

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

Chaining the North River.

Several persons have threatened to set the North river on fire," said Show-Me Smith, the famous history molder from Missouri, "but up to date nobody has smelled any of the smoke."

"Nobody has started a blaze there yet, but there was a time, though, when somebody chained the river up for a few hours."

"Fact," chained it up and stopped all the ferries and mixed up the tide so they didn't work right for a week. If you don't believe me, go and look at the pieces of the chain; they're up there yet, somewhere, a couple of links of them, and they measure something over six feet apiece. You couldn't very well chain up the river with a watch chain, you know."

"You see, it all came about through General Green Gage, or one of the other generals that were around here, thick as plums at the time, being detained in New York on business."

"It wasn't exactly business, either, for if the truth were known, he was collaborating with the boys at a little dinner, and they were trying to cripple the wine trust by making the demand exceed the supply. Knowing very well he would have to account for his not going home to dinner to his cozy little ferry home, and that he would have to give a very special reason if he expected to get away with it, he sat down between courses and sent the following telegram."

"Can't get home tonight. The river has stopped running."

"Fine idea!" declared his fellow celebrators. "Splendid!"

"But some time after sending it the general began to be torn by doubts. Suppose, after reading the telegram, the artist of his domestic destinies should go down to the river and see that it wasn't running. In that case she would doubt him, and he could not bear to be doubted. He would make good."

"Calling his staff together, he said: "I want you to see at once that this river stops running. Tie it up, chain it up, dam it—do anything you please with it—only stop it. So you hear?"

"They heard, and, as to hear him was



"THE RIVER HAS STOPPED RUNNING."

to obey, they hustled out, half scared to death.

"The 'chain it' part of the order, however, gave them an idea, and they hustled up to a blacksmith shop, where they bought a biggest chain in the place, and with that in a flatboat they set out to lasso the tide. They stretched the chain from bank to bank and double-panicked it and it wasn't five minutes till the river had slowed down to a dog trot, and then it stopped altogether."

"Not a moment too soon, however, for the general's wife had no sooner got the telegram than she hustled down to the shore."

"He's right," said she, "the river has stopped running, but for a minute I thought he was deceiving me."

"The general, you know," concluded Show-Me, "was just like me. He hated to make any misleading statements."

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Plain Talks on Serious Subjects

We should think that a very peculiar builder who began to erect a house without drawing, or having an architect draw, a set of plans. It is just about as foolish for us to live from day to day without laying definite plans for ourselves. There are many people in the world who never think of planning things ahead.

It may sound very lovely to lord one's hands and say resplendently, "The Lord will provide," but the people who make such remarks usually have no objection to Providence providing through the instrumentality of some fellow being who has had the foresight to place things ahead. It may be very comfortable to say, "I never make any plans; I always let things take their course." But have we not noticed that a person who makes this assertion is usually very selfish and very prone to forget that things are apt to take the wrong course for him unless some thoughtful individual steps in and steers them right? It may be romantic to drift, but for all practical purposes it is far better to steer one's bark in a definite channel. The able, may possibly arrive at the port "drifting boat," if wind and tide are favorable. The well steered bark, even in spite of unfavorable wind and tide, is found to arrive there. Carefully laid plans are the prerogative of every successful achievement.

"Yes," says the pessimist, "but what is

the use of planning? How often man proposes and God disposes?"

True, that sometimes happens. Like everything else, planning is good only in moderation. It is not wise to lay out plans too definitely and too exactly, leaving no margin for unforeseen circumstances which may arise; but it is infinitely less wise not to have formed the practice of planning at all.

The man who has learned to plan things ahead is a man to be depended upon. His friends get into the habit of laying their troubles before him and asking his advice in finding a way out of their difficulties. His clear mind, well trained to understand a situation at a glance, immediately grasps the facts of the case, debates mentally the pros and cons and in nine cases out of ten he is able to plan a course of action that will lead out of the trouble. Thus he becomes a power for good.

Just as Easy,
Just a little millionaire,
Just a little wife,
Mighty little happiness,
A real lot of strife,
Just some little lawyers,
Just a little fee,
Then a little evidence
To a referee,
Just a little court room,
Just a whirled pen,
Scratching of the judge's pen,
And everything is fine.
—New York Telegram.

Who's Who in the Home

It was quite evident from the Confirmed Commuter's countenance and demeanor that the burden of the world was on his back.

"Hello!" said the Hopeful Housewife, timidly, as she opened the front door, and with the clairvoyance that comes to the married woman read the day's disaster in his face.

"Hello!" echoed the Confirmed Commuter, and put up an unshaven cheek for the customary salute. It is far better to steer one's bark in a definite channel. The able, may possibly arrive at the port "drifting boat," if wind and tide are favorable. The well steered bark, even in spite of unfavorable wind and tide, is found to arrive there. Carefully laid plans are the prerogative of every successful achievement.

"Yes," says the pessimist, "but what is



"THE BEST WAY TO DEFINE A SUBMISSIVE KISS IS TO TAKE ONE!"

Confirmed Commuter expectantly.

"Now I don't mean anything of the kind!" asserted his wife with some pertulance. "I mean what is your conception of the general abstract idea? I don't mean anything concrete or personal—absolutely nothing at all, and if you don't stop being silly—"

"I haven't begun yet," he answered. "When I do I hope to find out what a submissive kiss is. But, of course, you know, it would take a woman of a good deal of experience to draw such fine distinctions in occasion. And it seems to me a really sweet, nice woman would die rather than admit that her husband merely submitted to her caresses."

The Hopeful Housewife smiled sardonically.

"Why?" she asked. "I often think it's very unselfish for a man or woman to care about the affection they inspire. It's what we feel, not what we make other persons feel that makes us happy. Why should the kisses worry about motives so long as the kisses consent? I think married persons would be a great deal happier if they didn't weigh their emotions so carefully and if every fellow weren't looking to be short-weighted."

"I don't know," the Confirmed Commuter smilingly admitted. "I'm beginning to feel very submissive just now."

"You mean you submit a kiss for acceptance?" she inquired.

Her husband nodded.

"Well," said the Hopeful Housewife, blushing vividly. "I'm afraid the editor will have to regret—"

"Regret nothing!" the Confirmed Commuter answered. "You don't know what you are talking about! In my opinion the best way to define a submissive kiss is to take one!"

"Far be it from me to disagree with you," said the submissive lady.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Text—"The Eagle and the Stars."
Obadiah iv. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest above the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord of Hosts."

We have here the symbolism of our own beloved country. The eagle is the type of the United States. Our flag is that of the stars. The eagle typifies lofty flight, courage, freedom. These are all characteristics of our country. The stars symbolize truth, knowledge and illumination. The blue is the symbol of truth and purity.

"Our country was founded to exemplify these virtues and ideas. It is fitting that at such a time as this, when we are about to celebrate the genesis and birth of this nation, that we should stop to consider how true or false we may be, in our corporate and individual life, to the ideals of our nation."

"This warning to Edom should be taken to heart by ourselves. The prophet is warning them against trusting wholly or chiefly in material strength. He tells them very plainly that though they may be highly exalted, they cannot get beyond the influence and aid of a righteous and just God."

"We, as a nation, have little to fear from outside foes. Our dangers are within. Some of the dangers which threaten us are the decay of family life. The family is the mainstay of the nation. When the family is strong and pure the nation is correspondingly strong and virtuous. Whatever



affects the stability of the family is to be deplored and sternly opposed.

"Is it not true that we are largely losing the high ideals of family life which characterized the early days of the republic? The facility of divorce, says Gibbon, was one of the chief causes of the decay of Rome. Does not the same evil threaten us? Ought not we who hold to Christian ideals set our face as a flint against the sin of divorce and stoutly maintain the indissolubility of the sacrament of marriage?"

"The mad pursuit of wealth for wealth's

sake is another evil. Get money at any price, and in any way, sometimes seems to be regarded as the chief pursuit of men. This accounts for the graft and corruption which is so dominant in our life today. As patriotic citizens, we should set our faces against everything that has a tendency to lower the standards and ideals for which our country should ever stand.

"Another evil, which, as true Americans, we should oppose, is the growing disposition to array class against class and race against race in our national life. Hither have come people from every nation under heaven, seeking to rise to the full stature of manhood. Every opportunity should be given to them to develop into the highest type of America citizenship.

"It is absolutely wrong to throw obstacles in the way of any man or woman who is anxious to prove himself along right lines.

These are a few of the dangers which threaten our national life from within. Each one should ask himself how much he is doing individually to keep the nation true to its ideals.

"Our nation is destined to be great and to fill our God-appointed task, but we will only be able to do so in the proportion that each individual contributes his share to the general good. Let us be true to the symbolism of our country. Let us exalt ourselves as the eagle. Let us set our nests above the stars in civic and national righteousness."

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl With Paralyzed Antennae



The girls like Eugenia, who object to the truth about women, will say, "Now, she's calling us—us!" But I am not. I am about, however, to impart some useful information. First, antennae on insects are feelers. And that is just what they are on a girl. They are the little wads and means by which she feels about—for the right man.

They are precious little feelers because they send the message to a girl's heart. They are the heralds of love. And it's just as right and natural for a girl to have feelers—and to use them—as it is for a man. Have you ever seen a tiny insect curled up in a dark little wad, its small antennae pressed against its body? Maybe the cold does it. Perhaps something hit it. Or, it may not yet have weakened to the need and us of its antennae.

You are just like that little bug. Only you excuse your doubled up and useless antennae as being "lady-like." And you are wrong. It's no more lady-like for a girl to sit in a corner and look down her nose, with her antennae—the charms, the looks, the smiles, the grace, the curiosity, the appeal—doubled up and useless than it is bug-like for the little insect to sit on its back and starve. The bug gets active. One feeler, then another, straightens out. Then—presto—the bug gives a flip and a flop and over it goes, to land right side up. And it makes, with Nature's sure instinct, toward the flowers where the honey waits, or toward the luscious wealth of the berry patch.

But you sit and gloom! You haven't any feelers! The other girls have. One has a dimple that the men enjoy. Another has a tongue that interprets the bright thoughts in her clever head. And the men seek her. Another has a laugh that is delightful.

And the invertebrate idealist man has been known to fall in love with an ideal laugh

and solely a prude.

You need to think a bit. It's the inalienable right of every man and woman to seek happiness. So far, though, they have often not found it there; still the best place to look for it is with the right one of the opposite sex. If you are willing to forswear your birthright, if you like stiff, cramped antennae, just continue to decorate the edges and pass cake at other girls' weddings.

But if you really and truly have the heart of a woman, you must have the antennae. Use them! Exercise them! Get the kinks out of them! Polish up your smiles! Lubricate your speech! Learn to laugh when you are amused! In short, put out those honest, natural feelers that were intended to help you to the rose garden where love lies among the flowers.

Budget of Curious Facts

Tree planting occurred in Wall street, New York, in July, 1886.

A spotted child was born in Raleigh, N. C., on August 30, 1905.

On June 15, 1789, Daniel Pennington, a resident of New Jersey, ate eighty-nine hens' eggs.

A swordfish struck a vessel near Jamaica, West Indies, in November, 1809, and held fast for six hours.

Boston Independent Chronicle of August 9, 1892, records the fact that Luppaz Zaib, who had just died in Smyrna at the age of 118 years, had sixty children by five wives.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate



July 1, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Philip Aboud, 1722 South Thirteenth St.	St. Philomena	1897
Isadore Abramson, 2316 North Twenty-seventh St.	Howard Kennedy	1893
Dora Bloom, 2314 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1903
Beniah Butler, 2521 Burdette St.	Long	1894
Florence E. Christensen, 2524 N. Twenty-eighth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1897
George B. Colt, 3548 Harney St.	Columbian	1899
Marie L. Coleman, 3828 Parker St.	High	1892
Bernice Crane	High	1893
Dora Davis, 2415 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1902
Evelyn Ekstrand, 2415 Arbor St.	Castellar	1905
Maude Falls, 319 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1901
Charles E. Fuller, 3367 Farnam St.	Columbian	1899
Lester C. Gates, 3120 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Reuben Goldberg, 1422 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1900
Joseph Grady, 3818 Mason St.	Columbian	1902
Harold A. Hanson, 2611 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1903
Ella Hort, 2315 South Fourteenth St.	Franklin	1905
Clarence Hanfelt, 3825 Brown St.	Castellar	1898
Jacob Jacobson, 2016 Pierce St.	Sacred Heart	1895
Dorette Kendis, 2024 Davenport St.	Mason	1901
Tommy Lewis, 1014 Martha St.	Central	1899
Paul Laushman, 2426 South Fifth St.	Lincoln	1905
David H. Leavitt, 1918 South Thirty-second Ave.	Bancroft	1897
Herbert Millard, 3411 Franklin St.	Windsor	1904
Morris Markman, 2516 Biundo St.	High	1894
Mary Miller, 2322 Paul St.	Kellom	1902
Edward Murphy, 1621 Pinkney St.	Kellom	1901
Morris Norlem, 2108 South Thirty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1896
Anna Penchansky, 1561 North Twentieth St.	Windsor	1903
Rene Porter, 1516 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1898
Hilda Peters, 513 Poppleton Ave.	Kellom	1900
Amelia Rican, 1113 Briggs St.	Travis	1899
Rupert Rice, 3033 Pinkney St.	Pacific	1899
Marvaline I. Rigby, 1229 South Sixteenth St.	Druid Hill	1901
Hilda Rann, 1909 California St.	Comenius	1903
Lester Rigby, 2809 Camden St.	Cass	1900
Minnie Settle, 2014 Pierce St.	High	1897
Jake Siegal, 1910 South Nineteenth St.	(Mason)	1904
Lorena F. Sallander, 3405 North Thirtieth St.	Castellar	1893
Christina Stephan, 2017 South Central Boulevard	Howard Kennedy	1902
Sam Segelman, 1903 South Eleventh St.	Vinton	1895
Lillian Tufteld, 2824 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lincoln	1904
Frank Vandorf, 2531 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1896
Tony Vashis, 918 Pierce St.	Lothrop	1897
Ruth White, 5226 North Twenty-fifth St.	Pacific	1903
Frank Walther, 714 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Raymond B. Wood, 2511 South Thirty-second St.	Webster	1896
Robert Wendt, 2116 South Fourth St.	Windsor	1900
	Train	1898

Fair Women of the White House

Morristown was the birthplace of Anna Symes, who became the wife of the sixth president of the United States, William Henry Harrison. She was born just before the revolution, and when at the age of 4 the motherless little girl was taken to her maternal grandparents at Southold, Long Island, she remembers throughout her life the journey through the country, then in possession of the British.

Her father was a colonel in the continental army, and in order to bring his daughter to her grandmother for necessary care and training he assumed the disguise of a British officer and achieved his purpose. Father and daughter did not meet again until after the evacuation of New York in 1783.

Her father married again and, emigrating to Ohio, took his daughter with him and settled at North Bend, where he had already founded a little colony. It was while Ann was visiting an older married sister in Kentucky that she met Captain Harrison, then in command of Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. They were married at her father's house in November, 1795.

Then followed a varied life as the wife of a soldier and statesman, a governor and superintendent of Indian affairs. Left much at home, Mrs. Harrison devoted herself to her large family of ten children. During thirty years of life at North Bend she buried one child in infancy and three grownup daughters and four sons.

After the exciting campaign in which Harrison was elected president, he went to his inauguration without his wife, who was too delicate in health to make the



MRS. W. H. HARRISON.

Journey. She never went into the White House as its actual mistress, and held the title only for a brief space.

In one month from the day of the inauguration the president died of pneumonia. Had he lived she would have gone to Washington. As it was, she continued in the old homestead until 1858. Then she went to live in the home of her son, John Scott Harrison, near North Bend. She died there February, 25, 1864.

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Liked Teetotalers

Colonel George E. Blythe of Columbus, O., was relating stories of the civil war.

"The canteen, its use and abuse," said Colonel Blythe, "occupied the minds of civilians a good deal during the war. I remember an anti-canteen meeting that I attended with a couple of dozen colonels and generals in Charleston."

"A funny thing occurred at this meeting," the chief speaker, a Savannah man, had happened to get into conversation with the landlord of his hotel in the afternoon and the landlord had said that, speaking out of a vast experience he preferred a total abstainer to a moderate drinker any day.

"Will you come to our anti-canteen meeting," said the lecturer eagerly, "and address us on that head?"

"Sure I will," said the hotel man. "So that night, after the lecturer had finished his own speech, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening Brother Dash, the proprietor of the largest bar in Charleston. Brother Dash prefers a teetotaler to a moderate drinker any day, and he will now tell us why."

"Landlord Dash arose amid loud applause.

"Friends," he said, "I'll tell you how it is. A moderate drinker comes to my saloon, orders a large beer, collars all the morning

papers, takes the best armchair in the place and stays for three-quarters of an hour—and all I get out of it is a nickel.

"Now, a teetotaler, he rushes up to the back door, buys a quart of whisky, buttons his vest over it and is off like the wind. He don't give a grain of trouble and I'm in 75 cents."—Washington Star.

NATURAL OBJECTION.



CANNED SALMON.

