

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

New York seldom gives up, but it has been known on one or two rare occasions to come across a man who is a bit of a humorist, as he opened a fresh bunch of facts and near-facts.

"What she is at all stings. Oh, no! I must say she does give you a run for your money—when you've got the money—but I never heard of her surrendering but once."

"And she's been invaded by almost every kind of king you ever heard of, too. Silver kings and copper kings and cotton kings and cattle kings, imported kings and a few abas. They've played Broadway to the limit and bombarded the town with greenbacks till it looked like a cabbage stall in the market, but they never made her give in. 'Holler 'Nuff! They always got a run for their money, and the town was looking for more."

"But this time I'm speaking of was when

Broadway, but as a matter of fact, it will only be Broadway-by-the-Sea, a pleasant, little adjunct to the Strand and Picoadilly via the ferry. And while you will be glad enough to carry her long enough to accumulate some coin of the realm you will be gladder still to get aboard the ferry and, as you put it so delightfully, 'Come across.'

"Well, I never was known to be a tightwad," said Father Knick.

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In Days of Old

Cheese was mentioned by Aristotle in 350 B. C.

Fine creamery butter was made as early as 1300 B. C.

Grammars were formed by Joseph in Egypt in 1715 B. C.

First bridge was built at Rome in 630 B. C., spanning the Tiber.

Arithmetic was introduced from Egypt into Greece about 600 B. C.

Term "gentleman" was given to the well descended in England about 1480.

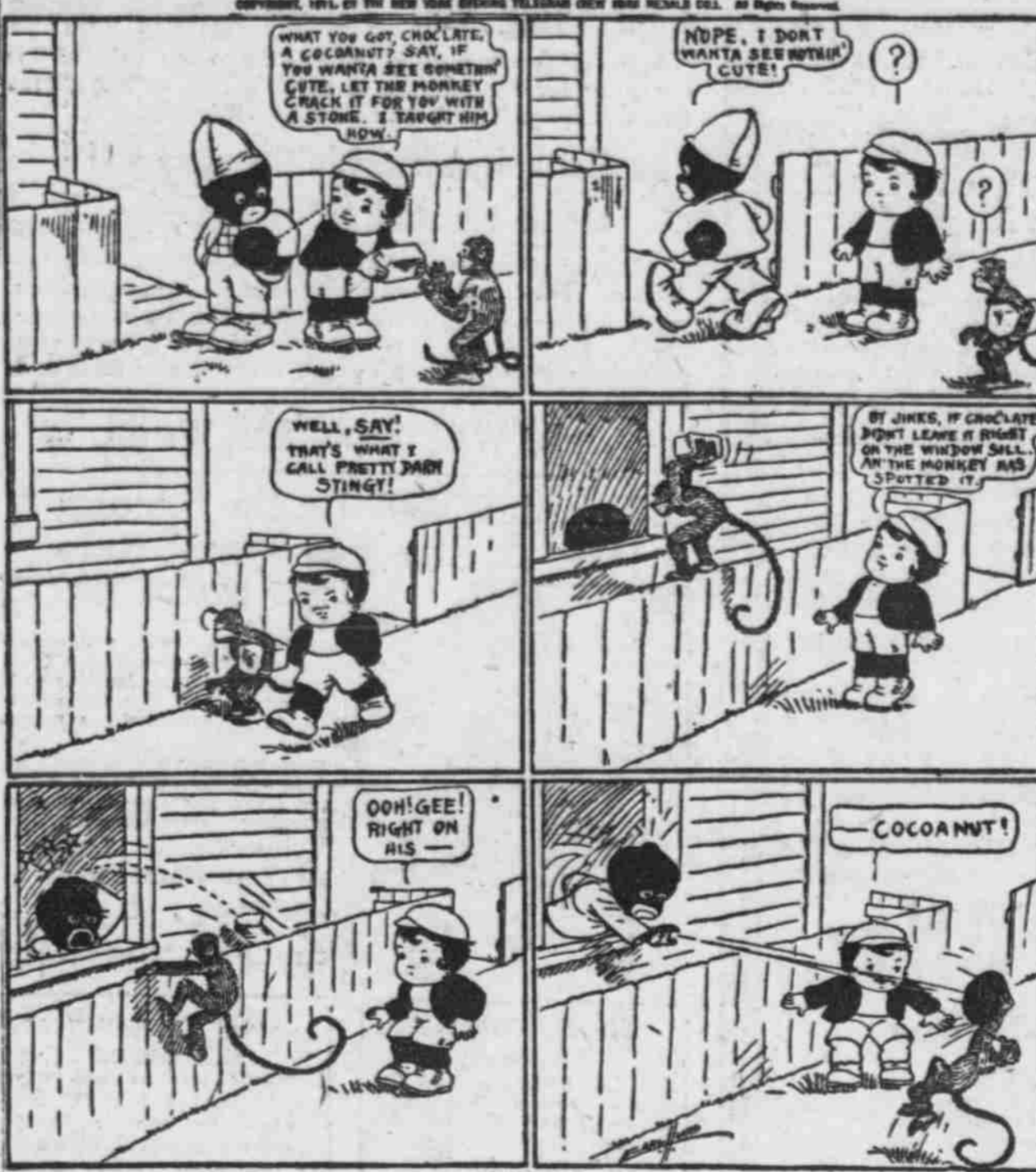
Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the first literary club. It was in 1764.

Parapets were used by the ancient Egyptians. They became generally fashionable in the United States in 1850.

Pneumatic tube system originated with Dennis Papin, an Englishman, in 1667, and was put into use in the London postal business in 1698.

First library at Rome was that of Paulus Aemilius, and was created 167 B. C. In the same city there were twenty-eight public libraries in the fourth century.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

This is the Day We Celebrate

TUESDAY, June 26, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Marrion Anderson, 2411 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1896
Eliza M. Black, 1309 South Fifty-sixth St.	Beals	1897
Roy Bylund, 1207 Kavan St.	Vinton	1896
Henriette C. Brandell, 4123 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1903
Madeline Buggy, 2414 Sahler St.	Monmouth Park	1904
Margaret Boltz, 1514 South Fourth St.	Train	1895
Margaretta Burke, 1543 Park Ave.	High	1892
Vernon Burge, 2208 Harney St.	Central	1904
Helen M. Condon, 2619 Chicago St.	Central	1903
Frances D. Delaware, 2560 Jones St.	Mason	1905
Stanley Dillon, 2218 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1895
Gordon Ellis, 612 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1893
Cecilia Feller, 2506 Franklin St.	High	1895
Melvin Goldstrom, 1512 Park Ave.	Park	1903
Mildred Green, 1916 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Robert Hillock, 2506 North Twenty-eighth St.	Saratoga	1899
Leonard Hamman, 810 South Thirty-fifth St.	Columbian	1899
Margaret Huber, 915 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1896
Agnes E. Jacobsen, 4131 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1896
Wallace Jetties, 3514 South Twentieth Ave.	Vinton	1904
Daisey Kepher, 1024 North Eleventh St.	Holy Family	1899
Ernest E. Larson, 1117 North Eleventh St.	Cass	1901
Ethel Lashman, 401 William St.	Train	1901
John Montalbano, 623 Pacific St.	Pacific	1904
Frank Morrow, 1411 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1903
Charles M. Munnecke, 3521 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1903
Mabel Mickelsen, 2003 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1901
Edward P. Murphy, 1527 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1899
Catherine Murphy, 3208 North Twenty-fourth St.	Cass	1901
Earl Peterson, 3015 Cass St.	Webster	1905
Edwin R. Pearce, 405 North Nineteenth St.	Central	1897
Sam J. Peterson, 2561 Manderson St.	High	1891
Andrew Peterson, 4524 Marcy St.	Columbian	1899
Martha Roman, 2860 Davenport St.	High	1894
Raymond Roberts, 2736 Camden Ave.	Miller Park	1906
Ervin Rutherford, 2327 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Emily Rudloff, 1612 Corby St.	Lake	1904
Theodore J. Ryan, Forty-sixth and Castellar Sts.	Beals	1901
Stella Hackley, 4627 Farnam St.	High	1893
Lodie Stodola, 2217 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1903
Charles Sorenson, 1609 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1901
Charles W. Taylor, 615 South Thirty-third St.	Farnam	1905
Frank Wolf, 1506 Canton St.	Bancroft	1894
Heleen Wagner, 1721 South Fourteenth St.	Calentus	1903
Berswerina Wooley, 3834 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Anton Weis, 2461 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
Christina Zeth, 1917 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1898

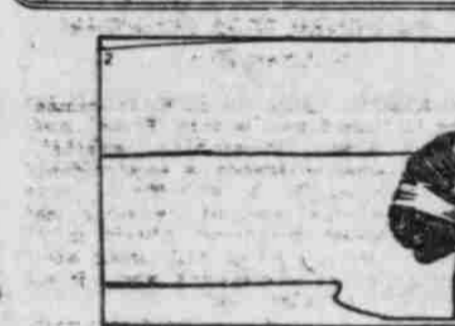


"I GIVE UP."

a bunch of seeing New York visitors came over from the other side with some new ideas in the king line and proceeded to make themselves at home. They prided themselves on their red sweaters and golf coats and announced their firm intention of having everybody over here wear the same before they got through.

"Because New York, you know," they said to Father Knickerbocker, "is only a suburb anyway, and we propose to run a regular ferry over the ocean and make you people commute to the real town over the way. You may think this will be

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Woman Who is Money Mad



You are really crazy. Criminals are pleading insanity to escape the punishment of their acts. But the lawyers have to work prove the defense. It needs no lawyer to demonstrate your mental aberration. You are your own best—or worst—proof.

Not three years ago you met a woman on the street—and cut her. Oh, no! Not with a knife. For your mania does not take that form. You cut her by not speaking. Why? Because she was poor.

Now she is rich. And the other night you met her at a dinner. You rushed up to her. You fawned, upon her. You remarked about the beauty of her gown. You noticed her lovely hair. You gazed over the pendant she wore. In short, you had a very violent attack of your mania's fit of money madness sweep over you.

Do you think she did not know why you had cut her then and why you were fawning now? Do you think your affable and fawning flattery soothed the wound you made years ago? Do you wonder that she was barely polite? Now, when she has less need of you you fling your attentions, your obsequious flatteries over her like a deceptive veil. You fairly smother her in the tangled wrapping. But she does not notice your approach. You are barred out of her life as effectively as she can be.

Your money mania has made you a parasite in your manners. It has robbed you of your dignity as a woman.

It's silly for any one to care when a

money mania cuts. Every one of us ought to be sensible enough to despise and forget instantly the slight of a woman whose judgment is regulated by the gold standard. But we are not. Somehow, it tears one of the ragged wounds from which a heart can suffer. It's such bitter, bitter, drinking to find that we were loved in our prosperity for what we had rather than what we were.

And you, the money maniac, are the one who most often holds the draft to trembling lips. If wrongs done by intentional oversight, by heathenish cruelty of manners could be punished as the wounds made by hands and deadly weapons may, you would be suffering a complete imprisonment, shut from the society you abuse, starved of the things that money buys and you adore.

But there is no such way to reach you. With a brazen well-being that stirs up a very hell of revengeful and cankering emotions in the victims of your mania, you seem to tread a charmed way. But it is a narrow judgment that thinks you happy and satisfied. You, with all your madness for money, have too little to satisfy you. That is your curse. And even if you had millions upon millions, it would still find you dissatisfied. You want more, more, more than any one else! You want to patronize and govern by the power of wealth. Your colossal ambitions to spend and to show the wealth you owned would be forever made your punishment, for some one else would have made more than your match.

Da Greata Basaball

Oh, grata game ees base ball,
For younguns, Merion.
But, O my friend, ees not at all
Da thing for Dagoman.
Oh, leetle, please, I tal to you
About wan game wo-play
Wen grass ees green an' sky ees blue
An' eet ees holiday.
Spagatti say: "Wn I take treep
For play da ball, an' ees barred out
Wen base ball an' bat
An' start da grata game, but Oh,
Eet ees no frolic an' jest!
Spagatto ees da boss for side
Dat wait for catch da ball!

HEADING HIM OFF



Spagatti nipe ees first dat tried
For knock eet over wall.
An' so Spagatti com' for bat.
Aha! da grata man!
So boss, so fat! Da han' he gat
Eet like two bunch banan.
Spagatto preet da ball, an' dere
Spagatti's bat ees sweet,
An' ees ees da ball up een da gir
Ees fly like anythings.
You know ees dese game ees man
Dat ees call da "grata" cat!
Wai, dese waik keep peanutta stan'
An' like for seep' steel.
An' dough dese ball Spagatti heet
Ees pass by dese way.
He don't care a leetle best
Wen ees ees ees ees ees ees ees
Da "centrifugal" man—you know
Dat's ees to hem—he call
"Hi! Why don'ta jumpa Joe,
An' run an' gat da ball!"
But Joe hee just needs steel,
Tee ball ees outa sight.
Dese mak so mad da centrifugal!
Hee hee hee to fight
Den com'a suade, man—you see
I don'ta know dese name,
Or how you ees ees ees ees ees
Ees ees ees ees ees ees ees ees
He ees da man dat mak' da rule
For play da grata game.
An' so Joe com' to dese two foot
Out een da fist' dat fight.
Hee you da ees ees ees ees ees
An' soocha names he call—
An' den hee grabbs Joe an' say:
"Come run an' gat da ball!"
But Joe ees growl an' tal beem: "No,
Ees not for me at all!
Spagatti heet da ball, an' so
Spagatti gat da ball!"
Oh, grata game ees baseball,
For younguns, Merion.
But, O my friend, ees not at all
Da thing for Dagoman.
T. A. DALY.

Waste of Words.
The crossed man was watching the activity of Niagara.
"What a big waste!" he remarked to his friend.
The very stout lady standing nearby looked at him angrily.
"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

Diaz Philosophy

"President Diaz," said a Chicago rail road man with headquarters in Mexico, "used to have a gruff, caustic kind of wit. I once dined with him in Mexico City, when the subject of Diaz came up—Diaz, a staid millionaire of 78 years, who had eloped with his 16-year-old stenographer. "President Diaz philosophized, I thought rather neatly on this matter. "Well," he said, "not every man is made a fool of, but every man has the raw material in him."

Careful of His Pastor.
The Vicar—Certainly, I will call upon your daughter if she is so very ill. But which church do you attend?
The Caller—We don't go to no church—we're chapel people.
The Vicar—Then why didn't you send for your own minister?
The Caller—Lor! We wouldn't risk 'im! Why, it's scarlet fever.—The Sketch.

Good Thing, Push It

The Rev. Dr. Aked, at a farewell dinner in New York, said of an overseas missionary:
"Neither with the heathen nor with our own people does it do to advocate religion on mercenary grounds."
"I know a manufacturer who last Easter told all his hands that he would pay them if they went to church. Accordingly the hands all went, and a fine, brave show they made. The manufacturer, scanning their ranks from his pew, swelled with joy and pride.
"But after the service a foreman approached and said:
"Does the fellows want me to ask you if we come to church again tonight do we get overtime?"
No Difference.
Danvers—Lo you believe there is such a thing as honor among thieves?
Cynicus—Certainly not. They are just as bad as other people.

Fair Women of the White House

Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of the United States, was a widower when he went into the White House. He married his wife under very dramatic circumstances. She was Mrs. Roberts, living unhappily with her husband, Captain Roberts, who became insanely jealous of an innocent friendship between her and General Jackson.

Her divorce from Roberts and her marriage with Jackson were warped and twisted by Jackson's political enemies into a scandal, of which Professor John Fluke wrote—"Herein some of the bitterness of his many quarrels had their source. His devotion to Mrs. Jackson was intense, and his pistol was always ready for the rash man who should dare to speak of her slighting."

After forty years of happy and honorable wedded life, Mrs. Jackson died on December 22, 1828. She suffered from a weak heart, and her death was hastened by accidentally overhearing an exaggerated report of her personal history.

In the following spring, when Jackson came to the White House, the social duties were discharged by his niece, Emily Donelson, who was born in Tennessee and died there in 1838. She was a daughter of one Donelson, Captain John, and the wife of another, Andrew J. Donelson. The pres-



MRS. ANDREW JACKSON.
dent always spoke of her as "my daughter."
Another hostess at the White House during Jackson's administration was his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sarah York Jackson. She was the daughter of Peter York, of Philadelphia, and the great-granddaughter of Judge York, who held an appointment under the crown of Great Britain before the Revolution. She married Jackson's adopted son soon after the inauguration, and came to the White House as a bride.
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Do Fishermen Lie?

An eastern man tells of catching a trout that was so fat as to excite his wonder and he determined to find out what made the fish so bloated. He cut a hole in the fish, when out jumped a live mink, which he grabbed and put in a cage. Another man caught a fish that, according to his story, was as broad as it was long, and he heard what sounded like a duck quacking in its inside. Sure enough, when it was opened, there was a live duck which he collared by the neck. While doing so he felt something hard in its crop. It proved to be a woman's chain purse, which contained \$15 in bills.

Another fisherman complained bitterly that while fishing every part of his body

was fairly cool but his bald pate and when he left it uncovered for any length of time the sun would blister it. So every time he went fishing he got a bunch of live garter snakes and kept them in his hat so that their clammy bodies would keep his bald head cool. A curious thing happened to a bass hunter. Using frogs for bait, he got a good strike and played the fish, but lost it and the bait also. Putting on a fresh frog and casting to the same place the bass struck again and leaping above the surface, got away. After feeling in to see the bait, he found that the hook contained two frogs. The fish had seized the second frog before he gorged the first and the hooks fastened on so that the second frog caught another frog instead of the fish.

On with the Dance

Schottische, a German dance, began about forty years ago.
Gallop, most rapid of dances, had its origin in Hungary in 1822.
Passion for dancing, the most strongly manifested in savage nations, was first danced in the United States in 1844.
Bolero, the Spanish national dance, is accompanied by castanets and singing.
Pirouette was a favorite dance in Egypt more than 4,000 years ago.
Hornpipe takes its name from a wind instrument on which is produced tuneful strains as an accompaniment for this country dance, which originated in England.
Sailors' hornpipe is better known to Americans.
Shakers' worship consists largely of dancing, which is a uniform movement to the vocal music of a hymn, usually that entitled "While the Wheels of Progression go Rolling Around," and the clapping of hands.
Millions Divorced.
Since 1861, 2,577,000 divorces have been granted in America and over four million persons have been the principals.
Couldn't Bluff Pa.
"Uncle Joe" Cannon said of the veterans of the civil war the other day:
"They look old, but they look tough and

sinewy, too. Don't commiserate with them on their weakness, or you will probably fall into Elnak's plight.
"I told father," said Elnak, "that he was getting too old and feeble for business. I suggested that he retire."
"And did your father take that advice kindly?" a friend asked.
"He kicked me downstairs," said Elnak.
"You say Jones is doing settlement work?"
"Yes. He's a bill collector."—Browning's Magazine.

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME

