

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Unveiling Fort Washington Monument



MONUMENT MARKING THE REDOUT 1778. FORT WASHINGTON PARK. NOVEMBER 18, 1910. SEVENTH AVENUE. SEVENTH AVENUE.

What promises to be an event of more than ordinary interest to the residents of Washington Heights, New York, has been planned to take place next Wednesday afternoon. When a monument which has been erected in Fort Washington Park will be formally presented to the city by the Daughters of the American Revolution in commemoration of the 130th anniversary of the capture of Fort Washington and its outposts by the British and Hessian troops, acting in conjunction with the British frigates Phoenix, Rose and Tartar. The ships had succeeded in running by the guns of the redoubt that had been constructed by the Continental troops on the plateau overlooking Jeffrey's Hook, now known as Fort Washington Park.

Deaf and Dumb, and a similar corps from the Hebrew Orphan asylum, both of which will be headed by a band, the members of which are inmates of these institutions. The exercises at the monument will be in charge and under the direction of a committee of the Fort Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Emily L. B. Fay is the regent.

Following a brief address by the chairman of the day, Mr. James Pierpont Davison, there will be an invocation by the Rev. J. B. Mackay, pastor of the North Presbyterian church, and chaplain of the chapter, after which the monument will be unveiled by thirteen children dressed in costumes of the Continental period. The militia will then fire a salute, after which the regent of the chapter will present the monument to the city. Park Commissioner Charles B. Stover will deliver an address accepting the monument in behalf of the city.

The MARY of DOLLE



A Summer Girl BY M.F.

Thursday—I have had my room repaired, as I didn't like the paper I had chosen last year. It is very nice to have it changed every twelve months, and all the furniture moved around, as it makes it seem like an entirely different place.

It was Mollie Turner who first suggested the idea to me. She said she couldn't stand things looking just the same for too long a time. She made me help her one day and we moved every single thing in my bed room. It was dreadfully exhausting, and she ruined the hat she had on by a vase of violets that we had forgotten to take off the top of the bookcase falling on her head. We nearly expired moving the bookcase, as the books made it so heavy, and when we got it across the room we found it wouldn't fit in between the windows at all, so had to move it back again.

She went with me to select the wall paper the other day, and we had a great many arguments, as she wanted me to have a paper that was covered with wreaths of wild flowers. She said it was so sweet and girlish, I said I didn't want my room to look that way. The salesman began to look nervous. I persisted in getting what I wanted, which was a perfectly plain tan color. Amy, who was to meet us there, came in then, and she vetoed the wild flowers effect immediately. She said it would be better to get a paper covered with orchids or bunches of violets, so that

"WE NEARLY EXPIRED MOVING THE BOOKCASE"

copies of Dibson pictures mixed in with them that she had done herself.

When you saw one of these from a little distance, and before you realized that it was a copy, you felt certain that if Mr. Dibson had really drawn it he must have had an awful jag on.

The year before last was married all the old maids disappeared and she had some water-color pictures of girls sitting on sofas and holding big muffs up to their faces and walking in the woods in Arctic snow storms in pink satin slippers. They were awfully expensive pictures and were in the most exquisite gold frames. She said she thought they were so sweet and they were. When you looked at them it was just like eating a lump of sugar. She gave me two, just like a couple she had, for my birthday, and I didn't know what to do about it. I don't like sugar by itself, and although I could manage to eat one lump, two would make me feel quite ill.



"IT WOULD BE BETTER TO GET A PAPER COVERED WITH ORCHIDS."

If there was a period in which they were not sent to you you could sit and gaze at your walls. Mollie always had paper covered with the most enormous deep pink

at the bird that she is singing in its cage—"Turn back, turn back, too pretty bride."

There are six of the pictures and in one of them the prince looks exactly like Tom. Mollie said vaguely she thought they were very cute, but I knew she didn't a bit. I've just had a Mother Goose one framed. It is old English and was in a little book with the words set to music. It was "There was a Little Woman, as I've Heard that I've framed her, the one whose she is leaving home with a long trained gown and large basket of eggs. Her mother and father are saying goodbye to her, and there are castles and things in the distance, and it's too fascinating. I told Mollie as a great honor I would give her little girl one of them when it was a little older. I said I had a great many ideas for its nursery as soon as it began to show any signs of intelligence.

Mollie looked rather frightened and said, before she thought, that that would be some years off yet. I said I was sure of that, but I told her I knew she would have highly-colored pictures for it of children dressed in the latest style kissing each



"I SAID I HAD A GREAT MANY IDEAS FOR ITS NURSERY."

other and sternal Violet Woodward. She said it was funny, but she had just bought the dearest picture for baby yesterday of a little girl and boy standing in the snow holding hands. It was called "In Winter Weather." But she said it wasn't by Anne called Woodward. It was signed Helen Babcock. I suppose Helen must need the money.

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"I suppose the democrats will pay some heed to the president's message ordering us to be thankful," observed Friend Wife. "And the republicans can be thankful that it is no worse," replied the Tired Business Man. "Their creators have assured us that if they went out of office there would cease to be any Thanksgiving day, that a bird that would strike the turkey, that the good crops which make up the rest of the meal would suddenly wither on the stem or in the warehouse or wherever the withering is best, and in fact we would be lucky if the world didn't suddenly cease revolving the necessary sixteen daily revolutions needed to carry us from November 8 to November 24. Apparently, however, the earth caught the prevailing craze for revolutions from the voters."

"It was fortunate that the president wrote his proclamation in advance of election or it might not have had so much spontaneity and vigor. Like all Thanksgiving stuff, but the actual fact, it happened a month in advance. The magazine came out late in October, as usual with their covers representing the joyous occasion. I was pained and surprised to find the poor average of covers showing the stern and rockbound Pilgrim escorting his Pilgrimage to church through a stage snow drift, he totting a light, non-refillable blunderbuss shaped like a stovepipe and weighing upward of a ton, the debarking stage from which to send the shot on its flight, and a large volume with brass clasps on it, while in the background lurked the usual insurgent Indians, the reactionary of his time. I have grown so used to the original idea in Thanksgiving number covers that I can scarcely believe the fearful day is at hand without a plenitude of such art."

"In fact, had the Thanksgiving magazine cover minus the grim pill—I mean Pilgrim—come out after election, I would feel sure that the democratic landslide had buried this form of industry. There has been the regular Thanksgiving day number story in all the magazines of the starving family and the wandering boy who rushes in with a perfectly good, cold storage turkey on the right day, to say nothing of the foot ball hero—always the Lowly Sub—who makes his big hit with a Christian Thanksgiving feast day in at hand without a plenitude of such art."

"I know the day was coming because I read the good old annual newspaper story about a depressing cartoon Thanksgiving cover minus the grim pill—I mean Pilgrim—come out after election, I would feel sure that the democratic landslide had buried this form of industry."

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"ROCKBOUND."

slowly to those districts where the food comes from. "Right here I want to say that I hope not too many persons intend to thankgive after the manner set down by our old friend, Horace Fletcher, the inventor of Fletcherizing. I cut out what he said, and here is a gem: 'Hold your food in your mouth, face down, so that your tongue hangs perpendicularly in the mouth. Chew your food until all the taste of it is out and it crawls up the center of your tongue. It will be involuntarily swallowed.'

"Oh, horrors, Horace! Why, that would mean stable manure! Instead of the groaning festal board surrounded by groaning boarders, we would have a table designed with a series of garrisoned off stalls, so that the eaters could hang down their faces and let the food crawl up. Think of chowing a tasteless turkey until the taste is out!

"Does Horace think we sit down to dinner merely to eat? Where is to be our alert glance in watching our table neighbors drop cranberries on their shirt fronts, or how can we watch papa shooting the turkey off the platter if we wallow, face down, in our food? And is he going to deny us the delight of being stuffy and stupid for twenty-four hours after Horace!

"One swallow does not make a whole Thanksgiving dinner—it takes a much larger bird. And that reminds me there is one thing I have missed this year. 'What's that?' asked Friend Wife. 'The annual parody on "The Dark Lay Dreaming of the Hour," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Arab-Afraid-of-a-Camera

Reappears at Brooklyn Pier

Five young men strolled over to the coffee docks in Brooklyn and watched the bags of Java being hoisted from the British freighter Errol to the great warehouses. They watched with keen interest the little Brown Cingalese struggling with the huge bales and cases and then went on board and made friends with the officers of the Errol.

"It's a couple of years back since my friends and I were on a ship like this," said one of the quintet to Moss Berkeley, the quartermaster. "We did not have so easy a time of it, either, for we were taken for real pirates, and if it had not been the year 1908 we would undoubtedly have been made to walk the plank."

"My friend here, Winifred, would have looked handsome festooning a yardarm, wouldn't he? The five of us had been on a trip to the short gathering films for our boys, who is a famous lecturer. Julius Schem, the short one with the aristocratic face, came over to me one day in Aden and said: 'Jim, there's an Arab in a house nearby who would make a fine picture for the colonel. I tried to explain to him what we wanted, but when he saw the camera he became so crazed that I had to run for my life. Let's send Dudelson over to coax him. Abe can talk the language.'

"So it was decided that Dudelson and Winifred Hank Burham and I would go to the picturesque Arab and waylay him for a picture. Julia was to be our picket and war us if reinforcements came to the subject of the sublime port."

"We arrived at the house and tried to explain to the Arabian gentleman that we would faint have his picture immortalized on the cameras that we carried and that there was no bomb or other explosive concealed within the folds of our European clothes."

"The Arab seemed to be satisfied that we meant no harm and left us in the dingy court in which we had been interviewing him. When he came back it was with two dozens of his fellows, several of whom held the luckless Julia between them, having captured her so unsuspecting. They stripped our clothes from us, gave us some of the shrouds which the Arabs drape at themselves, and set us adrift on a lonely spot at a point where the Indian ocean and the Red sea get together and where the atmosphere is particularly hot."

"We drifted two days, and we were nearly dead for the want of water, food and the effect of the intense heat when we sighted a steamship. We made signs, but the officers on the steamer seemed to

think that we were the usual brand of Arabs bent on mischief, instead of five well behaved, respectable Manhattanites, bent on rescue.

"We were taken on board the British freighter Jupiter Pluvius and there wasn't a soul on board who would believe our story. We were made to peel potatoes, do kitchen work and other chores until we reached Port Said, where our story was quickly corroborated and we were let go with profuse apologies from the commander of the steamship with the rainy name."

As "Jim"—whose last name is Beltem—was spinning this yarn to the Errol's quartermaster there came from the fo'c's'le a tall and gaunt figure. He made for the group of them, pointing a bony finger at the five visitors, shouted something that sounded like a cross between "blacksheep" and "interborough." Berkeley explained that the sailor, an Arab, was denouncing the visitors as "evil ones."

"That's our Arab, all right enough!" shouted Schem, as he edged behind the bulky form of Winifred Smith.

"The Arab would not stand for his picture any more than he would the day that the 'evil ones' attempted to get his likeness at Aden."

An Organ Recital.
Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations as eight or nine, or one or two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid liver, tuberculosis and kindred happy topics.

"I thought," commented the guest of honor, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."—Everybody's.

A Puzzle.
"That is a puzzle," said Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, at a dinner. "Yes, that is as much a puzzle as Mrs. Malaprop's definition of naivete."

"Mrs. Malaprop and a gentleman were discussing a beautiful young lady poet. The gentleman said: 'What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her is her naivete.' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Malaprop, 'I wonder what made her get such a right one?'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Superfluous.
Key: Pader. wai's "superfluous"! Father: Wearing a necktie you've got to be heard, Keying.

POINT OF VIEW.
"Did you notice that Gus gave me his first dance last evening?" "Yes, dear. He told me afterward he believed in getting disagreeable things done as soon as possible!"

WOW!
"Percy didn't blow out his brains when you refused him. He proposed to me last night." "Indeed; then he must have got rid of them some other way!"

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

1910. The headquarters are in that city. Its present membership is reported to be over 47,000. Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of 18 years, and who is descended from an ancestor who loyally rendered material aid to the cause of independence as soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the colonies or states, provided that the applicant shall be acceptable to the society. Every application for membership must be indorsed by a member of the national society. If it is then submitted to the regent, she may grant or withhold it, and the applicant is enrolled as a member.

A foulard is a useful material that fills

Laughs at the Law

A police court judge in a Louisiana town had before him, one hot Monday morning in July, a number of negroes committed for various offences.

The room was very hot and very close. The judge hurriedly opened the door in the hope of getting into better air, when a peremptory negro was shoved up.

"What are you charged with?" asked the judge.

"Dead, boss. I ain't 'cused of nothing but 'frangency."

"'Frangency?' queried the judge. "Take him away."

An Arkansas lawyer was pleading for a client who was on trial for stealing a mule. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "This poor, unfortunate man is sorely beset here. Everything seems against him; his gentleman of the jury, if you, in your wisdom, see fit to eliminate the law and the facts, my poor, unfortunate client has a chance."

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A man was brought before the judge, charged with larceny, and pleaded guilty. "Prisoner," said the judge, "this is an atrocious crime you have committed and I intend to punish you severely. I wish known all over the state as one of the worst. It was the worst.

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The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads.

Rubber Jutsice as Memorial to Wife

On account of the fact that the Municipal Plans commission has not yet made its report, King county will be obliged to refuse the magnanimous offer of Henry Peters Swafford of Peabody, N. Y., who insists this county shall accept a mercerized India rubber statue of justice to replace the present dilapidated figure on the court house roof and to be known as the Agnes Jane Swafford memorial, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Mr. Swafford writes that one of the last things that his wife attended to before she died was to request her husband to send King county the rubber justice. He recites that he has been long interested in the Pacific coast country and has read much of interest in the newspapers, both of the coast and Seattle in particular, and other data, though he has never been farther west than Peabody.

"We have for some years," writes Mr. Swafford, "held a large block of mining stock in the family, bought by Mrs. Swafford when she was a girl and treasured against the day when sudden affluence should come to us. I still hold the stock, and it has marked some of the most pleas-

urable moments of my life. When dark clouds lowered the domestic fortunes we always had the mining stock to rely on of the treasure chest and goat over. For twenty years this family has been rich in mind, and I would not be deprived of those days in retrospect for very near the par value of the treasure. I think it must have been with the memory of these happy days in mind that my wife so earnestly desired me to make this memorial to one of the north coast cities, preferably Seattle."

The generous donor suggests that he will have the scales of blind justice made of bronze, if that be deemed preferable, but states that his own idea of the matter is that the scales should be of mercerized rubber, which is nearly as lasting, more elastic and more suitable to the dealing out of justice in the high winds on the court house roof.

Mr. Swafford adds in his letter the expression of the hope that his offer will be received in the same spirit as offered, in memory of the many happy moments realized by the Swafford family in anticipation of a sudden affluence that is in its mysterious road.

Much Wanted Recipes

Pumpkin Pie—Wash your pumpkin, cut into inch pieces without peeling, scrape out all the woody fibres, put into a large kettle, adding just a little water to keep it from sticking at the bottom. Cover closely and steam gently for six or eight hours. If preferred it can be cooked in the oven instead of on the stove, or if you have a fireless cooker leave all night in that and there will be no possible danger of its scorching. Using just this tiny bit of water, the pumpkin pulp will be thoroughly cooked in its own juice. When perfectly tender, take up, cool a little, then pull off the large pieces of skin with a sharp knife.

Press through a sieve and let stand over night in a press (an ordinary earthen plate with a weight on it will answer) until the superfluous liquid is removed. When ready to bake, measure the pulp and to every five cups allow one teaspoonful salt, half a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful mace, two teaspoonfuls ginger and a large cupful sugar. Beat four eggs and stir into the pumpkin pulp, together with four cupfuls sweet milk and a half cupful cream. Beat well and taste to see if sweet enough, as there is a difference in the sweetness of pumpkins.

Turn into plates lined with a good pastry and bake three-quarters of an hour, until a golden brown and firm in the center. Our grandmothers often baked their Thanksgiving pies in square biscuit tins and always with a scalloped rim. Some old-fashioned cooks like their pumpkin pie flavored with a little rose water. Serve with good American cheese.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

TRAINED.



"Jones is testing a month—election bet."

"Dear me; that's hard!"

"Oh; not so very. He used to be an actor."

NEW NAME.



"Isn't your brother a chauffeur?"

"No, he's a taxidermist."

"Oh, I thought he drove a car—'Yas; a taxi!'"

Etiquette Women Should Follow When Dining at Men's Clubs

In many fashionable clubs for men either one part of the building is set aside for the use of women or members give the women of their families cards which permit the fair sex to lunch in the club at certain hours of the day. When this courtesy exists it may be usually extended so that a man may occasionally give such a card to a woman acquaintance. He, of course, signs his name to the check.

Under such circumstances the etiquette to be regarded is strictly laid down, and a woman who does not observe it shows herself either ignorant or thoughtless.

For a man to give his club card to one of the greatest courtesies he can show a woman, for his club is his castle, where comforts and luxuries prevail and the thought that he wishes to give her the pleasure of partaking in the society of a mark of friendliness that should be accepted with appreciation.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

An authority on shoes says that patent leather should never be kept in a cold closet or one that is put on the feet. Both degrees of heat and cold cause the leather to crack.

Instead of these extremes a spot where the heat is medium should be found. Cold is worse than heat for patent leather. When the shoes are to be put on the feet, it will preserve them the best.

There are two distinct organizations known as the Colonial Dames of America. The first was formed in 1890. The society is purely patriotic and educational in its objects, which are to collect and preserve relics, manuscripts, traditions and memories of the founders and builders of the thirteen original states of the union, and of the heroes of the war of Independence, and the memory of their deeds and achievements may be perpetuated. Also to promote celebrations of great historic events of national importance, to diffuse information on all subjects concerning American history, particularly among the young, and to cultivate the spirit of patriotism and reverence for the founders of American constitutional history.

This society has already a large membership and chapters in many states. The president is Mrs. James W. Gerard.

Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend is the president of the second organization, to which there is no admission except through colonial ancestry. It is provided that the members shall be women who are descended from some ancestor of worthy life who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1780, which ancestor, or some one of his descendants, being a loyal adherent of the applicant, shall have rendered efficient service to his country during the colonial period, either in the founding of a commonwealth, or of an institution which has survived and developed into importance, or who shall have held an important position in the colonial government and who, by distinguished services, shall have contributed to the founding of this great and powerful nation.

Services rendered after 1776 do not entitle to membership, but are accepted for supplemental application.

The society known as the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in the city of Washington, D. C., in October,

When a woman accepts such a courtesy she should be particularly careful about her conduct, and it behooves her to be quiet in manner and to do nothing contrary to the rules of the club.

For one thing, she must not pay the luncheon check. No matter how long she has possessed the card, she must sign the name of her host and the slip must go on his monthly account. For a woman to pay a luncheon check at a man's club would be enough to set the entire organization gossiping. If for any reason the woman does not wish the man to pay her check, she may make a note of the amount and give it to him personally. If a woman lunches frequently at a man's club and does not want her host to pay, she keeps a memorandum of the checks and remits the amounts to the member.

It is not good form for a woman lunching under such conditions to order drinks,

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POINT OF VIEW.

A girl in a long dress is suggested by a fairly full skirt fastened into a belt and gathered again at the bottom into a deep band of a contrasting material in the same color.

For instance, velvet or silk could be combined with Henrietta, while if you choose a figure, chalice, then plain material the color of the background should be chosen, unless the chalice comes with a border. It does, no trimming will be necessary. A full waist should be gathered into a square shallow yoke of plain goods.

The skirt should be Dutch square and finished with a tucker or made to wear with a chemise. The waist should be gathered into a belt of the plain fabric.

Cut peasant sleeves in one with the waist and finish at elbows, with the bands of the plain material.

Four cuffs, one at, lace or lingerie should meet the sleeves.

If you have the ball in mind when you speak about the footwear, by all means wear slippers.

WOW!



"Did you notice that Gus gave me his first dance last evening?" "Yes, dear. He told me afterward he believed in getting disagreeable things done as soon as possible!"