

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

Captain Kidd.

"According to the latest returns from Pittsburgh," remarked Show-Me Smith, dispenser of natural and unnatural history, "there is a band of pirates operating in the outlying provinces, but don't see no Captain Kidds among 'em. Piracy don't seem to be much of a paying business nowadays, for this bunch hasn't got nearly the percentage of general wickedness as that mild little crowd from Quakerland averages."

"I hate to think that a man like Cap Kidd would leave his home grounds and go founding pirate bands in Pittsburgh."

"Specially when little old New York did him all the honor she could as a high-handed-I mean minded-citizen. You see, Cap Kidd, when he was not out establishing branches of the Old Captain Kidd Safety Deposit company, lived in the heart of the financial district here, a very proper location."

"His other name was Bill, so they called his street, William street, to show him how much they appreciated his financial operations. I think they call 'em coupons now, but in Captain Bill's time they were coupons."

"Although Captain Kidd was a high-seas financier he was always modest about it and gave his occupation to the mercantile agencies as a planter. And he was certainly some planter, too. He was that fond of gardening he'd be up before daylight nearly every day, setting out a new crop of early rose hedges."

"He wasn't particularly about his garden patches either, but had 'em strung out all over Manhattan and Long Island."

"You can talk about your Carnegie libraries," said old Cap Kidd to himself, "but I'm going to raise the finest crop of pirate stories out of them little garden patches of mine you ever heard tell of. They'll be sprouting for the next three



"CAPTAIN KIDD'S SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT."

hundred years and then some. I'm the original Planter, I am."

"Every time the Captain made a scoop he planted a new garden, till he had the rest of the crowd crazy guessing what he was getting at."

"Then, one day it leaked out that the garden patches were part of the good old Captain's safety deposit vault system, and after that there was a real estate boom that shook the county. Everybody that could stake out a claim, bought a pick and shovel, and went to digging like a woodchuck. But they never found any early rose hedges. Every year, though, there was a nice, fresh crop of 'pirate stories.'"

"Old Cap Kidd just sat in his main office, took in the royalties and laughed. 'Guess it's an even break,' says he. 'They're getting all the fun and I'm getting all the advertising. Jenkins, settle another ship.'"

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 23, 1911

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Beckie Azorin, 1461 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Emil T. Berquiquet, 3441 South Fifteenth St.	Vinton	1895
Fred F. Barrett, 3426 Taylor St.	Central Park	1899
Lucille Barnum, 1432 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1904
John Coston, 3504 Patrick Ave.	Franklin	1901
Antonette Clifand, 815 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1901
Edith Castleman, 507 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1898
Edmond J. Duszynski, 2561 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1902
Edwin A. Carter, 1801 1/2 St. Mary's Ave.	Leavenworth	1900
Irma Daemon, 3015 Seward St.	Long	1900
Frank Doty, 1710 Davenport St.	Central	1904
Arnold Dolan, 2639 Seward St.	Long	1898
Merrill M. Gordon, 3116 Corby St.	High	1896
Norman P. Gardner, 220 North Twenty-fifth St.	Long	1902
Josephine Johnson, 226 Cedar St.	Trin	1898
Herbert L. Hoerner, 2134 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1903
Hazel Hanson, 2123 Seward St.	Lake	1902
Barney Kulakofsky, 1944 South Tenth St.	High	1896
Earl Kack, 1628 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1894
Louis P. Larsen, 1117 North Eleventh St.	Cass	1896
Margaret McEneaney, Fortieth St. and Poppleton	Columbian	1900
Abe Meyer, 2204 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Cephas Morrison, 1704 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1896
Hazel M. Moore, 817 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1898
Beulah Marshall, 2617 North Eighteenth St.	Monmouth Park	1903
Gladys Norgren, 216 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1902
Vernon Nichols, 3516 North Fortieth Ave.	Clifton Hill	1897
Charles D. Nelson, 410 South Thirty-eighth St.	Columbian	1900
Clarence Olson, 3312 Howard St.	Farnam	1898
Lewell Palmer, 1302 Fort St.	Sherman	1901
Sewell Palmer, 1302 Fort St.	Sherman	1901
Arthur W. Penniman, 3515 South Boulevard	Windsor	1903
Maggie Palmesario, 1215 South Twelfth St.	St. Philomena	1903
Frank Palladino, 2247 Pierce St.	St. Philomena	1900
William Skorunka, 2711 South Thirteenth St.	Castellar	1903
Louis Ed Swoboda, 1405 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Lois Robbins, 125 North Thirty-eighth St.	Saunders	1896
Fred R. Talmage, 2025 North Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Alice M. Topp, 810 Dominion St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
Birdella Timm, 4104 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1900
Elizabeth Watson, 4331 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1897
Paul J. Wurn, 2012 Locust St.	Lothrop	1902
Alphonso Wilson, Jr., 2301 Harney St.	High	1896
George Wagner, 2710 Shirley St.	Dupont	1904
Earl D. Watson, 2216 Burt St.	Kellom	1898
Paul Wigington, 924 North Forty-second St.	High	1891
Clifford M. Whitney, 4329 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1901

Prison Critic of Books Gives Views

Convict No. 57,009 of Sing Sing prison, after nine years service in the library as assistant, framed the following criticisms of some more or less popular books, using prison slang:

"Eben Holden." Yaw yawn. There's no kick coming on this one. It's straight dope from the drop, while taking life easy."

"Caesar Birtocoteau." Bewell goods. Balseo is all to the mustard when it comes to giving us a line on the doings in Giddy-burg."

"Pere Goriot." The Balzo stable has nothing but winners. This one is about an old frog-eater who, while taking life easy, was bled from the pastor to the garret by a couple of flashy dames that belonged to the family. Give this one the glad hand."

"Cousin Pons." Cast your glims over this; two old guys in this that are classy. It's an up-to-the-minute scopp that Balseo is a class by himself."

"The Idiot." "A House Boat on the Sky." "The Pursuit of a House Boat." "Mr. Bonaparte of Caracas." "The Enchanted Typewriter." "Coffee and Reparat." "Johnnie, with the hussies same in three with the fan-foot and send over a line of funny bone ticklers that are hot and crisp from the poppet."

"Sentimental Tommy." "When a Man's Single." "Two of Them." "Auld Licht Idyie." "A Thylous Scandal." "The Little Minister." "Margaret Ogilvie." "Bettie, Dead." and "A Window in Thrums." Scotch with the mist and the burr still on

it. Fairly good. "The Little Minister," is the one best bet.

"Love in Old Clothes." Bun call the turn for quiet fun. Short stories that get away with the decision.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower." A flossie piece of work about a bunch of queens. The main fairy is a rifty bunch of skirts. Ed has certainly made a home run with bases full.

"The Pride of Jennico." This is all wool and a yard wide. Don't fail to get next. The castle stable has nothing in the maiden class.

"Don Quixote." This one grabs the cake. Cervantes won by a mile when he entered the Don in the Literary Handicap. About an old guy with a screw loose, who went out to rescue distressed damsels when knighthood wasn't in flower.

"Wormwood." This is a strong yard of a loose fighter with an absolute yen-ye. He certainly was the original terrible example. Get next to this live wire; hell-do you good.

"Whilomville Stories." Six on this. It's too kiddish and cuis, no ice, with yours truly.

"Tartarin of Tarascon." Alphonse keeps them all guessing. He's a whole class, who certainly is getting ink. This one's about a very cheery French hysseed who had a swelled head over his ability as a lion slayer. He got stung for keeps when he started out to prove it, but it shows how four flukes, the his keeps the pike, can make good if he only keeps at it long enough.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Woman Who Might Have Been



You might have been anything from the greatest living prima donna to the most marvelous modern painter—according to your own statement. I never knew whether to laugh or cry when I hear you talk or just get "fire-mad."

You do not think that it is easy to talk of the folly of yielding to temptation because you are hungry. Because you never were hungry. You do not dream that it is an evidence of ignorance on your part to score those of your sex who have bartered their reputations for a roof above their heads. Because you never were homeless. You have no idea that you turn to gall all the sweetest of her smile reward, in the heart of the woman who is struggling to succeed as a singer, when you show her how easily you could have won the great rewards. Of course, she knows you are talking.

Just talking with the fires of your imagination and unpunctured self-conceit acting as bellows for your eulogistic combustion. But it hurts her to see how little you, who are interested in her art, can sense or appreciate the self-denial and the patience and the suffering that success in it demands.

Woman, what do you know of what you 'might have been'? A student of any other subject than the one you never cease to consider, self, consults all authorities, bases his assertions on his deductions from the experience and research as others as well as upon his own ideas. But you, you consult no authority but your own. You consult no data of the actual experience of the women who have done what you talk about. You swing serenely on in your self-appointed orbit, diffusing the mist and moon shine of your idea that you could have made a path for yourself in any one of two or three other orbits.

Listen to me. If you had had the divine afflatus which you appropriate as the breath of your nostrils, nothing in the world would have kept you from proving it. And listen again. It's the easiest thing in the world to talk of the great things you might have done from the silk-cushioned security of the home which your husband supplies and supports. But in your overestimation of what you might

Fashion's Fad for Linen Frocks

NEW YORK, May 18.—There must be a goodly supply of linen frocks on hand this summer, for linen is to be the favorite of all fabrics. For the morning there are simple shirtwaist frocks relieved by a pretty soft frill of lace at the throat; for afternoon there are elaborate gowns so striped and figured varieties, which are exceedingly smart and certainly to be included in the outfit that can include a few frocks beyond the absolutely essential ones.

But as hot weather comes nearer the lure of dainty dainty and sheer figured lawn and all the other sheerest summer fabrics is very strong, indeed, and it certainly seems as though these materials were never seen in more charming designs and patterns. Among the more elaborate and effective patterns there is a dainty with a tiny polka dot of black or color that stands out for its very simplicity, and which is one of the very smartest of all designs for a simple morning dress. Equally pretty are the dimites with a fine hairline of color intersected here and there with the same infinitesimal polka dot. These dimites require little trimming, and no matter how simply fashioned are sure to look charming in the hot days of July and August.

Princess frocks are being worn again, and, indeed, there is no more sensible way of fashioning a simple frock. Even if a girl is necessary to be becoming—and for those of stouter build this is generally associated with a one-piece dress—still it is infinitely better to have waist and skirt joined together, that there may be no danger of waist and skirt becoming separated. Velvet girdles are smart both in black and colors, and then very wide belting four to five inches, and sometimes moire, crushed, is seen as trimming on many of the daintiest summer frocks instead of the lighter and softer silk and satin ribbons. There is tremendous character given to the gowns by the color of the belting, and this near contrast plays an important part in the color idea of every dress. On a gown of palest salmon pink a girdle of electric blue gros-grain ribbon is an extraordinary combination this spring, and if the colors are well chosen, the least costly gown can give the effect of an imported frock, on which enormous duty must apparently have been paid.



No sooner is a law made than its evasion is discovered.

NOTHING DOING.

"I've often marvelled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—"

"If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you I'm nearly broke myself!"

Tabloid History of the Presidents

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States, was born in Delaware, O., on October 4, 1822, and died in Fremont, O., on January 17, 1893. In his student days at Kenyon college he excelled in logic, philosophy and mathematics, and was the valedictorian. After studying law as Howard, he was admitted to the Ohio bar.

In early days he was whig, but as he had always been anti-slavery in his ideas he joined the republican party upon its organization and supported Lincoln. His war record during the civil war was described by General Grant in this way: "Having entered the army as a major of volunteers at the beginning of the war, General Hayes attained by his meritorious service the rank of brevet major general before its close."

He took his seat in congress in 1865, gaining a reputation as a man of sound judgment and great executive ability. He was governor of Ohio three times. In 1876 he was nominated for president, and in his letter of acceptance laid stress on three points, civil service reform, currency and the pacification of the south. Samuel J. Tilden was his opponent on the democratic ticket.

The result of the election aroused much dispute, as both parties claimed to have carried the states of Louisiana, South Caro-



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

lina and Florida. Each charged the other with fraud. The decision of a special electoral commission awarded the presidency to Mr. Hayes and he was inaugurated on March 5, 1877.

He served for only one term, and after an able administration retired to private life, devoting his energies to benevolent and useful enterprises.

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E. H. Sothern, the actor, is an artist—studied painting in Spain for several years.

Long-Lived People

On August 6, 1773, Eleanor Spicer died, in Baltimore, Md., aged 121 years.

Hugh Moran died in Dublin, Ireland, in September, 1774, aged 113 years.

In March, 1786, George Brown passed away, in East Greenwich, at the age of 120 years.

It was reported on May 20, 1774, that James McDonald, a resident of Cork, Ireland, had died at the age of 117 years.

Peter Charitan, a Hungarian peasant, who died in 1772, was born in 1587. He was, therefore, 187 years old and had lived in three different centuries.

On February 1790, the New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury announced the deaths of Thomas Cockey, 123 years old, and Henry D. Arzay de Pancory, aged 120 years.

Thomas Parr died in London, England, November 13, 1695. He was 153 years old. First married at the age of 30, he had two children. After the death of his wife he wedded again when 120.

Pinu, who lived in the first century, gave some instances of longevity taken exclusively from the region between the Apennines and the Po, as found in the census instituted by Vespasian. Within these narrow limits he enumerated twenty persons who had reached the age of 125 years, forty 120 and thirty 140.

Glimpses at Celebrities

Marie Corelli is a great student of Plato and a constant reader of the Bible.

Clara Barton of the Red Cross laid out the grounds of the National cemetery at Andersonville in 1865.

Chauncey M. Depew was once given the post of minister to Japan, but after carrying the commission in his pocket for a month declined the office.

Honorable James Bryce is a mountain climber and in 1900 was president of the Alps club. He is also a botanist.

Henry Watterson, the Louisville Journalist, in the author of the phrase, "A tariff for revenue only"; also "The star-eyed goddess of reform."

Samuel Untermyer, the New York lawyer, is an art expert and owns one of the most valuable collections of paintings in America.

John W. Gates, the capitalist, made his first fortune manufacturing barbed wire fencing.

Oscar Hammerstein, grand opera manager, has invented and patented numerous labor-saving devices.

Tom Lawson, the frenzied financier, is the author of "A History of the Republican Party."

Loie Fuller, the dancer, was formerly a temperance lecturer.

George W. Cable, the novelist, has written under the nom de plume of "Drop Rhod."

Francis Wilson, the actor, is a collector of rare books, prints and manuscripts. His father was a Quaker.

Walter Camp, famous athlete and writer on athletic subjects, is a clock manufacturer during business hours.

Lily Langtry, the actress, was made a naturalized citizen of the United States at San Francisco in 1887.

William H. Crocker, leading banker of San Francisco, owns the most extensive collection of postage stamps in the world.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst is an authority on Sanskrit and has translated many Sanskrit documents into English.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, the financier, was formerly in the dry goods business in Baltimore.

John Jacob Astor is the inventor of a bicycle brake, a pneumatic road improver and other useful mechanisms.

Olga Nethersole, the actress, is a bonnet and dog fancier.

James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, is not a native of the United States, having been born in Canada.

Honorable Whiteleaf Reid is an authority on Tallyrand and has written an introduction to Tallyrand's memoirs.

Rev. Lyman Abbott is a lawyer and is still a member of the New York state bar.

Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World, is a lawyer and was admitted to practice by the supreme court of Missouri.

James Lane Allen, the novelist, is a Latin scholar and was at one time professor of Latin at Bethany college.

When a Hindoo gapes he snags his thumb and finger and repeats the name of some god. To neglect this is a sin as great as the murder of a Brahmin.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.



"You must love your husband very much Mrs. Smart, if you save all the letters he sends you while you're in Europe."

"I'm keeping them for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to catch him in a lie."

Trouble on the Border

