

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

The Insurgents of A. Burr.

"With a falling water supply in Little Old Manhattan and with our national insurgents slaking in the heat down Washington way," said Show-Me Smith, the eminent historian, "I can't help wondering how it would happen now if our old friend fellow insurgent Aaron Burr, came back and went into politics again."

"Not that the failure of the water supply bothers me any, and, being from Missouri, I'm naturally an insurgent myself, but if Aaron came back there would be something doing in twenty-four hours. As near as I can figure out, your Uncle Aaron was the original insurgent. He got out on the running a shooting gallery and insurrection he was establishing a few water works for the benefit of the good people of New York. And every time the town got a new water works they found they had a new bank. The bank was always thrown in with the water works—probably to hold most of the water. Export duster in fire and water was Aaron. He gave the water to New York and reserved the fire for Washington. Maybe that's what is still heating 'em up down there."

"Nowadays insurgents seem to be satisfied if they scrape together a few fragments to form a brand new party, but when your Uncle Aaron got out on the insurgent warpath nothing like a cheap new political party did him. He wanted a whole new government along with it, and he let it be generally known that he wasn't sporting any crowns if he had a few handy."

"Being handy with a gun, Aaron could pick off any standpatter who didn't happen to agree with him. He'd have made things a heap more interesting than they were in the house last winter by using a forty-four instead of an argument."

"We'll just cut out all this republican stuff," says Aaron, "and have a nice little home-made monarchy, and if there's nobody around wants to be king I'll take the job. Anybody objecting to this had better step down to the gallery and practice a while."

"As Aaron was using a hefty horse pistol for a gavel at the time, there were no objections, and he proceeded to draw the plans and specifications for a complete kingdom with all modern improvements."

"There were to be no useless government appendages like the senate or the house, and all the taxes were to be paid direct to the crown, the director the better. The White House was to be entirely redecorated and moved out west somewhere, and they were going to turn Washington into a pleasant little winter resort."

"It was a fine scheme and pretty nearly went through."

"What was the matter with it?"

"Oh, somebody slipped Aaron a box of



HELPING HIMSELF TO A CROWN.

blank cartridges and the standpatters were able to sit up and turn it down hard." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Contrary Misfortunes.

"Jagbly certainly does have all kinds of trouble."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He got himself an automobile and it blew up. Then he got an aeroplane."

"What happened to that?"

"It blew down."—Baltimore American.

"Well, I'm convinced that it's an ill wind that blows good to nobody."

"What has caused you to arrive at your present opinion?"

"You know the Billingers?"

"You mean Horace Billinger, who recently got so badly squeezed in the stock market?"

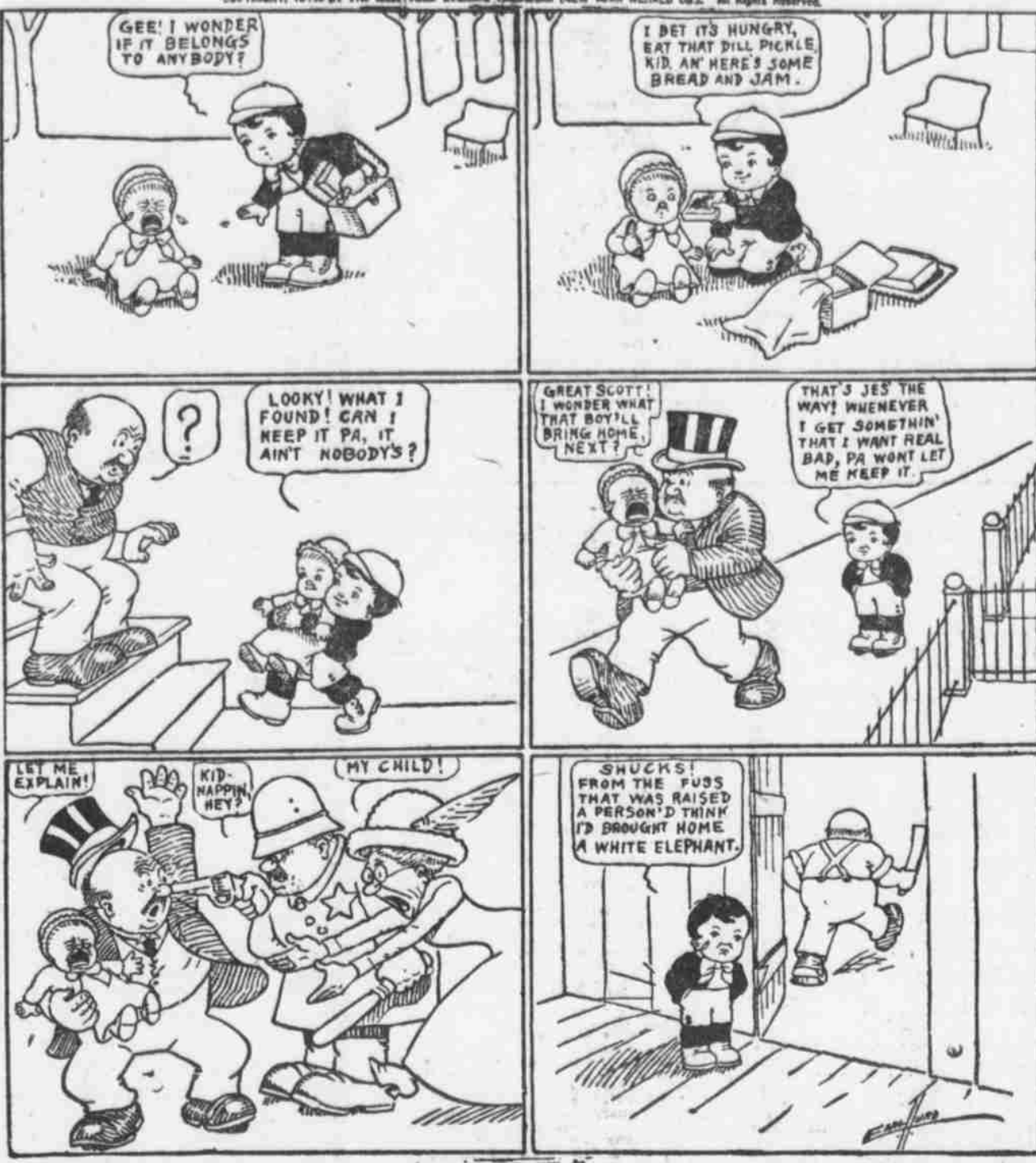
"Yes. You see, we lived next door to the Billingers for a number of years. Since they have lost their money and been compelled to give up their automobiles and discharge most of their servants and in other ways get along on as little as possible, my wife has found out that we can live on much less than it formerly cost us."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hang Him.

Juggins—Who was it that said if he could make the songs of the people he wouldn't care who made the laws?

"Muggins—Don't know. But if he's the chap nowadays I'd just like to have the making of the laws a little while. That's all.—Red Hen.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 30, 1911.

BERTHA CLAUSEN, 808 South Twenty-fourth Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Clayton Adams, 4730 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1905
Walter Anderson, 3421 Mason St.	Columbian	1904
Josie Adam, 1921 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Frank Bendorf, 1501 Sprague St.	Saratoga	1899
Robert Bogacz, 2624 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Bertha Clausen, 808 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1900
Ruth Cohn, 3005 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1902
Frederick D. Chesbro, 2618 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park	1897
Bernadetta Connad, 2804 Bristol St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Leslie Curtis, 2602 South Thirty-second St.	Windoor	1902
Ora Belle Daniels, 3117 South Fourteenth St.	Castellar	1896
Henry W. Deutch, 1728 South Eighth St.	Lincoln	1903
Frank Englab, 525 South Fifty-first St.	Farnam	1902
Helen Elsasser, 2706 South Eighteenth St.	German Lutheran	1897
Annie Epstein, 1903 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1904
Ben Elliott, 4825 Poppleton Ave.	Beals	1901
Pauline M. Frost, 3224 Charles St.	Franklin	1895
Elsie Fricke, 3418 South Eighteenth St.	German Lutheran	1899
Charles Fox, 2526 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1904
Rose Guttman, 983 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1902
Minnie Gross, 110 North Thirteenth St.	Cass	1903
Ruth Groszchick, 3802 South Fourteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1900
Bennie Greenberg, 519 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1903
Hazel Haskell, 1624 Corby St.	Lake	1900
Mildred E. Healy, 3426 Lincoln Boulevard	Franklin	1903
Lillian A. Hofmann, 1403 South Sixteenth St.	Hifh	1893
Ennice E. Helms, 1914 Paul St.	Kellom	1897
Hettie M. Hubbard, 1510 Madison Ave.	Lake	1899
Ralph L. Johnson, 2012 North Twenty-first St.	Long	1903
Timothy J. Lanning, 3724 Gordon St.	Windoor	1903
John McDonald, 4016 Farnam St.	High	1897
George Miller, 2726 Cass St.	Webster	1895
John B. Morrow, 3416 Deatur St.	Franklin	1894
Donald J. Nicholson, 3820 California St.	Saunders	1898
John L. Pott, 3728 Lincoln Boulevard	Franklin	1896
Alfred Redman, 1323 South Third St.	Train	1895
Stella Routt, 1708 South Fifth St.	Train	1905
Frank Reinhert, 3517 Valley St.	Windoor	1896
William E. Russell, 1732 South Seventeenth St.	St. Patrick	1899
Edmond A. Ryley, 3414 Deatur St.	Franklin	1895
John Salerno, 723 Pierce St.	Pacific	1900
Walter Shymanski, 2018 South Fourth St.	Train	1902
Erya Scott, 6121 North Thirtieth St.	Saratoga	1897
Marguerite Shields, 3529 South Boulevard	Windoor	1904
Catherine Shanahan, 3351 South Seventeenth St.	Vinton	1895
Elizabeth Seward, 2250 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1904
Carl Scholl, 2573 Fort St.	Miller Park	1899
Ernest Taylor, 2604 Fort St.	Saratoga	1900
Tony Vejvodas, 1236 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Ella O. Watson, 2925 Grant St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Frances Wachtler, 2714 South Twelfth St.	St. Joseph	1901
Harmon Wilmoth, 3708 North Nineteenth St.	Lithrop	1900
Burket Walters, 1425 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1904

Lost Hope Early

Chump Clark was seated in his office in Washington surrounded by democratic friends when a republican admirer entered. "I want to congratulate you on the democratic victory," said the newcomer smiling. "I have been around Washington for fifteen years and had got the idea in my mind that the constitution provided for a republican victory every two years." "Do you know," said Mr. Clark, "a lot of people had the idea that the probability of a democratic victory was remote? This frame of mind is best illustrated by a story I heard not long ago. A teacher addressing her pupils said: 'Every boy present who would like to be president of the United States raise his hand.' Only one boy failed to respond. 'Johnny,' said the teacher, 'wouldn't you like to be president?' 'Oh, yes,' was the response, 'but what's the use; I'm a democrat.'"

Some Pertinent "Whys?"

Editor The Bee's Home Magazine Page: I have been reading with a good deal of pleased interest the matters set forth on this page from day to day. It has occurred to me, and perhaps to others, that if you will permit, more readers than the Bachelor on a Claim and a Staid Matron would like to give their views on astringent. Harem skirts, even frog farms, are not the only concerns of present interest.

For instance, take that discussion before the Omaha Suffrage association, or society, where some of the suffragists, at least, did not appear to think much of the enlarged opportunity for which the main body is working; which leads to the thought, why cannot women agree any better than men? As one woman put it, "there would be two parties of women, one fighting the other." Nothing strange

about that, is there? Don't we have two parties in even the dignified Daughters, and in the Colonial dames? Why, even the most advanced women's clubs always have two "groups," to use the genteel word for factions. Kipling has said something, rather bluntly, about the essential sameness of woman nature, under the top covering, and the Bachelor read us a nice lesson, to my mind, when he so gallantly conceded to a Staid Matron the right to do pretty much as she pleases in personal outfitting, and in so shaping her trend of thought that it will at least satisfy her own conscience and enable her to cherish her modern ideals which is comfortable, if not exactly chic.

Which leads me to ask, why is a bachelor, anyway? Is he merely a hard man to satisfy, or is he in eternal fear of the yoke we all used to wear? Why will he insist on struggling with things that a woman can do so much better? If it became liberty is so dear he won't take the chance of acquiring a house policeman? Take your Bachelor, just as a sample. He talks proudly of his eating ability, which must indeed be most admirable, since he eats his own cooking, done on a lonely South Dakota farm, as I take it. And yet, what is it makes him watch so carefully his pig's and q's when he thinks that school teacher is likely to come his way? What moves him then—hope or fear? Or isn't it just the inherent notion of the bloviating male that he must look his best when saving woman is about, and he is still unclaimed? Undoubtedly that would be a much better farm, and the Bachelor a much more happy man, if the unexpected (?) should happen, and the teacher should put her brand on him.

Why should he be a human maverick, when it is so easy and so pleasant, as I am told, for a man to wear a proper brand? Can his frogs take the place of other possibilities, were he wedded and comfortably corraled. Human experience answers, no.

Now, I have no particular sympathy with the treatment given the most estimable gentleman who essayed to talk against the inclusive questioning of those women at the suffrage meeting; but there is the possibility that he acquired some useful knowledge. He has no reason to fear another similar experience, since he has been in and through one good fight; but, on the contrary, what the women have to fear is that their lack of diplomacy on such occasions may fit still harder in the maculine mind the thought, "Women should control themselves with steady hand before they attempt the control of other things."

Do you get the thought? I hope so, and I hope, too, we can occasionally get the views of thoughtful men and women, in this case, on several eternal "whys": Modestly yours, CLEMENTINA WALLFLOWER.

Odd Superstitions

Sweep the dust out of the front door and you sweep a fortune away.

It is unlucky for children to walk backward while going on an errand.

If meat shrink in the pot when boiling it is unlucky; if it swell it is a sign of prosperity.

In the days of Lord Bacon it was usual for gamblers to imagine that some bystanders brought them ill luck.

Tabloid History of the Presidents

Upon the death of Garfield, the vice president, Chester Alan Arthur became the twentieth president of the United States. He was born in Fairfield, Vt., on October 5, 1856, and died in New York City, November 18, 1886. At the age of eighteen he graduated from Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., and after a brief term as teacher, studied law in New York City and was admitted to the bar and to membership in the firm of Culver, Parker & Arthur in the same year.

His early practice was in defence of the slaves. He went to Albany to secure the intervention of the legislature and governor in their behalf. When the civil war began he was inspector general and later quartermaster general. From 1882 to 1882 he was in continuous law practice. He was afterward collector of the port of New York. His nomination for vice president was manifest before the roll call began, and was made unanimous. He took the oath of office on March 4, 1881, presiding at once over the extra session of congress, which began at that time and lasted until May 2. President Garfield died on September 19. On the day following Mr. Arthur took the oath as president in his New York home, before Judge Brady. The oath



CHESTER A. ARTHUR was formally administered in Washington two days later by Chief Justice Waite. President Arthur found himself in a position of great delicacy, but he pursued a course of great sagacity and ministered the affairs of the government with admirable conservatism. He commanded confidence on all sides, preserved public order and promoted activity in business circles. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Train Well

August Belmont, at the recent apartment dinner at the Waldorf in New York, said of training:

"I believe in thorough training for horses and for men. Give your horse and your man love and careful training before you set either at a big job. Hasty in important preparation is as foolish as Brown's hurry."

"Brown, you know, was painting a gate like mad, going at it as though the next minute would be his last, scattering great dabs over his clothes and over the ground."

"What are you in such a hurry for, Brown?" a passerby asked.

"Why," Brown panted, "I want to get through before my paint runs out."

Told Her Something.

Winston Churchill, the English statesman, once began to raise a mustache, and while it was still in the budding stage he was asked to a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposing political views.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill, "we cannot agree on politics."

"No, we can't," rejoined the girl; "for to be frank with you, I like your politics about as little as I do your mustache."

"Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not really likely to come into contact with either."—Red Hen.

"There's a Reason."

The wife, noticing the lumpy appearance of her husband's bald head, made inquiries as to the cause.

"Why, my dear, I used some of the hair tonic that I found on your dresser, thinking—"

"Hair tonic! Why, that was bust developer!"—Judge.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Girl Who Thinks "All's Fair in Love"



The two girls were re-establishing an intimacy which had been broken by the long absence of one at school.

"Did Tom write you while you were away?" the stay-at-home best friend asked.

"Oh, yes, the school girl answered.

"Often?" the other inquired carelessly.

"About every two weeks, I think," the long absent one returned.

"Does he write interesting letters?"

"Yes, very."

A long silence followed, natural to two girls who have loved each other since childhood—the kind of silence always quoted as the sign of perfect understanding. A clear misapprehension.

"Were they love letters?"

No one who has ever been a girl can manage to insert such light-hearted, deeply interested, kindly sympathy meaning into such a question.

The school girl instantly answered with a negative. But the methods of girls are so devious, and it is such a customary treatment of inouities about love affairs,

that the stay-at-home was not convinced. She continued her cross-examination, always preserving that half-battering manner.

The heart of the hatefulness of which she was guilty was that she herself loved the man. And she tried with every deceptive method known to a girl to find out whether the friend loved and whether the man had made love to some one besides herself. It was all underhand, insinuating. It was debasing to the friendship she presented for the girl who trusted her. It was unjust to the lover. It was generally mean and decidedly snippy.

But she called it fair. She considered it justifiable. And if she had found out that the lover was playing a double part, she would have climbed up on a pedestal of outraged virtue and reproached him with his deceit.

Think of it. Or, rather, just remember what you have done yourself at one time or another. You have turned your self into a spy. You have been a traitor to a friend. You have degraded yourself

to suspending a man whose love you pretended to return. And then, you have justified your dishonorable performance with the false assumption that "all is fair in love."

It just isn't, however. Dishonor is just as much dishonor in love as it is in banking. If it taught girls any lessons, if they were not so unutterably stupid in matters of the heart, the punishment of finding out that lovers are untrue would be a blessing.

It would be a good thing that a girl should find the trickery and deceit he looks for when she practices the same criminal method of seeking, if she ever seemed to deduce the helpful lesson that her own dishonor needs correcting.

What possesses girls to believe they can raise nice, large, juicy grapes off a wild sowing of thistles? There is not one girl in a thousand who trusts another when there's a man in the question. Why? Because she knows she is not to be trusted herself, and she measures her girl friend by the yard stick of her own infidelity, the false idea that "all is fair in love."

Tips on Fees.
 For a Writer—Calligraphy-fee.
 For an Etmologist—Lexicography-fee.
 For a Schoolboy—Geography-fee.
 For a Successful Man—Biography-fee.
 For a Map Maker—Cartography-fee.
 For a Private Secretary—Stenography-fee.
 For a Scientist—Cosmography-fee.
 For a Printer—Typography-fee.
 For a Camera Friend—Photography-fee.
 For a Stone Engraver—Lithography-fee.
 For a Metallurgist—Metallography-fee.
 For an Aeroplantist—Topography-fee.
 For a Poet—Antistrophy-fee.
 For a Lawyer—What's left.—Judge.

Hadn't the Material.
 "I really never saw such an impudent man as that Mr. De Borrowe," said Miss Wrathly. "He actually had the nerve to ask me the other night how I managed to get that lovely tinge of asburn in my hair!"

"Really? Well, why didn't you box his ears?" asked Miss Blimm.

"Why, I only had my Ears. That box handy, and that wasn't big enough," said Miss Wrathly.—Harpers Weekly.

Too Much to Expect.
 Hewitt—Does the climate agree with your wife?
 Jewitt—That's more than I'd expect of any climate.—Smart Set.

Unfit for Business.
 "Poor man!" said the kind old lady who was seeing the state prison. "Why are you here?"

"Because my lawyer inherited \$50,000 the day before he made his plea to the jury and couldn't weep."—Judge.

Trouble on the Border

