



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Fair Ladies of the White House

While Andrew Johnson was filling the office of chief executive, owing to the tragic death of President Lincoln, his wife was too great an invalid to be more than the nominal mistress of the White House.

The many guests devolving upon the hostess of the executive mansion devolved upon their daughter, Martha.

She was born in Greenville, Tenn., October 25, 1828, and her education was acquired at Georgetown during her school days. In President Polk's administration, she was a frequent visitor at the White House, where she was afterward to officiate.

She returned to her Tennessee home in 1844, and a few years later became the wife of Judge David W. Patterson. On January 1, 1848, when President Johnson held his first reception, Mrs. Martha Patterson was in the work of entertaining the many visitors, by her widowed sister, Mrs. Rorer.

During the spring that followed, congress made an appropriation of \$20,000 to refurnish the White House, and the purchases were made under the supervision



MARTHA PATTERSON

dence of Mrs. Patterson. It was at this time that a new feature was introduced into the life of the White House—children's parties, which were given by the president's grandchildren, at which over 300 juveniles were invited to a party in which there were dancing and a supper.

"Uncle Joe" Having Fun

Former Speaker Cannon, in a recent address in Danville, Va., apropos of tariff revision:

"Tariff revision threatens to involve the free traders and the protectionists in a fight as endless and as disastrous as the fight of Dr. Buckleton and Dr. Rusk. These doctors, though they belong to rival schools of medicine, were fast friends until recently. Then Dr. Buckleton fell sick, and Dr. Rusk, being the only other physician in the town, at once took charge of the case. Dr. Rusk's treatment was most efficacious and Dr. Buckleton's dangerous symptoms rapidly disappeared before it. Yet this treatment was diametrically opposed to all the patient's tenets and beliefs, and hence he fought it stoutly.

"So bitter, in fact, was his prejudice that the treatment had to be administered by force, and during its administration Dr. Buckleton protested with all his might, both vocally and physically. He held down firmly in his bed, yelling and swearing at the top of his lungs. Dr. Rusk only swallowed by compulsion Dr. Rusk's hated remedies, which nevertheless proved so efficacious that in a miraculously short time the patient was on his feet again.

"The first thing he did on leaving the house was to visit Dr. Rusk and beat him so severely that his life was despaired of. In this contingency, overwhelmed with re-

course, Dr. Buckleton took charge of his former friend's case, treating him by the methods of his own school as capably that Dr. Rusk, to his chagrin and mortification, soon saw himself coming round with a speed and certainty that seemed hardly probable.

"Dr. Rusk is not yet on his feet, but he expects to be so shortly. In fact, thanks to Dr. Buckleton's hated treatment, against which he protests in vain, Dr. Rusk was able yesterday to announce that by the end of the week at latest he proposes to shoot Dr. Buckleton into the living image of a coal screen."

Going Down, Anyway

He was a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair.

"Is that you, Jamie?" he asked in a voice of the greatest astonishment.

"Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a resigned tone.

"Have you fa'en down the stair?"

"Aye!" said Jamie. "I fell down; but I was comin' down, whether or noo."—Metropolitan.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

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



GEORGE DOLAN, 1302 South Fifth Street. GERTRUDE HUMPHREY, 417 Erskine Street.

TUESDAY, July 25, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
La Blatta Brown, 1718 Nicholas St.	Fallon	1902
Ruth E. Bralley, 1816 Dodge St.	Saunders	1904
Mary Bolampert, 1115 South Seventh St.	St. Philomena	1897
Otto Henry Bils, 829 South Nineteenth St.	High	1897
Ether S. Belmont, 546 South Twenty-fourth Ave.	High	1893
Carrie Babra, 3611 South Thirteenth St.	Edw. Rogewater	1900
Rosalie Card, 3809 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1897
Charles Cline, 2474 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1903
Alphina Joseph Connor, 2607 Bristol St.	Sacred Heart	1893
James K. Cummings, 2010 Castellar St.	St. Patrick	1900
Louis Cutler, 1441 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Lemar Corryell, 4027 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Edward Carlson, 3304 Leavenworth St.	Farnam	1903
George Alex Dolan, 1305 South Fifth St.	Train	1900
John Dohull, 127 Poppleton Ave.	Train	1904
Merle E. Dunlap, 2605 Maple St.	Lothrop	1893
Burns J. Duke, 2716 Burdette St.	Long	1896
Ruth May Draggio, 4824 Woolworth Ave.	Beals	1905
Margaret Elder, 811 North Forty-third St.	High	1894
Ray S. Egan, 2502 Decatur St.	Long	1901
Ida Friedman, 608 North Seventeenth St.	Casa	1904
Sarah Fieldman, 1123 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1903
Neddie Goldenberg, 416 South Tenth St.	Casa	1895
Robert M. Glasgow, 1524 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1900
Joseph H. Hollander, 2319 North Forty-fifth St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Lucille Hirsch, 2613 North Seventeenth St.	Lake	1905
Herman Harm, 3024 North Twentieth St.	Vinton	1900
John Hoch, 4506 Ames Ave.	Central Park	1895
Gertrude Humphrey, 417 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1899
Helen Hansen, 4235 Marcy St.	Columbian	1898
Harry M. Hackett, 1720 North Thirty-third St.	Franklin	1898
Cecilia Jordan, 5313 North Thirty-first St.	Monmouth Park	1903
Leo Jedyak, 2704 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1896
Nealy Johnson, 1516 Military Ave.	Nelson Hill	1897
Barbara Kafka, 2584 North Thirty-first St.	DuPont	1904
Louis Kaufman, 1115 1/2 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1902
Marion Lowe, 5104 North Twenty-third St.	Saratoga	1898
Millard C. Lamb, 1755 South Ninth St.	Linton	1902
Lillian S. Lindskog, 4227 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1894
Fredrick W. Miller, 1412 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1902
David Macenzie, 2530 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1903
Charles W. Myers, Forty-eighth and Burdette Sts.	Walnut Hill	1905
Marjorie O'Leah, 4315 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Louis Pribosky, 3528 North Thirty-eighth St.	Clifton Hill	1898
Josephine Pardoe, 1816 Lothrop St.	High	1891
Hyalmar Peterson, 328 North Thirty-fifth St.	Saunders	1905
Margaret Peters, 3510 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1902
Ina Pattinson, 311 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1898
Arthur Pedersen, 3511 Center St.	Windsor	1902
Margaret Ryan, 313 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1899
Nelle Ryan, 3857 Seward St.	High	1893
Helen Reinhardt, 4307 Commercial Ave.	Saratoga	1898
Elvina Russell, 3823 Fort St.	Central Park	1896
Maud M. Sullivan, 840 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1903
Nick Schiro, 2207 Pierce St.	Mason	1896
Lulu Starkey, 3036 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1901
Clarence Sorenson, 5603 Florence Boulevard.	Saratoga	1899
Jennie Stuart, 2447 Webster Ave.	Saratoga	1898
Mildred Swanson, 2402 Harney St.	Columbian	1903
Michael Tighe, 1412 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1905
Louise Timme, 4204 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Raymond Willett, 2501 Corby St.	Lothrop	1903
Joseph Zechmeister, 1101 Dominion St.	St. Joseph	1893

Cupid Wins in "Complexion Room"

Whose business is the housekeeping, anyway? Yours, or your husband's? Yours, of course, you reply. If he were to try to boss it, you would let him know that he was trespassing. You do not interfere in his business; and you would give him very plainly to understand that he could not interfere in yours.

Then, why in the name of justice, do you convert him into an errand boy?

"Oh! you don't! Well, you just do."

"John, there isn't a loaf of bread in the house. Run over to the corner grocery and get some," you say.

With rage in his soul, John runs. Yet you would show him if he interfered in your business. That's just like a lot of women. As long as man in serving them, or filling the breaches which their laziness or incompetency have left, it's all right. He can be drafted to tack down the matting, because you forgot to engage the man. He can be greeted with all kinds of orders to render domestic service on his return from the office. He can be sent to get the bread you have forgotten, or the meat you did not take time to order because you were busy sewing. He can be ordered to interfere with what you should have done; and you never realize that he hates it, that it is one of the things which makes a married man wonder whether it is worth while sending himself with the idea that a home and wife are a real comfort any joy.

It makes any normal man mad to have to go home from his business and do what you have neglected. He does not ask you to run errands for him. He trots around and gets the things he needs in his business.

Loretta's Looking Glass She Holds it Up to the Girl Who Squeals

Then, if he resents being turned into errand boy and sent after bread that he has spent the day earning, you sizzle with righteous rage and accuse him of unwillingness to "serve the home." Great goddess of wisdom, what has he been doing all of the long hours of the day?

You seem to think a man is playing, having fun, all the time he is away from the house. It never occurs to you that the grind and the strain of the day in business may be lightened by the anticipation of coming to a home where he can be quiet and comfortable. Then, you send him for a loaf of bread.

An effervescence of anger, of disgust at your injustice makes the trivial errand an outrage. He reflects upon the independence he has given up to marry. He sneers at himself for expecting to get the calm and strengthening influence of a wife's love in a love-made home. He realizes that the small irritants which fairly bristle all through his day at the office have sequels in domestic aggravations. It is not the size of the services you impose upon him. It's the fact that is revealed by your asking it. He thinks it shows that you do not care enough for him or of his comfort to prepare for it. He gets "sore."

And he has a right to feel indignant. And when he gets so thoroughly mad that he would rather stay down town to dinner than come home and play errand boy, don't you sneak and snivel behind the excuse "that you tried to make him happy." Maybe angels can be happy and uncomfortable; but men can't. Make him comfortable, you selfish, lazy wife.

Some Good Games for Men

Early closing on Saturday is likely to bring a number of disappointed men together during the long afternoons, says the Brooklyn Eagle. It is not advisable to have them about the drawing room, which may be needed for the mothers meeting or equal suffrage committee; and, if left to their own devices, they are likely to get into trouble. It is far better to provide them with wholesome, innocent amusement of a kind that will keep them from wasting their money, and one of the best games for this purpose is called "Raise-the-dust." This may be played any bright afternoon when the husband has brought home a few friends from the office. A number of rugs and carpets are hung on the clothesline in the back yard, and the players, provided with stout sticks of rattan, beat the carpets in an endeavor to get as much dust out of them as they can. When the dust no longer flies, other rugs and carpets are submitted and the game goes on.

An excellent game to be played directly after a heavy snowstorm is called "Snow Fl." In this game the men are permitted to dress like Indians, after which they are provided with shovels and permitted to carry on their sport on the sidewalk in front of the house, says the Delimitor. The object of this game is to see which one of the players can remove the greater quantity of snow within a given time.

The spring house cleaning usually brings out the worst side of man's nature, and it is, therefore, wise to provide some specially merry game to divert his attention. In one of the best of these games the players attire themselves in overall or castoff garments and have a jolly time taking down the storm windows and fitting in the screen doors and windows for the summer. At the conclusion of this revel they may be served with bowls of bread and milk.

Kindly Knocks

The chronic knocker generally gets corns on his conscience.

A girl of 16 is apt to think that her soul is yearning for the unattainable, when the trouble really is that she is hungry.

Many a man gets vertigo of the morals from beating the devil around the bush.

A stitch in time saves nine cues words.

Fame is merely an entree that comes with the feast of fortune.

A married man must expect to get a good roast once in a while, especially if his wife does the cooking.—New York Times.

Athletics Make Women's Feet Grow Bigger

There are more girls in colleges now than then. They go in for athletics, and "sneakers" are a joy with them. Then, too, they have grown unafraid at the ordeal of meeting a No. 6 shoe face than then. They go in for athletics, and "sneakers" are a joy with them. Then, too, they have grown unafraid at the ordeal of meeting a No. 6 shoe face than then.

A negro, having won a dollar at a crap game, decided to spend it on having his fortune told. The fortune teller led him into a gloomy room with dirty hangings and mist red lights. She took his palm, traced it with a dollar, spread out her cards and then said:

"You are very fond of music; you like chickens; you have won money at craps, and you have been in jail."

The negro looked at her with bulging eyes and finally ejaculated:

"Mah goodness, lady; why you jest read mah inmost thoughts!"—Metropolitan.

Had Him "Faded"

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Traveler Sees Strange Sights

Editor The Bee Magazine Page: Since writing you about some of the odd things one finds in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, my travels have taken me into North Dakota and Washington, among other places. Perhaps The Bee readers will be interested in a unique religious convention I saw and a strange funeral pageant.

The religious gathering brought between 2,000 and 3,000 Catholic Indians to Fort Totten military reservation, not far from Devils Lake, N. D., for their biennial conference, held on what is called Crow's hill. More effectual work among their tribesmen was the apparent purpose of the Indian leaders in the movement, and discussion was quite satisfactory, so far as an outsider could see. This gathering proved to be most interesting spectacle and was a great holiday occasion as well as time for serious counseling. The whole family came along in most cases, and they lived right on the ground. Orators were heard in the native tongue and many missionaries and priests who can use the Indian dialects were in attendance. Evidently the faith of these Indians is strong and they want to bring others into touch with it.

The funeral I mentioned was the strangest, probably, ever held in America, and it progressed through the streets of Seattle, and the corpse was a humorless insignia of the non-progressive, or Residents informed inquiring strangers that lately the knockers, enemies of improvement, had become so pestiferous that it was decided a drastic remedy was needed. So some inspired genius proposed a funeral, with cremation of the hammer. The idea "caught" with a hurra and well as "whole city knockers" as well as boosters, had some hand in the subsequent proceedings. A funeral parade was outlined and organized, with a broodragon hammer enthroned in heavy mourning on a draped catafalque, drawn by several teams of black horses.

Sad-faced policemen led the line, with the mayor and other city officials following and a heavy-hearted bunch of bandmen playing the dead march from Saul, with variations rung in by some rapacious wits. The streets were thronged with many thousands of men, women and children, who seemed to duly appreciate the significance of the suspicious or suspicious occasion. One bunch of solemnly solemn at this multitudinous "waka" was composed of the members of the Faculty club of Seattle, in whose ranks the thought of

look form. They were cowed, somber and funeral in manner and bearing, and they carried draped hammers. Really, the disinterested observer became depressed, for the time being.

After the main hammer had been set on the funeral pyre and the latter had been set afire, this feeling wore off suddenly, because the speech of a former mayor cleared up the reasons for the procession. Then, when it was all over, so far as the fate of the hammer was concerned, a war dance, or joy dance, was started by several thousand agile citizens and citizensess around the consuming pile of flame. Not only did they dance; they sang and shouted and initiated victorious redskins after a war party in which many scalp had been garnered. They furnished, in fact, a most striking contrast, because their antics were shot through and through with hope for the future as well as joy over the immediate destruction of the sign of the knocker.

And with others I wondered if such a funeral might not be a good thing to offer as libation to the gods of Good Cheer from a great many other cities of this land. That's one reason I'm writing this.

I forgot to mention up above, in citing Texas, that when I was in that state the crop was common that the watermelon boat this year is something like 125,000,000; still, wherever I go the price of sliced and iced watermelon is about the same as always. Is it the ice that adds to the price of the melon, or does Texas eat all the millions of melons she produces? If she does, medicine for the stomach ache must be in strong demand thereabouts.

M. J. S.

Black Friday

In England the term Black Friday was first applied to December 6, 1756, the day on which news reached London that the pretender, Charles Edward, had fled from Derby.

Wild speculation in gold in New York and other cities culminated in a monetary crash on September 16, 1875, that swept thousands of firms and individuals into financial ruin and raised a commercial depression that affected into the twenties of the last century. Hence the origin of the term. Black Friday is not a United States.