



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Serious History in Comic Vein

The Surrender of New York Town.

"Seeing our neighbors to the north of us doing a little celebrating reminds me," said Show-Me Smith of Missouri, near and far historician.

"I mean our neighbors in that delightful city section of the city known as the Bronx—the place where the subway stop is, and where all really good Harlem folks go when they die."

"You see our old friend Jonas, which his other name was Bronco—short for Bronco—was considered one of the politicians in his day, and being a politician and a candidate he had to come down to the Bronx. You'll notice that all these big politicians, whenever they run for a state office, have to come down to the Bronx. Some of them come down to the Bronx with about 75,000, but Jonas didn't. I think he only had about forty-seven dollars and thirty cents in our money, a loaded shoulder and his nerve when he came down."

"But they were glad to see him, just the same. They met him just beyond the last subway trading station and gave him the freedom of the city."

"We're mighty glad you've come, Mr. Bronco," said the natives. "We've tired of being a needless place. Harlem has been loading it over us for years because she gets a mention once in a while in the Board of Aldermen, but the best they do for us so far as to call us 'it'."

"You have my permission to call the borough after me," said Jonas, and you can tack my name on the name of the subway train, but I won't have the Zoo named after me, because neither the naturalists nor the animals will stand for it."

"They gave Jonas a brick house—a brick at a time. After he got through dodging he collected the dollars and put up a very airy little mansion, which must have been built on wheat, for it has occupied more different sites than any other building in the borough. Then he concluded a treaty of peace with the Indians, which consisted of an equal division of the borough's chief assets—land and experience. Jonas took the land and gave the Indians the experience."

"After posing for the photographs with the pen that signed the treaty in his hand, Jonas went out and discovered the Bronx river."

"He complained about the size of it and said Hen Hodge ought to be getting all the best of it, but they explained to him that a small river would leave more room for votes, and that pacified him."

"He divided the place into districts and gave orders for annual chowders and May parties, thereby proving his claim to leadership."

"Having done which he announced that



"WON'T HAVE THE ZOO NAMED AFTER ME!"

before he resigned he would give the Bronx permission to do just one thing more.

"What was that?"

"Annex New York," said Show-Me. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Airy Persiflage

The man with the hose feels like trading for his neighbor, the man with the hen. It is the man who could put them up to the house who never worries about expenses.

In order to make a fool of himself all a man has to do is to let his conceit have a half chance and it will do the rest.

There is this about the cocksure man—he has all the benefit of knowing that he is right, even after he is proved wrong. It would be nice to be able to do anything if it were not for the fact that in that case people would expect you to do something.

There really isn't any use in a man's knowing how to work if he knows how to annex successfully the results of other men's labor.

It is difficult to decide whether the most disagreeable people in the world are those who merely think they are our superiors or those who really are.

Every boy should learn to swim, if for no other reason than that his mother might get nervous prostration and have an excuse to go to the mountains.—New York Telegram.

## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

### This is the Day We Celebrate

THURSDAY, June 29, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Dorothy Arter, No. 8 The Sherman	Lake	1899
Herbert Andrews, 912 South Thirty-seventh St.	Columbia	1895
John Catto, 5201 North Thirty-third Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Concetta Catania, 920 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1896
Gladys Cowham, 3768 Burt St.	Webster	1900
Beulah Coe, 1919 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Hazel Coston, 3504 Patrick Ave.	Franklin	1898
William Cunningham, 825 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1901
Olga Dujardin, 3516 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1897
Bennett Elerding, 515 South Twenty-third St.	Leavenworth	1895
Hazel P. Frasher, 111 North Twentieth St.	Park	1898
Marguerite Groves, Thirty-second St. and Stone Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Clarence Gunther, 320 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1903
Margretha L. Grimmell, 123 South Thirty-seventh St.	Columbian	1897
Ray M. Gorey, 2121 Seward St.	Kellom	1905
Jennie Galt, 3716 Titus Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Harlene Hoover, 816 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1897
Ruth E. Helstrom, 4240 Maple St.	Clifton Hill	1896
Helen Hansen, 3715 South Seventeenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
James Holmquist, 1106 North Thirty-sixth St.	Franklin	1901
Clarice Johnson, 2814 Webster St.	Webster	1901
Mary E. Johnson, 3714 North Thirtieth St.	High	1894
Orville Knight, 2554 St. Mary's Ave.	Mason	1895
Violet Lindquist, 4604 Cass St.	Saunders	1904
Ruth Larsen, 2924 Dupont St.	Dupont	1901
Ether E. Meyers, 2515 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windoor	1899
Guy F. Mardis, 4707 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Paul E. Newland, 1814 Dodge St.	Central	1903
Agnes Nagel, 4320 Maple St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Tommi O'burn, 708 North Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1901
Jupia O'Neill, 3323 Manderson St.	Sacred Heart	1897
Frank Pollen, 1117 South Fourteenth St.	Pacific	1900
Jaroslav Pribyl, 1413 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1900
Eddie Peterson, 1206 Atlas St.	Edw. Rosewater	1902
Chris Peterson, 4524 Marcy St.	Columbian	1898
Irene K. Ryan, 2756 Lake St.	Sacred Heart	1897
Florence Robeson, 2507 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1904
Eddie Rerek, 2509 South Thirtieth St.	Dupont	1897
Gertrude Radman, 2209 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1905
Richard Staley, 3855 California St.	Saunders	1898
Lillian W. Schellberg, 2830 Charles St.	High	1896
Mary Shindelar, 1309 South Third St.	Train	1899
Paula Simonsick, 1414 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1897
Lydia Thompan, 2711 South Twenty-third St.	Castellar	1897
Jane R. Williams, 1624 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1901

## The Vogue of the Woman in White

NEW YORK, June 27.—The women dress only to make some other woman jealous. The simplest design in white is just as effective as the over-trimmed "creation."

While so eminently attractive white is the least expensive of all summer wear, because it is washable. The shops are filled with inexpensive lingerie goods in many new weaves. There are beautiful cotton crepes, batiste, lawns, mulls, netts, muslins and linens of all weights. Trimmings in white range from the still popular Irish crochet, in bands, buttons, collars and cuffs, to all-linen laces and cotton imitations, embroideries, cords, gimp braids, edgings, flouncings, beltings, sashes, etc. The ready-to-wear accessories on exhibition show a genius for invention in the variety of high collars, sashes, collars, fichus, stocks, cravats, ties, jabots and bertha collars (but entre nous, any clever woman can make them).

"But," you will say, "you love color, pink and blue and lilac and corn color!"

For a charming lingerie costume no better selection could be had than the one in the illustrations. The construction was very simple and can be attempted by an amateur. The latest features were provided for as well as the more conservative development. An especially desirable feature of this design was found in the opportunity it affords for the use of embroidery flouncings. As illustrated, it was fashioned of white voile trimmed with insertion and flouncing. This could also be made of dimity, marquisette, handkerchief linen or any of the soft silks.



spotless white, the waistline belts neat and trim, all fastenings unending with great exactitude, collar fastenings and gloves above reproach, even the plain woman is a radiant vision! In a gay throng she will overshadow all the pale blues and pinks and tans of other gowns. Parenthetically speaking of plain women, every man who will tell you that even a homely woman who is exquisitely neat and fastidiously careful in dress is more attractive than a frumpy beauty.

But leaving the woman out of the question altogether, if you had seen the Fifth avenue parade give way to a bit of dainty femininity in white linen, white canvas shoes, white gloves, white linen parasol, white lace veil charmingly draped over a white chip poke; and last, but not least a white linen hand bag, you would have realized two things. First, that it wasn't a matter of personality, for you didn't see the face under that scoop and parasol; but that the impression was made solely by raiment; and, secondly, that this very raiment is a present possibility to you. Get the correct cut and go ahead, you can't go wrong. Gratification in your success will repay you many times for the effort.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Marplot Mother



Let me do not recognize yourself by the name, I will define you. You are the most aggravated and modern form of the anthropoid. You are the most horrible of the family of mammae. The nice, large, wonderful white suckle their young, too, but when the baby ceases and the little boy-whale is able to exercise intelligent care of himself the whale lets him do it. She has the same old dignity to recognize that she has produced a competent creature. You have not.

Your son is forced into the unworthy position of tag-tail. And though it looks like a wisp of finest handkerchief linen, that he might fear with a gesture, he knows it is made of a series of thin strands which combine to make a strength he cannot break.

You make his home for him—and you expect him to stay in it. Or, if he gets out for an evening, you want to know why, where, how much it cost—and who. If his companion was a girl you begin to study up her family history. You investigate her "prowings." You tell them to him. You practice, all the little artful dodges in which mothers like you excel to lure him from her neighborhood. If he really likes her, you start a campaign of martyrlike self-aggravation.

You get one or two of your sympathetic friends in for dinner, and you invite them to eulogize the "happy home" that you make for your boy, the "absolute devotion with which you worship him!" They opine that they never knew such complete congeniality between a mother and son. You look tenderly sad and manage to impress your son with the fact that he is breaking your heart because he is indulging in the realization that he has one of his own.

"Devotion!" Do you call that mangy, scaly, scurvy concentration on your own lamp-glass devotion? It's the blackest sign of love. That boy of yours is the rebel of something you have had, something that he wants, the self-completion of the other half, and you want to keep him from his rightful heritage.

Oh, don't say it's because the girl isn't practical! Don't make the assertion that your mother eyes can see better than his, bled by the girl's charms. You are suffering from an acute case of short-sightedness. The boy has the young, strong vision. It is love's blind sight! It is the gas of the heart. What can your eyes see of what he needs? What will they see when you refuse to let them dwell upon anything but your own narrow, selfish view? Perhaps the girl is not even the girl. Just any girl sets you to making your selfish schemes. You want to shut the boy in with you. You want to stop the flow of the sap in the young tree. You can't see why he should be looking abroad when he has you at home. Oh, you can't! You mean you won't! You will not encourage an arrangement which puts you second, you who have been first. You vampire! Your own youth with its love and fulfillment you have had! Now you want his. But, polite oppressor that you are, tetching tyrant that you crave to be, God and nature—and the boy—are against you. You cannot beat that combination. You will fall into the pit your own hands have dug. You inhuman mother, willing to squeeze and choke and smother the heart-life of your offspring, your doom is sealed.

## To the June Bride

Lilla B. N. Weston in Woman's Home Companion.

There's a fond little house, bunched deep in your heart, And its curtains are daintily white; Its contour is noble, its angles are true, And through the diaphanous, glimmering night, The moon drapes its roof in a cloud of delight.

There are quaint little dishes on clean little shelves, And jellies and jams by the score; And each day you add some remarkable thing, Remembering gaily that never before Was such a collection of goodies before.

This fond little house boasts a garden all green, In a wonderful plot at the rear, Where lettuce and spinach and various things, That are crisp and crinkly and spicy and queer, Grow in straight little rows that are perfectly dear.

And somehow the door of the house is his smile, And his arms are the walls high and true, And his roof is his knee and his voice and his hands, That weave the mysterious future for you.

As love always has done and always will do, And then, perhaps you may not have quite thought, There are dear little uncertain feet That go pitter-patter aloft on the stair, Where the echo of childish communion rings sweet, Your joyous approach to right merrily greet.

And all through the stainless and sunshiny years, May the little house tranquilly stand, And ever and ever may peace and content, And the patience that waits with these, Two hands in hand, Guard the brave little door that your true heart has planned!

Clingers, Ex-Governor Pennypacker, in a witty address in Philadelphia on the divorce evil, said of wives:

"A good wife is like ivy—the greater the ruin, the closer she clings. And a bad wife is like ivy, too—for the closer she clings, the greater the ruin."

"I suppose you are very happy after your divorce?"

"Not at all, my dear. I'm married again."—Browning's Magazine.

## Fair Women of the White House

Martin Van Buren's wife, Hannah Hoes Van Buren, had been in her grave seventeen years when the eighth president of the United States was inaugurated in 1837. The duties of mistress of the White House therefore devolved upon the president's accomplished daughter-in-law, Mrs. Abram Van Buren.

She was born in Susquehanna district, North Carolina, in 1789, and was Angelica Singleton. Her father was Richard Singleton, and she could boast of a grandfather and great-grandfather who had served the patriotic cause in the revolutionary war.

She was a cousin of the famous Dolly Madison, a former mistress of the White House. It was while Angelica Singleton was completing her education at Philadelphia that the volatile Mrs. Madison presented her to President Van Buren. A year later she married the president's son, Major Abram Van Buren, in November, 1836.

On New Year's day, 1838, she made her first appearance as hostess in the White House. The Boston Post a few days later chronicled the event in this way:

"The executive mansion was a place of much more than usual attraction in consequence of the first appearance there of the bride of the president's son and private secretary, Mrs. Abram Van Buren. She is represented as being a lady of rare accomplishments, very modest, yet perfectly easy and graceful in her manners and free and vivacious in her conversation. She was universally admired, and it is said to have won the favor of a three hours' breeze with the ladies' plaudits which must be innumerable to last one through an entire trial."

In the spring of that same year, in company with her husband, she visited Eng-



land, where her uncle was minister, and made a tour of Europe, returning in the autumn to resume her place in the White House. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

New Rule for Women. Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, at a garden party at Hempstead, L. I., praised a noted orator.

"However," she said, "he is like most orators, too much given to monologue to be a really good conversationalist."

"But when ladies are present," someone objected, "he surely doesn't monopolize the conversation then?"

Mrs. Mackay smiled and shook her head. "He is very polite," she said, "but I am sure that in his heart he regards women only as interruptions."

Madison was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

## POOR JAKE



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## Distinguished Duellists

Congressman Cilley and Graves fought a duel near Washington in 1828. The former was killed.

In 1776 Cadwallader shot Conway in the head while dueling. Both were generals in the American army.

The two most brilliant men of the period in congress, Henry Clay and John Randolph, engaged in a duel in 1826.

Alexander Hamilton, leader of the opposition, was killed by Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States, in 1804.

Count D'Artois, afterward Charles X of France, was once a party to a duel, his antagonist being Duke de Bourbon Condé.

Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the declaration of independence, was killed in 1776 while fighting a duel with General Mitchell.

Five shots were exchanged between the prominent American statesman, De Witt Clinton, and John Swarthout in 1806, the latter being wounded.

A major general in the American revolution, Charles Lee, and Colonel John Laurens, favorite aide-de-camp of Washington, engaged in a duel, in which Lee was wounded.

In 1822 James Stuart, known by his work on the United States, killed Sir Alexander Boscawen, son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, in a combat that grew out of a newspaper attack on the former.

Titus Manlius Torquatus fought a duel with a gigantic Gaul, Metellus Geminus, in the war of 493 B. C., and slew the latter. Torquatus had been challenged, and engaged in the contest contrary to an order issued by his father, the Roman commander, forbidding single encounters with the enemy. For violating this mandate the parent had his son beheaded.

Consolation. "My wife is suing me for divorce," sighed the man. "I wish I were dead."

"Cheer up, old boy, it's a whole lot better to have your wife spending money than life insurance."—Detroit Free Press.

Either heaven or hell was born at the White House, Cleveland being the first offspring of a president to possess that name.