

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Serious History in Comic Vein

A Hundred-Year Celebration.

"Seems they're getting ready to hold a hundred year celebration of the first Board of Aldermen, or something like that, down in City Hall," remarked Show-Me Smith, retailer of high and fancy history in an elegant store, "and I also notice they're going to invite as many dependants of the original city dais as can get into the place."

"It pains me to observe, however, that there wasn't a single Smith in that first bunch. Otherwise yours truly would probably get a seat down in front. I'd just as have claim relationship to an alderman as not, even if he was a dead one."

"How the Smiths came to keep out of it a hundred years ago I don't know. They're usually declared in on any little occasion like that. Joneses must have been boycotting them about this time, I suppose."

"You see, congress having gone on the road to Philadelphia and Washington, things were a little dull and New York knew what she was about, for the Board of Aldermen has run longer than any other attraction ever in the city. So they built the city hall around the board and invited the friends and neighbors in from the house district, the Ninth ward and all the other popular districts to help celebrate."

"They opened the new hall, the Erie canal and anything else that was handy or wet."

"New subway routes," said the president of the board on that occasion, "will not be considered at this session. There will be trouble enough about that later on. We will compromise by giving Brooklyn a bridge, and maybe that will hold her for a while."

"Objections to giving Brooklyn anything but a laugh occasionally being duly filed, the meeting proceeded."

"Hartem, which could be reached by horse car in three days, applied for annexation, and her application was promptly granted on condition that rubber plants be admitted duty free. The Bronx applied for admission about the same time, but they only made her a territory. However, they promised her three trains to Broadway's one when the subway was built, and that pacified her."

"Pleasant trade relations were established with Hoboken and Jersey City, and by the time the first session closed an expedition had been sent out to explore Central park."

"There's one thing the aldermen did, though, that has always made them famous."

"That's that," I asked.

"Inviting the doves of peace," said Show-Me.

## Fair Women of the White House

Mrs. Abigail Smith Adams, the wife of John Adams, the second president, was the first mistress of the White House, and she moved into that historic mansion when it was still incomplete. She wrote to her daughter in November, 1790, describing her new home in these words:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order and perform the ordinary business of the house and stable. To assist us in this great castle and render less attendance necessary, help is wholly wanting, not a single one being hung through all the house, and provisions are all that you can obtain. If they will let me put up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I desire to be pleased."

"We have not the least fence, yard or other embellishment without, the great vestibule and saloons open to the street, a drying room of the house, the clothes in."

Mrs. Adams was the daughter of the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, Mass. She was born on November 23, 1744. She died at Quincy, Mass., on October 28,



MRS. JOHN ADAMS  
 SHE was one of the most remarkable women of the revolutionary period. She accompanied her husband to France and England in 1784. Her delightful letters throw much light on the life of the days in which she lived.

## "Don'ts" for the Camper

Don't be the "camp ground" many branches in the region with their lives only by the skin of their teeth.

Don't be afraid of snakes, there are only three poisonous snakes in North America—the rattlesnake, the copperhead and the water moccasin. And at most, the water moccasin is the type you'll never see. He'll get out of your way if you'll give him half a chance.

Don't be afraid of night sounds; if you hear a wailing screaming as if she were being murdered there are 10,000 chances to one that the yelling is from the loon, or great northern diver.

Don't imagine that all birds merely hoot. If you do the screech owl's wailing, "Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-h-h-h-h" may give you the jim-jams.

Don't cut a farmer's sprightly, shapely breeches without permission; he may be a literal conversationalist. Green wood

makes the hottest week, but a green hickory, splitting three inches through is worth money.

Don't touch a wet tent either outside or inside unless you want it to leak.

Don't take a high power rifle or revolver with you for "practice shooting" on the water; you may be locked up for manslaughter if you do.

Don't consider your boat fully equipped until it has an anchor iron or stone, with rope enough to reach deep bottom.

Don't pitch your tent on any ground that is not above the "wash" water that may come down on you because of a hard rain. If uncertain of drainage, don't be too tired to dig a drainage ditch.

Don't camp nearer a mosquito marsh than you are forced to do.

Don't, above all things, try to discover how much truck you can take with you; rather try to see what you can cut out of the equipment.

## THE HOT AIR FAMILY

CONNIE, BREEZIE, ZEPHYR, GASAWAY

EXPENSIVE? YES, BUT IT'S TO WEAR AT THE CORONATION!

SOME CLOTHES, EH, COLONEL? HOPE EUROPE WILL LIKE THEM!

BEAUTIFUL!

DELIGHTFUL!

MOTHER INSISTS THAT I HAVE THE BEST FOR THE CORONATION.

GOOD LUCK!

BE SURE TO CALL AGAIN WHEN WE RETURN! WE WILL BE BACK IN THE AUTUMN!

WE SHALL BE CONTENTED WITH AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP!

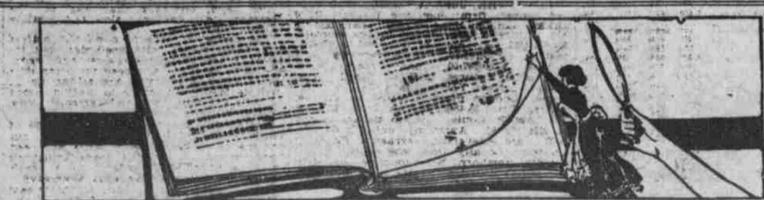
DOH VOYAGE!

MAYBE WE CAN GET ASSISTANCE FROM THE OCCUPANTS OF THAT TENT!

WHY IT'S THE HOT AIR FAMILY! THOUGHT YOU WENT TO THE CORONATION!

WELL, WE'RE STUCK FOR FAIR UNLESS WE GET HELP!

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Turning Over a New Leaf



"My dear Loretta, I am not in the habit of seeking advice from the specialists. But you have hit upon so many things that I have never seen mentioned, and there is such common-sense and originality in some of your views, that I am going to hazard an inquiry. I am what you might call a

home woman, a conscientious mother and my own chief cook and bottle washer, not to mention seamstress. And my best friend is a useless little woman who never makes anything, and whose husband adores her. Mine does not adore me. "He just loves me without any particular fuss, in a kind of machinery way. And I am tired of it. I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am going to be as useless and as society loving as my friends. I don't see why I should drudge, when we are worth more than they are. It's a queer thing to me that these wives who always have time and clothes ready to pick up and take a trip with their husbands, who give dinners and laugh if the napskins have holes in them, seem to be the ones the men like. My friend's husband cannot do enough for her. He humors her in everything. And he seems to enjoy having her with him. I cannot understand it, for I certainly am a more capable woman. However, I am going to have a good time, too. Do you think I am justified in taking a vacation after ten years of devotion to my home and family? "A VACATION SEEKER."

I wonder why you women who cook and

mend and boss always gaze in mystification at the wife who cooks, but does not fuss about it, mends when it is necessary and leans with jiving adoration on her husband. It looks so easy to me. You are always preparing. Nothing ever comes to a head in your affairs. Or, if it does, you have worked and worried and bothered yourself and all the family so much about it that the painful anticipation grows its natural crop, a painful realization. You are so busy saving money that you never have energy for a lark with your husband. If he does take you with him on a trip you have a terrible time sewing yourself up to it, and you give him a terrible time wondering if the children are all right and the house still standing. You make yourself a convenience to him instead of a pleasure, and then you wonder that he treats you like one. You never take into consideration that the privilege of giving means a good deal to a man. When you come right down to it, there are not a lot of ways or a lot of things that a man wants for himself. Yes, I think you need a vacation. Not because you deserve it so much as because your husband needs a rest and a chance to enjoy home. He would love to eat in the kitchen—till he is tired of it. He would like to do something now and then without having you, in your orderly, competent way, take all the "zip" out of it. And you could spend your time advantageously practicing upon the kind of cheerful happy-go-luckyness which would enable you to contemplate a holey napkin without a mild fit. You let the things you own boss you. Take a try at dominating them. But your husband is not a thing; stop dominating him with your economy and your fussiness. Let him see you have a few streaks of comfortable fat in the make-up of your self. You know women should be like bacon—streak of fat, streak of lean! Let him find it out. Come back about the time he is tired of his own cooking. And forget to be fussy if he cuts the meat with the fish knife; or the maid gets the tencups instead of the after dinner!

## Put a Pine Here

A picture in the Illustrated London News shows the "pinning" of the surnames for the train of the coronation robe, an operation that calls for the use of over 15,000 pins. For the train some 800 surnames and some 800 tails are being used. The king will wear three robes during the coronation—the royal crimson robe of state, which is worn until just before the anointing; the imperial mantle of cloth of gold, and the royal robe of purple velvet, in which his majesty leaves the abbey.

"You cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all!"

"Well, drop them, dear,"—Judge.

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

THURSDAY June 15, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
May Abound, 1722 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1898
Charles Brown, 3718 South Sixteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
Mary C. Burris, 2622 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1894
Hazel L. Babcock, 4315 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Otto F. W. Borchert, 4406 South Thirteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1895
Phillip E. Cronk, 2720 Ruggles St.	Druid Hill	1901
Maud L. Cole, 4032 Decatur St.	Walnut Hill	1903
A. D. Cloyd, 1117 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1898
Marie Callahan, 2123 Cass St.	High	1894
Irvin H. Doyle, 3328 Parker St.	Franklin	1904
Jennie Domberger, 709 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1897
Nathan Danaky, 537 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1896
Virginia Donnermyer, 1708 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1901
Irene Elett, 535 Pine St.	Franklin	1897
Frances Gifford, 2525 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1905
Julius O. Gorman, 3418 Charles St.	Franklin	1897
Ella E. Horrig, 2737 South Ninth St.	Beacons	1909
Myrtle Hall, 4527 West Leavenworth St.	Beacons	1896
Will E. Howard, 4723 Capitol Ave.	Saunders	1904
Helen Hines, 2420 Franklin St.	High	1894
Theodore Jacobson, 425 Walnut St.	Train	1904
Josie Janovsky, 102 South Second St.	Train	1895
Anna E. Johnson, 1903 Paul St.	Kellom	1900
Mabel Jackson, 1954 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1901
Minerva E. Kelly, 716 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1901
John Krebs, 2008 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1901
Ephraim Karieth, 1914 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1893
Morris Lear, 4703 North Fortieth Ave.	Central Park	1901
Dorothy Landow, 2203 Howard St.	Farnam	1904
Alberta McCartney, 4001 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1905
Florence May Ohmet, 703 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1904
Edward Marvin, 2102 North Twenty-ninth St.	Long	1896
John Martens, 1266 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1895
Ailsue Mohrman, 3515 Howard St.	Columbia	1901
Sarah Minkin, 1911 Isard St.	Kellom	1896
Barbara Nittler, 2216 Central Blvd.	St. Joseph	1902
Joseph Nitz, 2213 Grace St.	Kellom	1903
Orvil Pierson, 2642 Davenport St.	Webster	1901
Harold J. Porter, 3328 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1902
Mearl C. Poff, 910 North Nineteenth St.	Holy Family	1905
Alta Russell, 522 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1896
Vernon Ragan, 2117 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1896
Isabelle Skellenger, 514 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1904
Roy William Stephen, 2310 South Thirty-fifth St.	Windsor	1902
Margaret E. Spalding, 3015 Pacific St.	Park	1897
Delbert Skellenger, 514 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1904
Gertrude Sanford, 4820 Florence Blvd.	Saratoga	1903
Lucille Sully, 1818 Burt St.	Holy Family	1904
Nathaniel Swanson, 2314 Cass St.	Webster	1896
Ralph R. Tjeltart, 3520 North Fortieth St.	Clifton Hill	1904
George Thomsen, 3424 Jackson St.	Columbia	1904
Gladys Venable, 2026 Grand Ave.	Saratoga	1902
Frank Wachtler, 2212 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
Nellie Wangberg, 4614 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1899
Conrad Waidelich, 4022 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1902
Reed Zimmerman, 1114 North Thirty-fifth St.	Franklin	1897
Annie Zalkovich, 412 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1904

## THE SOAKED WITH "SOAKING" THOUGHTS



"ONE! TWO! THREE! MUSH BE A PAWN SHOP!"

## A Born Lawyer

A man who was not wise to the ways of the world was the father of a bright boy. He spent much time debating how the lad's future was to be shaped, and finally went for advice to the village sage, who at one time had been a part of the selfish, striving world, and who left it scarred and shaken, but full of wisdom. And the sage told the perplexed father how to determine his son's future and the father straightaway went and did as he was advised. But the next day he sought out the sage in sore perplexity.

"The whole plan went wrong," said he, "and I am in a quadsary what to do next."

"What did I advise you to do?" asked the wise man.

"You told me to leave George in a room with a work on 'heology, an apple and some small change; that if when I returned I found him reading the book, he was to be made a clergyman; if eating the apple, a farmer; if interested in the money, a banker."

"Well?"

"But when I came back he was seated on the book with the half devoured apple in his hand and the money in his pocket."

"That settles it," said the sage, "the lad is a born lawyer."—New York Times.

## Babies Are Strong

The myth of the infant Hercules who strangled two serpents in his cradle may not have been a myth at all, but a fact. Modern science has proved that it is quite a possible feat. The new-born babe is relatively much stronger than a full-grown man, according to the result of medical tests: "The muscles of the forearm are surprisingly vigorous. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick, or to the finger of a person, can hold itself in the air for ten seconds, and in the case of particularly strong infants for as long as a half minute. At 4 days old the child's strength has increased, and the time is two and a

half minutes for 98 per cent of babies. The maximum is attained at a fortnight. Few infants can hang on for more than one and a half minutes, though one exceptional young Hercules remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he still hung on with his left for fifteen seconds longer." It is now stated whose babies were put through these horizontal bar gymnastics at the early age of from 1 hour to a fortnight.

A Bask Bess.

"He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich."

"Yes, he was all right until he was broke."—Sacred Heart Review.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a most successful and paying dairy farm not far from her place at Het Loos.

## Meddlesome Curiosity?



Certain lines of other people May attract an inquisitive. But meddling is dangerous—For curiosity killed a cat.

## IT WAS EVEN SO IN THE OLDEN DAYS

MEAP BARKIN, GENTLE FAMILY HORSE.

ME TAKE FOR FIVE PLUNKS HUMAN MONEY NICE FOR SQUAW AND PPOOSE

HUNT! EVIL SPIRIT ON HORSE'S INSIDE!

SPAWN HORSE REAL HARD, DRIVE OUT EVIL SPIRIT.

WHOOPS! MUCH STRATED NOW!

INDIAN FOX, SLOW DOWN A LITTLE BIT!

WAAH-ENINODAI!

GENTLE FAMILY HORSE, MEAP BARKIN—NO, NO, NO!

WELCOME HOME, BIG CHIEF.