her. Mimi Baccantini, who was 70 when Horace Walpole declared himself among her warmest admirers and the French actress Deland, who was gay and graceful at the same age. But the most extraordinary example of a woman who keeps her charms against the advance of time is afforded by Ninon de l'Enclos, who kept her radiant beauty after reaching the age of 90.

HEIRESS TO GOULD MILLIONS



Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of George Gould, in her coming-out gown.

TELL BREAD MAKING SECRETS

Bakers, Trying to Abolish Night Work, Explain Their Methods.

Members of the Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners' International Union recently officially gave away a few secrets in bread making in arguments for the abolition of night work. One bread maker said:

"Our first bread comes out about 2.30 o'clock in the morning. Then the wagon takes the bread out for dinner. Of course, this bread is not real warm when it goes into the wagon. It is not the best thing to put warm bread in the wagon, as it is liable to get mashed, but the bread that first has been baked that day can be used for shipping in the afternoon. The bread coming along then up until 4 or 5 o'clock is put in boxes, as in the morning it is just as fresh as anybody wants. When the load is so heavy in the morning the wagons come back, load up again and go out. We find it has been a saving of horses and wagons."

"I had day in my shop right along," said Fred Shell, a Detroit baker, "and in order to accommodate a few customers who wanted warm bread in the morning I put a man on at night. Then we had warm bread in the morning and all day. But the trade has dropped. I don't see the customers come in and ask for a dozen rolls each day. I have done less business. This week I have gone back to day work, and I think the customers will come back."—New York Press.

Educated to Housework

Housework and marketing is part of the education of a Belgian girl. She is taught these subjects in the public schools.

Awful

The couple were of the color of the ace of spades.

"You charge your husband with having struck you repeatedly with his fists?" asked the Judge of the woman.

"Yes, your honor," she answered.

"Six months!" shouted the Judge. "These black hand outrages have got to cease!"

In the Street Car

Conductor (to tired passenger)—"Did I get your fare?"

Passenger—"You must have got it, for the register did not ring when I handed you the nickel."

HOW PRISONERS CONVERSE

An Exchange of Criminal Records During Prison Singing

A man who was sent to jail in Glasgow, Scotland, recently, for three days, for a small offence, was greatly impressed with the precautions taken to prevent the prisoners' converse in conversation. There seemed to be warden everywhere, and no one was allowed to utter a word.

On the Sunday he was in the church the Prisoner sang the Old Hundred. Besides him were two old jail birds, and instead of the orthodox words beginning "All people that on earth do dwell," this pair sang a hymn of their own in conversational style, which went something as follows:

First convict sings:
"How long are you in for? I am doing sixty days."
I nearly broke a sopper's jaw. Slag box or else they'll maybe bear."

Second convict replies:
"You are a lucky pig-man. I've got twelve months to serve. Tried to break into a house; Somebody must have given me away."

By this method they exchanged his notes during the singing.

The Sinking Rooms of Persia

A Persian diplomat, seated on the white bench at Ormeau, flanked his moist brow with a Panama.

"The sun is hot," he said. "It recalls faintly to me the heat of Persia. You have no need of sinking rooms here."

"Sinking rooms?" said the girl in white. "I've heard of sinking rooms, but—"

"You use them in Persia—if you're rich enough—in the great heats," he interposed. "They're rooms of glass that sink down into the vitreous blue depths of Lake Niro. Niro, the most beautiful of Persian lakes, is almost crowded with sinking rooms during the hot weather."

"They're very pleasant. You furnish them with carpets, cushions and pale silk hangings, and you take down with you singing girls and dancing girls and girls to serve the sherbet and to fill the hookahs."

"All this," he said, "is very pleasant, but I would gladly exchange the glare of this hot sun, the smell and heat and roar of the high pressure motor-cars for Lake Niro's cool depths, the vitreous blue light, and the clear laughter of the Circassian serving-girls."

New Zealand's Gluttonous Cuckoo

Professor Drummond, the well-known New Zealand naturalist, has been compiling some further notes with regard to the voracious habits of the long-billed cuckoo of New Zealand. He has recently received a photograph taken by G. Biddle, of Auckland, of a long-billed cuckoo that had hatched a fairly large bird, and had been nearly choked by its effort. The bird went down head first, but its fore limbs prevented the bird from falling in the whole body, and the reptile stuck in the cuckoo's bill until it was rescued. Mr. Biddle's photograph of the bird with the bird in its bill, and another one after the bird had been removed, and in the latter picture the look of rage and disappointment is very strongly marked. A. Burrows, of West Oxford, North Canterbury, tells the professor that in the crop of a long-billed cuckoo he found two young goldfinches, full fed, and had been swallowed whole. These had habits of the cuckoo, says Mr. Drummond, are strongly reprobated by more decent birds, the tuis and others chasing the intruder out of the bush whenever they get the chance.

Legal Amusements

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a justice noted for his boorish manners. A very fiscal lawyer, whom he especially disliked, was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried:

"May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

Silencing Echoes

Emerson thought, the author of "The Way of a Man" and several other popular novels, is very fond of outdoor life. It takes a good man to beat him when it comes to talking a story around the camp fire at night. While camping out in the Adirondacks with a party of his friends, the conversation turned on echoes and how plainly they could be heard. Echoes were getting louder and louder, until silenced by the following statement by Mr. Hoag:

"Out in the Rocky Mountains it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your voice. When I camp out there, and just before I pull the blankets around me for the night, I shout out, 'Time to get up!' and—do you believe?—the echo wakes me next morning!"

Appreciation for Pa

A Baltimore man had declared that he must administer a stern lecture to his 15-year-old son Harry. The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact, and it was with some reluctance, therefore, that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously, but severely, and he reconverted the lad miserably, and duly explained the why and wherefore of his solemn rebuke, his wife while sitting by duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and, incidentally, to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to the mother and said:

"Ma, isn't Pa interesting?"—Harper's Magazine.

THE THEATRE PROBLEM SOLVED

Reuse Which Resulted in Delay That Was Sufficient

"Will you take me to the theatre to-night?"

"Yes, if you want to go."

"I wouldn't go unless you really wanted to go."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Of course, if you want—"

"But I wouldn't think of taking you unless you want to see the play."

"And I will not go unless you want to go."

"But you are the one to say whether you want to go, and in that case we will stay at—"

"I do want to go, though, if you want to go."

"Of course, I see now that you do not want to go, and in that case we will stay at—"

"I do want to go, though, if you want to go."

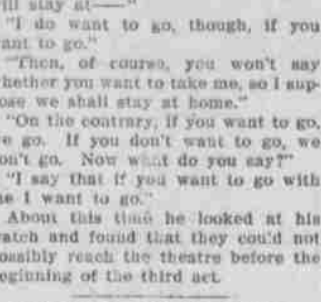
"Then, of course, you won't say whether you want to take me, so I suppose we shall stay at home."

"On the contrary, if you want to go, we go. If you don't want to go, we don't go. Now what do you say?"

"I say that if you want to go with me I want to go."

About this time he looked at his watch and found that they could not possibly reach the theatre before the beginning of the third act.

THE SAME OLD WEAKNESS



"So they're still engaged; I thought they'd broken up."

"Well, you know how a woman grows."

The Penalty for Repeating

"Now, penitence," said Private John Allen, emphatically, "is a mighty and certain and profitable business. You never can tell where you are going to come out."

"There was a fellow once, down in my state," Ministerial, who had ambitions. He wanted to go to Congress, but he couldn't get the Democratic nomination. So he decided to turn Republican and run on the Republican ticket. His name.

"The printer stamped and pulled at his cleat. 'Well,' said everybody, 'what happened?'"

"Why, he got two votes and was arrested for repeating."—Saturday Evening Post.

Three Times and Out

Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, being suddenly called away by an important summons one day posted this notice on his classroom door for his students:

"Professor Blackie will be unable to meet his classes to-day. Some waggle student came alone and rubbed out the 'e' from the word classes. The professor, reaching home that evening, saw the erasure blacked out, and promptly erased the letter 'i.' His students ever afterward had great respect for their teacher!"

Some Grief Proper Names

In the Zuyder Zee there is a bay called Y; and Amsterdam has the river Y; while, strange to say, in quite another part of the earth, in China, the same brief name is given to a town.

Elsewhere in the Flowery Kingdom, in the province of Honan, there is a city called E; and in France there is a river, and in Sweden a town, rejoicing in the name of A.

Proper names of this brief nature are not, however, monopolized by these instances, as you are on record where individuals have been similarly named. Some years ago there was a shop kept on the Rue de Louvain, Brussels, by Therese O, and there was a Madame O in Paris who is well known as the proprietor of a popular cafe.

An amusing incident is recounted in connection with the impression of the military service of the son of this Madame O. The young man could not write, and so signed his name on the military papers with a cross, it not occurring to him nor to any of the officials how easily he could have written his name.

Pentagruel's Feast

Pentagruel is feasting up to date. At Szeged in Hungary, there has come to a close a triple wedding feast on a scale of Pentagruel's profusion, rare even for that country of medieval survival. Three brothers were married together, and the festivities lasted eight days. Seven hundred guests assembled, and at the first day's feast there were served 120 oxen, two calves, 18 lambs, 120 head of poultry, 200 dishes of pigs' feet and ears in jelly, and 80 enormous cakes. When the first course, a cardas, was called, 200 couples stood up. Feasting in this way, with singing and dancing, continued daily, and during the whole of this time never a second day or night, quite a number of hands taking successive turns. But the company rook, hardly face the music. When the eighth day closed, a dozen young folks remained to take care of their hosts—London Globe.

THE HAT IN THE WINDOW

It was a wonderful hat. Such a wonderful hat that Filmy & Co., who owned it, gave it a whole show window to itself—a whole window with only a few of those distracting little lace caps some ladies wear in the morning placed around to flatter the picture, rather than to display themselves. It was pink with a great bow of pink ribbon on one side and a huge and beautifully curved brim on all sides. And it was as fresh and as exquisitely fitted as if it were a big ripe fruit on its stem.

Even men passing by stopped to look at it. Some of them, too, probably framed a particular face beneath the broad tilted brim, and passed on with a smile for the bewitching vision. But the generosity of the other sex! It was for them the picture was made.

One very good lady coming out of the store on her way to her carriage caught sight of it and went back. But she didn't buy it, thank Heaven! Imagine that dream of pink young loveliness shadowing any such roughness, powder-softened world-inclined visage as that very great lady's with its keen hard eyes and its thin tight lips. No midday, not all the kind of the early-morning Aurora can give you the right to wear that coronet of maidenhood. What a grotesque figure you would cut if you did! How I should love to see you try it. How discreetly I would smile—behind your back, how wittily I would draw Mrs. So-and-So's attention to you. But try it, madam; it might shame you into visiting us soon you know we come within your second carriage. That was, ten years ago, she is an undergraduate now, but she is as too wise. "Filmy, Filmy," said, madam, before you go, for we now you those lace caps. Come now, madam; lay aside the hat when you are out of the store, but let me see you in it. It is a lovely thing, and you will be glad to see it. It is a lovely thing, and you will be glad to see it. It is a lovely thing, and you will be glad to see it.

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