



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Serious History in Comic Vein

The Game of Pinochle.

"They tell me poker is the national indoor sport," said Show-Me Smith, the great historian, "and from what I've seen of the pastime out Missouri way and up and down the Mississippi I admit poker has a strong case, but in handling the pennant to this poker we are too apt to overlook the fact that we're a heap indebted to pinochle.



"If it hadn't been for pinochle where would this country be? Why, there wouldn't have been any poker if it hadn't been for pinochle, and that certainly would have crippled a national industry. What would business or professional life be without a jackpot?"

"Brooklyn did not invent the game of pinochle, although she thinks she did. She was merely the place pinochle was imported into by the Hessians about the time the original inventors were ready to cross the bridge and go to work. These Hessian persons had just landed on Long Island and they liked it so well they concluded to annex New York to it and call it Yorklyn or New Brookbush or something like that and rule the whole place. But they had to get the vote of the old settlers first, and the old settlers showed a strong inclination to take their ballot boxes and move the polls across the bridge. The Hessians were pretty keen on carrying the district at the election next day, and started to head them off.

## The Widow

"That most fascinating woman—the widow of some other man—Carolus Ager. The widow is the fairest in all the blooming nation; she is a magnet to the men and Sunday sheet sensation. A man will stand upon his beam or eat from out her digits while some fair dame who never will be having jealous fits. A man will bust a rib or two in spending time and shakelets to woo a female who's half complete—a widowed skirt with freckles. He'll leave his cot and darling kids to rip off rhymed devotion and chase a dame who saves her face with jars of beauty lotion. A widow needs but crook her hook to smile the knowing smiles and everything that wears the hams will trek for her for miles, and bring bouquets of sweet June peas, done up in lovely fashion, and thrust them in the lady's mosh, the while he breathes his passion. Tall, lank young men butt in the ring and wags of many summers. The widow keeps all kinds in stock—she counts 'em the drummers. It's funny that the sweet young things who never folded the altar mat at around with budding wings while widows slip the halter. Pull few of the men who have not wooed and with a widow tarried, and thought he was the only large slice until she left—and married. Yes, she is a charming bird, the symbol of the nation, and men who never fell for her have missed an education.—G. K. S. in Chicago Tribune.

## Fable With a Moral

A woodpecker, looking down from his high perch on a willow, remarked to a duck, who was preening his feathers and wadding in and out of the reeds, "I say, what a dull-looking, unattractive little person you are—and so conceited!"

## Chips of Truth

White lobsters are sometimes found. When you say a man has joined the silent majority, it doesn't necessarily follow that he has married. He may have died. Tokyo has 800 baths where you can be parboiled at a temperature of 110 degrees for 1 cent. A camel does not see his own hump, but he sees his neighbor's very well. More suicides occur in Paris in proportion to its size than any other city.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Odd Superstitions

Sweeping at night drives good luck away. To place a knife near a sleeping child is an unlucky omen. If a player at cards get into a passion he is sure to have ill luck. To give needles is unlucky and brings a loss of friendship, unless each pricks the other. Yawning and sneezing are classed together by the Zulus as signs of approaching spiritual possession.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Bargain Counter Thrall



"That is the sixth dressmaking cataclysm through which that insertion has passed. And you are at it again. You tried it in some curtains and they look as if you had hung your petticoat flounces up at the window.

This insertion is pressing in upon your brain with the weight of tons of bricks! No. Lulled, lured, fascinated by the Bargain-Counter Witch, you wrestle with this chain of lace, then, for change, for diversion to your tattered nerves, you rush downtown—and shop! You "pick up" more bargains.

How the old Bargain-Counter Witch—and the storekeeper, too. I reckon—laughs in her sleeve as she sees women fight for a chance to buy at a 2-cent reduction what they would have sneered at when it lay on a counter and had its normal price attached. The 2 cents extra would have been small pay for shopping in comfort with a stool supporting the nerve centers of the back and a mind free from the divided duty of protecting corsets and hanging on like grim death to a piece of "bargain." But no! Rather tramp and be trampled!

## DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND

A multi-panel comic strip titled "DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND" by Silas. The plot involves a man named Uncle Fred who is being chased by a rabbit. He is seen running through a city, with various signs and landmarks. The rabbit is shown eating him in a final panel.

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

THURSDAY, May 18, 1911.

Table listing names and addresses of children, their schools, and birth years. The table has columns for Name and Address, School, and Year.

## Tabloid History of the Presidents

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, is, with George Washington, one of the towering figures in American history. He was born in Kentucky on February 12, 1809, and died in Washington April 15, 1865.



A. LINCOLN

In 1816 Thomas Lincoln, with his wife and two children, left Kentucky and settled in Indiana. Abraham's mother died and his father remarried. The second Mrs. Lincoln was a noble woman and her influence of the child Abraham was for good. From a rail-splitter and a flat boatman Lincoln, through the years, by his own efforts educated himself for a lawyer, having in the meantime served as an Indian fighter, postmaster, storekeeper and county surveyor.

## Concerning Uncles

A uncle is a kind of folks. Jus' chuck full to th' brim wif fun. He hasn't any little girl— Then boy, he know how to treat one? A uncle doesn't have to be. So dretful big an' high an' all, He can be uncles jus' 'th' same. If he will 'side not to grow tall.

## Nubs of Knowledge

An English newspaper printed the first advertisement. It was inserted in 1648. Women voted in Elizabethtown, N. J. in 1797. It is estimated that \$100,000 a year is given away to beggars in the streets of London. In Scotland the eldest son of a viscount or baron is known by the courtesy title of "master."

## Gentle Cynicisms

It may also be true that the rolling moss gathers no rocks. A man's club is merely a weapon to kill time. Unfortunately counterfeit money still continues to be a thing of the passed. The sage, with all his wisdom, sometimes loses to the fool who is a good guesser.

## BEATING THE LONG ROLL.



There's stories in th' chimney fire And he will hunt them out for you— I wonder where th' fairies went. An' w'en my Uncle Fred got thro', 'Cause w'en I went to sleep and dreamed There's something cookin' dretful far, Th' cunning little white clear:



"Well, well; I've let my watch run down again."