

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein The Evacuation of New York.

Well, I see the George family is making trouble for us again," said Show-Me Smith, the eminent dealer in home-made history, "though I suppose we'll have a quiet summer on account of it."

"What George family?" I asked, wondering what he'd discovered now.

"Why, George King—George V. King," answered Show-Me, "the man that's the cause of the evacuation of New York."

"Oh, I see," I said, "you mean King George III."

"No; that's the George that invented it. Every day's evacuation day now in New York, and all on account of your uncle, George V. I suppose George Three gave him a transfer good for another evacuation day. More's likely, though, it was a rein check—good for another vacation."

"Anyway, every dollar I get close to nowadays seems to be outward bound with a couple or three Americans tied to it. The other time, a hundred years or so ago as near as I can figure it out, it was mostly British who were on their way, and the folks who were seeing them didn't care a continental about whether crowns were pinned on straight or sideways."

"These evacuation days are different, though. They tell me they're hanging out the sails of every boat over to London begging the captain to tell 'em where they can get rid of their money quickest. Pa-thetic signs are witnessed at the dock every day when some poor fellow with a couple of millions in loose change is left behind in the rush and has to get rid of his cash in the slow old New York way."

"I'll bet not more'n half of these coronations see the lid put on George at that, for they tell me the house was sold long ago and the ticket speculators have all closed out."

"That first evacuation day you couldn't have hired a New Yorker to take a run over with the lurch, have a look at a king and slip a landlord a couple of dollars for a week's board. Maybe it was because New York wouldn't average



"EVERY DAY'S EVACUATION DAY NOW."

more'n \$4 a head those days—I don't know.

"Good morning," I says to an evacuation day celebrator at the docks the other day, "have you got seats in the grandstand?"

"Seats in the grandstand?" says he, "sir, I have bought the whole grandstand and had a hotel thrown in. I'm thinking of leasing a gallery in the Abbey, too. I'm no piker."

"No," I says, "you're only shopping. Bong voyage. Enjoy yourself!"

"That first evacuation day didn't seem to make little old New York very lonesome and maybe these days won't, either, but what gets me is how we're going to get the money back."

"These 1911 evacuation day folks may be all right, but I got a look at three perfectly good kings last night and it only cost me \$15, and I didn't have to go to London, either."

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate



May 25, 1911.

MARY PHILLIPS, 1008 South Thirtieth Avenue.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
John Augh, 3234 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1890
Capitola Butts, 2815 Hamilton St.	Long	1900
Warren Breckenridge, 3611 Jackson St.	High	1893
Edwin J. Bradley, 1816 Dodge St.	Saunders	1905
Edward R. Chrisa, 4031 Wirt St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Rose Cohn, 3005 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1902
Wilbur Cadwalder, 2111 Grant St.	Lake	1906
Evereth Charnquist, 1309 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1899
John H. Dennison, 1617 Burdette St.	Lake	1900
Emma Ely, 2013 Cass St.	Central	1904
Mona M. Edington, 2007 St. Mary's Ave.	Leavenworth	1904
William M. Foral, 1418 Pierce St.	Comenius	1903
James Gasson, 1920 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Merel Gilliam, Twenty-fourth St. and Woolworth Ave.	Mason	1903
Charles Hunter, 2112 Lake St.	High	1895
Dorothy R. Hearle, 2336 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1903
Grace Hansen, 2526 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Albert Honack, 1701 North Thirty-first St.	Franklin	1903
Mary Hanisowski, 2566 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1898
May E. Johnson, 3115 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Eily Jensen, 3036 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Vinton	1900
Daniel Jones, 915 Castellar St.	St. Patrick	1896
Annetta Keiner, 1602 Military Ave.	High	1893
Annie Keiser, 1020 Lincoln Ave.	Lincoln	1899
Genevieve La Chapelle, 2711 South Fourteenth St.	Bancroft	1904
Clarence Lindeman, 2858 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Violet Larson, 2516 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1901
Rose Lykaehkin, 1422 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1903
Hazel Lindbloom, 607 North Forty-first Ave.	Saunders	1903
William Sidney Littell, 3324 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1905
Gertrude Maytham, 2959 Farnam St.	High	1893
Kent Mead, 1042 Georgia Ave.	High	1896
Leonard McGowan, 2414 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1905
Dorothy M. Merriam, 2654 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1899
Kathrin McArdle, 1307 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1896
Florence Nelsen, 2604 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1900
Elsie M. Norton, 2508 Saratoga St.	Saratoga	1897
Josephine Nusarallak, 1122 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1905
Mary Phillips, 1008 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1904
Bernice Peake, 1924 South Thirty-fifth St.	Windsor	1900
Garfield Przanowski, 2813 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1903
Frederick W. Retz, 4723 North Fourteenth Ave.	Sherman	1905
Frank Resnick, 1622 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1895
Walter A. Renne, 2913 Harney St.	Farnam	1901
Frank Sahan, 4425 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1902
William Schwarick, 4541 Grant St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Emil Storz, 1901 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1898
Mary Trummer, 2216 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
James Valentine, 1808 California St.	Cass	1896
Warren E. Weymouth, 2810 Castellar St.	Windsor	1900
Bertha Wiederkehr, 2815 Meredith Ave.	Sacred Heart	1898
Barbara Zeth, 1917 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904

Tabloid History of the Presidents

Eighteenth in the list of presidents stand Ulysses Simpson Grant, the famous general who conducted several of the stirring campaigns in the civil war. He was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, on April 27, 1822, and died at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N. Y., on July 23, 1885.

Grant's ancestors came to America and settled in Dorchester, Mass., in 1630. He was the oldest of six children and spent his boyhood on his father's farm, which was more congenial to him than the work in his father's tannery. After attending the village school he was appointed in the spring of 1839 to a West point cadetship, and when he graduated from the military academy in 1843 he stood twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine.

His first fighting was in the Mexican war where he rendered brilliant service and rose to the rank of captain, besides winning the personal praise of General Worth. He resigned his commission in 1844 and retired to the life of a farmer and a stockkeeper until the outbreak of the war, when he entered the army as a volunteer. His brilliant victories on the Mississippi were followed by his Virginia campaign, with its fierce fighting, culminating in the final movement of the national forces which Grant gathered around Richmond. After ten days' marching and fighting, the campaign was ended. Petersburg and Richmond were taken, Grant pursued and overtook Lee, who surrendered to him at Appomattox court house.

In Grant's presidential election in 1869, Virginia, Mississippi and Texas did not participate, not having complied with the "reconstruction" requirements of congress. During the first year of his administration,



HOWEVER, these three states were restored and the reconstruction was consummated. Grant served two terms. One of the most important events of his administration was the adoption of the fifteenth amendment to the constitution, which guaranteed to all citizens of the United States the right of suffrage without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude.

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Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to Breaking-In Process



Cannibals have all sorts of ways that are doubtlessly humorous and delightful to them, of preparing the victual victim for the boiling pot. But they are always marked by a superabundant of fat-producing kindness. Apparently they want to reduce the mental energy—and consequently suffering—to a minimum so that layers and layers of adipose may accumulate successively on the bony framework of the human delicacy they mean to devour.

But the head hunters of a department store have no such tender mercy. They want to "break in" the new business woman with every form of torture possible. They want to tear down her womanly reserve. They want to shock her into insensibility, and, eventually, into participation in their slangy and even profane manners of speech.

Yes, I am talking about girls, the girls who were salesladies and models in a certain fashionable suit store particularly inspire the trade.

And the victim of their "breaking-in" mistreatment was a young designer who took her first business position among them.

"She began by 'begging pardon' when she passed in front of one of them. And 'out it!' was the elegant response her courtesies met. When she happened to mention a book she had been reading as an interruption of the stream of gossip that was making the air of her small studio uncomfortable she was squelched with 'Get on to the high-board!'

Her hours were somewhat shorter than the hours of the salesladies. I call them that because they like it, not because this particular group deserve it. They began heckling her with side remarks about her being "too nifty for their bunch."

There was a carefully preserved state of belligerence between the employees and the woman in charge of the department. The woman frankly called the salesladies by a name that cannot be published. And, judging from the way they behaved the term was at fault only in its inadequacy to do them full justice.

Business women, they called themselves! And it would have taken hard scratching to find more than half a dozen among the twenty of them who had the least desire to give their services in return for their salaries. They worked because they had to, and they did as little as they could and still be retained.

The designer was "broken in." So completely broken in that she left the place at the end of two weeks in an ambulance. And the burden of her wailing delirium was, "I'm sorry I apologized for stepping on your toe! I won't do it again!" or "I'll never be refined again if you think I do it just to act smart!"

The sister who came to watch beside her bed was amazed at the queer pleas. But she knows now that the barbarity of so-called business women made a perfect inferno of the hospital. And she found the comment on the kindness of girls to each other!

Queer Croesus

"Millionaire Brown" is an American citizen who, for the last twenty-two years, has lived on a yacht moored in the river off the little English port of Brightlingsea. He has been a good friend to the little town and now the decision of the king's bench division that Brown is a resident in England and must therefore pay income tax, is causing much anxiety among the inhabitants of Brightlingsea, who quite expect to wake up one morning to find an empty berth and some distant smoke on the horizon.

Harvard Brown has hitherto been free not only from payment of income tax, but also of harbor dues and rates. At one time he had a modest hulk, afterwards he bought from a peer of the realm the yacht which he now inhabits, the Valfray. The price paid is said to have been \$50,000, so little wonder he is dubbed "Millionaire Brown" and is sought by the income tax man.

Brightlingsea has some quaint yarns about his passion for generosity and indiscriminate charity. He has been known to scatter gold in the street and to dip his hand in a bag of sovereigns and oblige visitors who have rowed out to his yacht to ask for money.

The Valfray has a crew of about twenty men who are more like the liveried staff of a duke's town house than the sailors of a yacht. But it is always kept under steam ready to put to sea at a moment's notice, though it rarely shifts its anchorage.

Farm Sinks in a Hole

Much excitement has been caused in the vicinity of the home of John Goebel, in Armstrong township, eleven miles north of Evansville, Ind., by the sinking of a patch of ground on Goebel's farm, says the Indianapolis News. Near Mr. Goebel's house to sink the bed of the pond, cracked and in places disappeared through the bottom into the earth. The pond is now filled with large cracks.

The sunken ground is in the shape of a hen's egg, and is pointed at one end. The trees are standing intact, but several large crevices have appeared among them. Mr. Goebel says people he has talked to are of the opinion that there is a large cave underneath his farm. He has stuck poles through the cracks in the sunken ground to a depth of ten feet or more and failed to reach bottom. Mr. Goebel's house is about ten steps from the sunken orchard.

Good Chance to Work

George W. Perkins who has withdrawn from the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. to devote himself to the great life questions of the day said at a recent dinner in New York:

"Ours is a country of phenomenal prosperity. There is no such prosperity anywhere else on earth. Here we have work in fact we have such a scarcity of labor that the western farmer was hardly joking when he inserted in the newspapers this want ad:

"Wanted—Harvest hands. Hired girl blond and pleasant. Phonograph music during meals. Pie three times a day. Six lumps of sugar to each cup of coffee. Hammocks, leather divans, cosy corners, feather beds. Rising hour, 10 a. m. Organ concert every evening. Free chewing and smoking. Come one, come all."

Let the Bell Alone.

Wearily Voice from Doorway—My dear sir, I have absolutely no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor to your standing on the doorstep for three hours saying good-night. But in consideration for the rest of the household who wish to get sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the bell-push?—London Opinion.

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.



"I saw you in the subway yesterday, Mr. Laxby."

"Did you? Why, I didn't see you."

"I suppose not. I was standing."

Tabloid Truths

Tell a woman she is dull and she is apt to disprove it by outting you.

The next best thing to profiting by our mistakes is not to make any.

The girl with freckles has an advantage over the leopard, who cannot change his spots.

A little change in the pocket is worth two in the weather.

Many a man gets a pretty bad fall from being thrown on his own resources.

Married couples should remember that a heated argument is a poor substitute for a furnace fire.

Why should a man make a fool of himself when there are so many women anxious to do the job?

About the most useless thing in the world is to offer a reward for the return of a lost opportunity.

Beating the Cold

"At 60 degrees below," said an Alaskan, recently in Seattle, "the exposed ears, hands or nose will freeze in going a quarter of a mile under ordinary circumstances; but the children go and come from school as usual without suffering from the cold provided their faces and hands are protected.

"They soon get used to it. But caution must be used to avoid drawing the cold air into the lungs, and it is dangerous to breathe through the mouth. More die from pneumonia brought on by freezing the lungs in that way than from any other form of exposure. Horses are protected by breathing bags, which extend down from the nose of the animal about eighteen inches and are open at the bottom. The breath which is exhaled warms the air in the bag before it is inhaled and drawn into the lungs. And men wear a 'parky' or headress which extends over the face and affords similar protection.

"In the Canadian districts the northwest mounted police regulate the treatment of horses on the freight wagons and stage lines in a most humane manner, so as to prevent them from suffering in this way."

American Men a Race of Worms

Every spring one hears the anxious inquiry, "Is it safe for American women to travel unaccompanied?" Presumably the answer given, in most cases is reassuring, for every year increases the exodus of American women to the Elysian fields across the pond.

A woman whose lack of an escort has not prevented her from going wherever she liked, says the New York Sun: "The tourists are women, in overwhelming preponderance; women traveling in parties, in pairs and even singly. Most of the women are spinsters; most of the spinsters are school teachers. There is a sprinkling of elderly dowagers, a handful of young girls, a few money-mooching couples, and a conspicuous absence of young matrons, who, it may safely be asserted, pessimists to the contrary, are occupied at home with the demands of husbands and young children.

"I remember one trip abroad in which the unmarried girls element so boxed comprised one Roman Catholic priest, one school superintendent and three little boys. On that occasion deck flirtations were infrequent, and one woman remarked plaintively that she somehow felt herself entitled to a bonus or other sign of appreciation from the other passengers, because, inasmuch as she had contributed two out of the three little boys.

"The Continental mind cannot seem to fathom the reason why the American man—with his two weeks' vacation—does not come to climb the crags of Switzerland as the Englishman spends his holiday. European tourists are not so much interested in themselves; it is because American men are a race of worms. Year in and year out they work themselves to the bone in pork packing establishments, with the thermometer standing never above zero in the winter, never below 30 in summer. Meanwhile their heartless women are gallivanting through the capitals of Europe, squandering the ill gotten gains of their husbands and fathers upon purple hats and the lingerie.

"One might think that if anything could dispel this illusion it would be the bands of sobbing, wretched women who form the mass of American tourists abroad. Yet the middle class Frenchman or Italian clings to the idea of the American woman abroad which he has gained from the newspapers—the heiress of untold millions in search of a husband with a title. And as the conversation goes on volubly at the restaurant table, the little dun colored cheeks from Ypsilanti, Mich., U. S. A., who has scrippled and saved money for many years to take this trip before she dies and to stand just once before the tomb of Napoleon, with Baecker in hand, listens. Her so-called entrance requirement knowledge of French is slight, but she is able to gather that it is the sense of the meeting that the American woman—personified in herself and a trained nurse from Nebraska, who does not catch their drift at all—is beyond all doubt the most prodigal and unscrupulous of her sex, devoid of domestic and womanly virtues.

"Having heard the situation as concisely summed up, the little teacher excuses herself with a smile to betake herself to the privacy of her own room, where

Walkers Before Weston

Robert Barclay Allardice, a Scotch captain in the British army, who was born in 1779 and died in 1854, was a noted pedestrian. At the age of 15 he walked six miles within an hour. When he was 20 he covered 150 miles on foot in two days, and in June, 1801, in excessively hot weather, he walked 300 miles in five days. His most surprising performance was walking 1,000 miles in 100 successive hours. A half million dollars was staked on the result.

In 1815 Josiah Eaton walked 1,000 miles in a similar number of consecutive hours.

At Sheffield, England, in 1850, Richard Manks walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, commencing each mile at the beginning of each hour. He was completely exhausted at the expiration of the task, and for a time it was thought that he would die, but he finally recovered his strength.

A New York woman in 1887 walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. She was only obliged to finish a mile in each hour, and thus, by walking two miles at a time, contrived to get an hour and a half of uninterrupted sleep. At the completion of her feat she had a long, restful slumber and awoke in possession of her usual health and vigor.

When a great man is laid in his grave, lies of malice are apt to give way to lies of adulation.

THOSE KIND FRIENDS



"I shall never marry."

"Don't say that. Some one may leave you a fortune, one of these days."

Can You Beat It?

