

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Dottie Dialogues

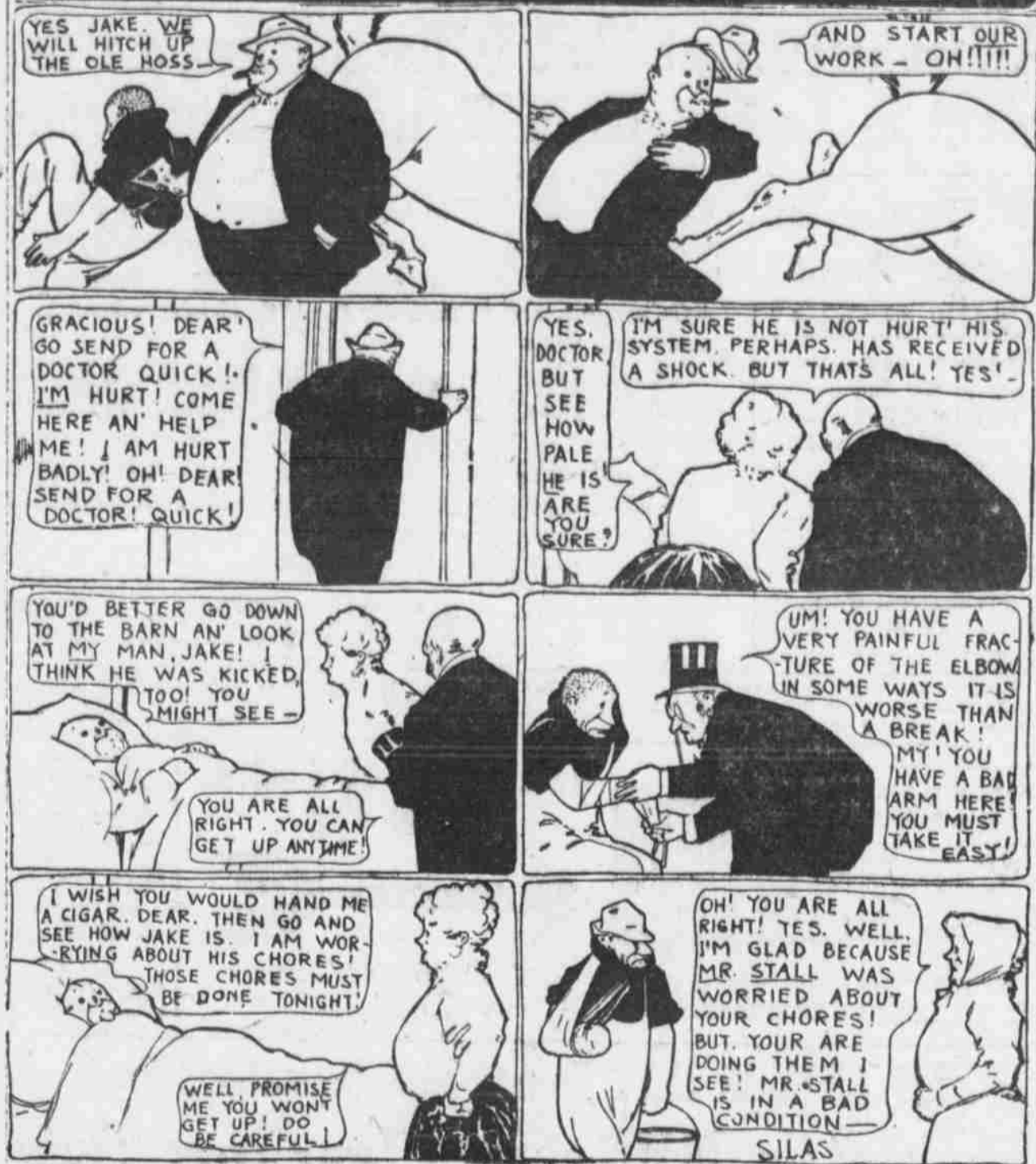
Nothing Sphinxlike in This Melange of Spring Talk.

"And so the sphynx wasn't a woman, acclaimed Dottie, to make talk."  
 "Naturally, seeing it kept silence for thousands of years," I retorted.  
 "Meaning men always keep a secret?" she demanded unbelievably.  
 "Why, only a few weeks ago a man editor said he'd go to jail before he'd tell who told him," I offered.  
 "Men ought to be put in jail for being so close mouthed," she asserted.  
 "Men belong to the six best sellers," I chortled.  
 "I suppose a man who declared he wouldn't say a word wouldn't even pronounce his own sentence," she murmured.  
 "He could serve his fine out quicker by keeping silence, because silence is golden," I explained. "But don't feel so bad because the sphynx turned out to be the image of a man."  
 "A sphynx can go 5,000 years without talking, but who'd be a sphynx?" she paraphrased.  
 "The head was carved from a knob of natural rock," I added.  
 "How lifelike," she exclaimed.  
 "Man doesn't throw words around carelessly," I declared. "he puts them under cover."  
 "Suppose you mean Noah Webster?" she inferred.  
 "Well, you, at least, don't have to do much talking."  
 "How true," I admitted. "But why?"  
 "That suit makes enough noise for you," she criticized.  
 "What? This little spring poem of a suit?" I cried, indignant.  
 "You could be indicted," she observed, coldly.  
 "And why?" I quothed.  
 "For circulating a bad check," she explained, "gazing at my snappy suitings for snappy people."  
 "It's an indorsed check—I indorsed it," I defended.  
 "I hadn't looked at the back," she responded.  
 "Speaking of checks—aren't there a draft in the room?" I demanded.  
 "I don't suppose you would honor it," she replied.  
 "Friend of mine in the suburbs has started his garden again," I informed. "I saw him going for the train loaded with a garden kit."  
 "Should think he'd fear the kit would scratch up the garden," she objected.  
 "There won't be any catnip in his garden," I assured.  
 "What's he planting?" she asked.  
 "Oh, broken bottles, weeds, tin cans and sticks," I added carelessly.  
 "How absurd," she exclaimed in disgust. "Who ever heard of anyone planting such things?"  
 "Well, he's original and expects it's a poor rule that won't work two ways," I diagrammed. Last year he planted pansies, roses, geraniums, lettuce, asparagus and tomatoes, and he got a swell crop of broken bottles, weeds, tin cans and sticks. So this year he's going to see if it reverses."  
 "I suppose he spends his leisure time spading his garden?" she surmised, "or does he call a spade a spade?"  
 "Sure, but I wouldn't tell you what he called the hoe when he stepped on it and it flew up to smite his nose," I hinted.  
 "I don't believe spring makes one so laxy," she insisted. "Now if the imagination you took to concoct that silly story had been directed to some useful object!"  
 "Say no more," said I, hastily stepping over and sitting down beside her. "The most useful object in sight—and ornamental."



"I wish you would hand me a cigar, dear. Then go and see how Jake is. I am working about his chores. Those chores must be done tonight!"  
 "Well, promise me you won't get up! Do be careful!"  
 "You are all right. Yes, well, I'm glad because Mr. Stall was worried about your chores! But, your are doing them I see! In a bad condition—Silas!"  
 "You'd better go down to the barn and look at my man, Jake! I think he was kicked. Too! You might see—"  
 "Yes, doctor, but see how pale he is. Are you sure?"  
 "I'm sure he is not hurt! His system, perhaps, has received a shock, but that's all! Yes!"  
 "Yes, Jake, we will hitch up the ole hoss."  
 "And start our work—on it!"

## POOR JAKE



## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



April 26, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Alice Altman, 1812 Willis Ave.	Lake	1899
Enil W. Bloom, 4321 California St.	Saunders	1899
Gladys H. Bruner, 3401 Decatur St.	Franklin	1896
Charles Hugbee, 2624 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1896
Imelda Branchert, 4154 Chicago St.	Saunders	1905
John Brinner, 1418 Westfield Ave.	St. Joseph	1903
George A. Conkling, 3036 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1905
Clifford Cedarholm, 4011 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Adel Davis, 1514 Cuming St.	Cass	1901
Edward J. Erath, 1219 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1894
Pearl Ettleman, 3118 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1901
Leah Filvinsky, 1920 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1901
Clara L. French, 3874 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Ralph Ford, Forty-eighth and Seward Sts.	Walnut Hill	1896
Marie Gutzscher, 4671 Marry St.	Beals	1904
Jama Groves, 2613 Rees St.	Train	1903
Rachel Hager, 4510 North Thirty-fourth Ave.	High	1895
Lulu Hansen, 2315 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1900
Walter Hays, 2010 Oak St.	Vinton	1894
Lillian Hoffman, 2428 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1893
Charlene Johnson, 4327 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1899
Annie E. Jenkins, 1921 Binney St.	Lothrop	1900
Joseph Kemmy, 1615 Oak St.	St. Patrick	1904
Hazel E. Laven, 3343 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Madeline Morgen, 2620 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lake	1903
Vincent Musgrave, 1904 Ohio St.	Lake	1903
Nels C. Nelson, 3229 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1892
Mildred Nicklas, 3012 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1892
Lillian O'Connor, 3316 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Ervin Robinson, 2825 Cass St.	Webster	1904
Dorothy Ronk, 3423 Mason St.	Columbian	1903
Allan D. Ryan, 2756 Lake St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Margaret Staines, 2218 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1899
John Swanson, 831 South Twenty-second St.	High	1894
Elmer Samler, 1914 Castellar St.	Castellar	1898
Bella Smith, 1504 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1900
Karoline Schuman, 1410 William St.	Comentus	1895
Dewey Schuman, 131 South Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1899
George Sherman, 3302 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Ralph W. Seals, 3308 Blondo St.	Franklin	1899
Florence Stinson, 2464 North Twentieth St.	Castellar	1893
Albert Soseman, 6302 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1905
Joseph Thorp, 2020 Valley St.	Vinton	1903
Lois Terrell, 3303 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1897
Margaret Werrebroeck, 2622 Hamilton St.	Long	1896
Elbert Wahlstrom, 2823 Cass St.	Webster	1894
Eva V. Wahlstrom, 2823 Cass St.	Webster	1894
Gustaf Wahlstrom, 1521 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1897

## Tabloid History of the Presidents

William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States, was a son of Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of another Benjamin Harrison, who became the twenty-third president. William Harrison was born in Virginia on February 9, 1773.  
 He was himself a splendid Indian fighter, and during the war of 1812 it was his brilliant leadership at the battle of the Thames, following immediately after Perry's victory on Lake Erie, which gave the United States the possession of the chain of lakes above Erie and put an end to the war in uppermost Canada.  
 In 1819 he was elected to the senate of Ohio, and in 1822 was a candidate for congress. He was defeated, however, because of his vote against the admission of Missouri with the restriction prohibiting slavery in that state. He was a presidential elector in 1824 and became a United States senator that same year.  
 He resigned from congress in 1838 to accept the post of minister to the United States of Colombia, an appointment made by President John Quincy Adams. He was recalled by President Andrew Jackson and retired to his farm at North Bend, Ind.  
 Here he was living quietly when in 1835 several states nominated him for president, but Martin Van Buren received 170 votes against his seventy-three. Four years later, at the national whig convention, he was nominated, with John Tyler of West Virginia as vice president. Martin Van Buren was re-nominated.  
 The succeeding election was one of the most exciting and picturesque in the history of the country. It is remembered as "The Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign" because of the fact that part of General Harrison's home was the log cabin built by an earlier settler in Ohio, and that Harrison's "table, instead of being covered with exciting wines, was well supplied with the best cider."  
 Harrison won the day. His new cabinet was chosen with commendable judgment and a successful administration was anticipated. On April 4, 1841, just one month after his inauguration, however, the president died, a victim of pneumonia.  
 As he lay on his deathbed the dying president, imagining that he was addressing his successor, exclaimed: "Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of the government. I desire them carried out—nothing more!"  
 branch road," said the shoe drummer, bitingly.  
 "I'd like ter call yer attention ter one fact before you go on usin' any more such language," answered the ticket agent, calmly, "and that is, that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only thirty-five cents an hour."—Post.



It all depends.  
 "How would you like to stand here with shells bursting around you?" the general demanded.  
 "Well," replied the actor, "it all depends on the age of the egg."

## Sophie's Sayings

Riches may not bring happiness, but neither does poverty.  
 When a man does anything he is sorry for he falls back on the old Adam's apple excuse.  
 The eyes are the windows of the soul, but sometimes the glass is smoked.  
 Affinity only earns its name after the test of apprenticeship in the realm of realism.  
 Anticipation is the elixir of love, realization the bitter sweet, and retrospection the bad taste.  
 For a girl a man's automobile stands between him and his shortcomings.  
 When personalities creep in love crawls out.  
 Some spirits of philanthropy have a rebate attachment on posterity.  
 Soul mates are not always sole mates.  
 —Sophie Irene Loeb in Pittsburg Dispatch.

## Nubs of Knowledge

In Borneo elongated ear lobes are considered a mark of beauty.  
 Italy's colonies equal twice her own size, those of Germany five times her size.  
 The Nelson monument in Trafalgar square, London, was erected at a cost of \$24,000.  
 The longest span of wire in the world is 4,000 feet in length. It is used for a telegraph in India, running over the River Kettnah.  
 The deepest gold mine in the world is at Bendigo, in Australia. Its main shaft is sunk to a depth of 3,900 feet, or nearly sixty feet short of three-quarters of a mile.  
 A novelty in pawnshops is to be found in Ichang, China. The town contains a small pawnshop in a magistrate's office, run by the prisoners. The rate of interest is about 3 farthings per 100 per month, except during the last three months of the year, when it is reduced to about 1/2 penny.  
 The king and the queen of England receive \$2,300,000 in annuities from the British people for their support. The king receives other revenues which amount to about \$600,000 a year.  
 The farmer is regarded as the longest lived American. His life averages 64 years. Lawyers average 52.5; merchants, 48; mechanics, 47; seamen, 46; and laborers, 44.5.  
 In the metropolis of London there is an average of one policeman to every 424 people.

## Learned Quickly

An old country woman asked a young lady, "How long have you been learning the piano?"  
 "Two years," was the reply.  
 "My, what a time!" exclaimed the old dame. "Our Jack got a gramophone an' he could play it off the first shot!"

## The Baby Brother

Little Love sat upon her father's knee and held his big watch in her hands, while he stroked her curls and told her how much he loved her, but little Love said never a word, although she winked hard and now and then her lips trembled.  
 Father drew her close and hugged her to him and said: "What ails my dearie? Tell father all about it."  
 Then it came out with a rush of words, half sad, half angry.  
 "Mother was lost all day," she cried. "Grandmother said she would be back soon, but soon didn't come. I waited and waited all afternoon by the window, until it grew dark and then I cried for her. Grandmother took me upstairs and there was mother in her bed and a strange pretty lady in a white dress. The strange lady brought me a bundle and showed me a queer little doll that squeaked."  
 "Is it yours?" I asked the strange lady.  
 "No," she said. "It is your little brother."  
 "I don't want any brother," I said. "There's father and mother and me, and that's enough. Take it away. You go up and send it away, father."  
 "Little Love," said father, "if you will let the baby brother stay, he will grow up and be very nice to play with, and mother will let you rock him and hold him, just like the doll babies."  
 "Will mother rock me and hold me, too," asked Little Love.  
 "Yes, indeed," said father, "and so shall I."  
 Little Love smiled. "He may stay," she said.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to the Girl Who Giggles

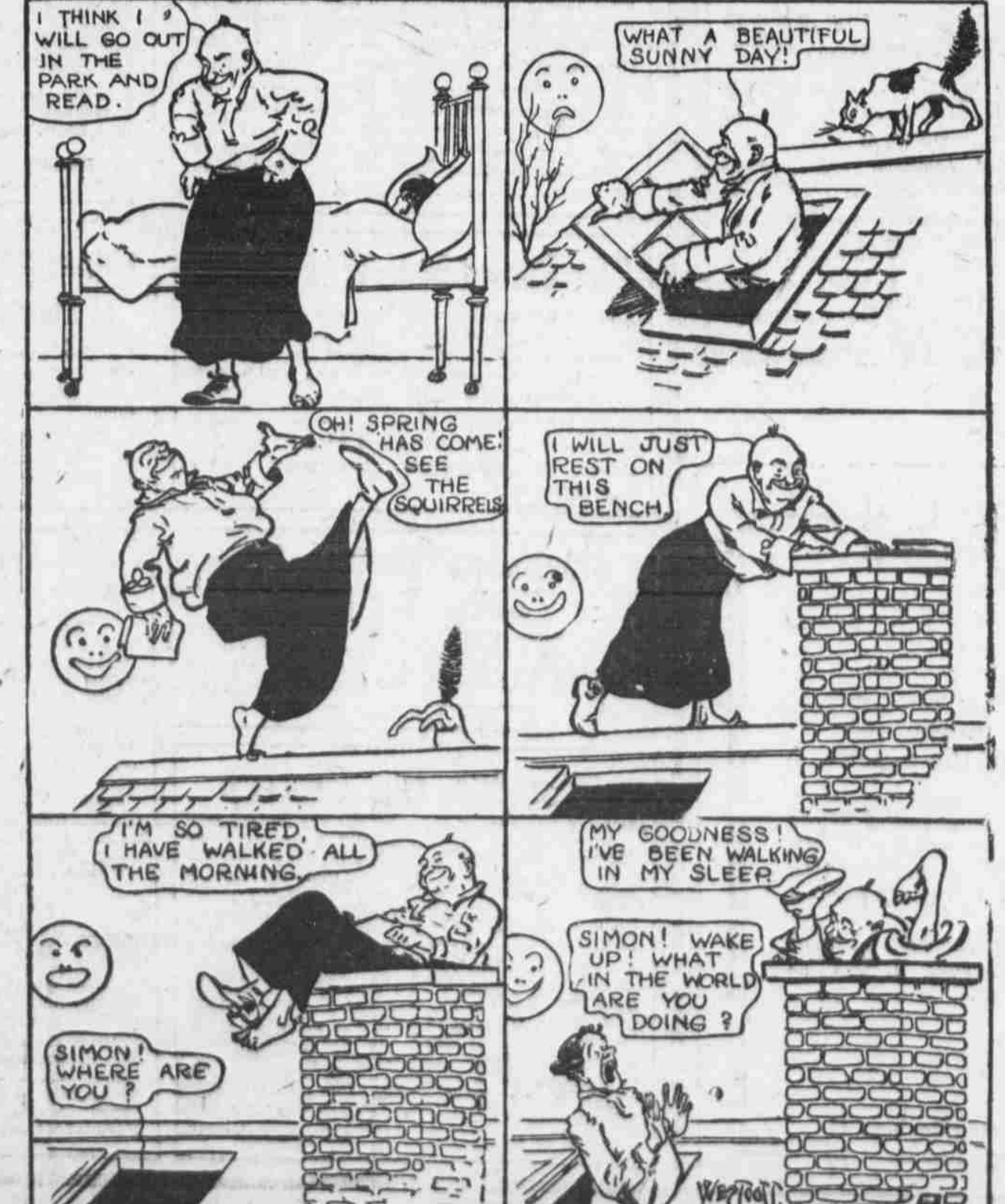


The man with you was embarrassed and indignant. So were some of the rest of us who happened to be visiting the national shrine. Your laughter could not hurt the hero buried there, but it did hurt several things scarcely less important. It hurt the man's idea of you. Yes, I'll wager that you laughed without any deep thought. You were not trying to show that you ridiculed a national ideal. Probably you would have flushed and your nice brown eyes would have blazed with anger if you had suspected that you were blamed with such irreverence. I feel perfectly sure that you laughed at some trivial thing that was probably connected with something that occurred before you entered the sacred edifice.  
 But the man did not like your laughter. And we could not know what prompted it. So our hearts leaped up as they might have done if some foreigner had seemed to utter a word that was previous to our country.

You cannot afford to lessen the sacredness of objects or of places that are shrines to many people. It is a girl's dearest privilege to stand for the best always. That is what women are for. And every time you fail to do it, you lessen your own value. I cannot help wondering if that man with you was your lover. And does he love you now as well as before you laughed there? Or is there a sense of disappointment in you to weaken his regard? I wish I knew.  
 There is a queer, weird place in the crypt under the cathedral at Bremen. Hundreds of years ago a workman busy on the tower fell and was killed. His body was placed in the cellar and forgotten. Forty years after it was found, still retaining an appearance of such lifelikeness that everyone was amazed. Now there are five other bodies there, all preserved by some property of the place. The sun and air enter the small windows. Yet birds and rabbits hung there by scientists never de-

compose. Besides the mystery of death and its sacredness, there is a great scientific mystery baffling all the scientists of the world.  
 And I saw an American girl deliberately "punch" the pillow on which a Swedish countess rested, just to see "if it was soft." We can talk about our national sense of humor and make it serve for a while as a cover for our irreverence. We did succeed in fixing that idea of us in the minds of foreigners. But we cannot deceive ourselves all the time. And, more especially, girls cannot deceive men. Men want to love women who love the holy, noble, good things. And girls who go round to tombs giggling and insist on punching their umbrellas into the coffins of the respected dead, are going to meet some dreary experience if they do not reform. You cannot laugh at the good and the great in this world—and get husbands that have either quality.

## SOMNAMBULISTIC SIMON



## Fell Down on Latin

He was a British workman, and he had so many children that he used to call the roll before the Sunday dinner to make sure that they were all there. His wife was bringing in the steaming joint; it was time to begin.  
 "Ebert!" he cried.  
 "Ere, pa!"  
 "Orace!"  
 "Ere, pa!"  
 "Esekiah!"  
 "Ere, pa!"  
 "Emery!"  
 "Emery," who had just begun to study Latin, decided to show off his learning.  
 "Adam!" he bawled.  
 For a few moments his father regarded him with baleful eyes.  
 "Oh, you've 'ad some 'ave yer!" he growled at last. "Well, you jist git away, then, an' make room for them as ain't!"

## One on McCutcheon

George Barr McCutcheon was waiting for a train in Chicago, and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best sellers displayed on the newsstand counter.  
 He picked it up, wrote his name on the flyleaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly:  
 "Hey, mister, come back here. You've got to buy this book, 'cause you've spoiled it by writing your name in it."  
 "Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked.  
 "That doesn't make no difference," the lad insisted, "nobody's want to buy it now."  
 And hearing his train called by Mr. McCutcheon was forced to pay real money for one of his own books.