The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Told by the Troubled Tourist

"There's a pathetic note—a pathetic two-dollar note—about that food bill within a dollar paid over in Jersey after a lapse of twenty-five years," remarked the Troubled Tourist as he carefully ousted off his collar.

"Some food bills don't run that long and others never stop running, not even after twenty-five years. If all the twenty-five-year-old food bills were to be paid right now the landlords and the landladies could retire from the boardin' house district and spend the rest of their day riding up and down in automobiles, laughing at the folks who haven't anything to do but eat and sleep.

"According to this food story, the man who owed the money just enclosed a two-dollar bill in a note, saying 'Bal. of Food Bill.'

"He didn't say what the food bill was, whether it was a plain breakfast with just flapjacks and beer, or whether it was for a week's board.

"The only thing I can remember now that I ever ate that I didn't pay for was a plate of ham and eggs at a railroad lunch counter out west a good many years ago. We stopped ten minutes for refreshments at a water tank station that had a sign over a window reading:

ALL KINDS OF EGGS.

When the train stopped a husky man with cowhide boots and a frescoed apron came out of the station beating on a tin pan with a spoon.

"'I thought from the sign he was a naturalist,' said a fellow who sat across the aisle from me, 'but that gong means grub west or east. Come on.'

"We went in and I allowed I'd take 'em fried with ham on the side, and my friend across the aisle preferred 'em scrambled.

"In a couple of minutes or so the lunch man flipped a dish in front of me with a pale-looking, wall-eyed egg and a chunk of ham on it. I wasn't much impressed with the appearance of the egg, but I ate it while he set the scramble before my friend.

"WE STOPPED TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."

"My fellow traveler got away with his dish in a hurry and the lunch man says:

"'Two dollars, please!'

"We both started to holler at once, but the lunch man had reached under the counter and brought up a gun a foot and a half 'long.

"'Come across!' says he.

"My friend came across first, but it was with a second gun two feet long, and while they were blazing away I just stepped out the nearest window through the sash.

"I wanted to catch the train, anyway. I grabbed the platform of the last car as it pulled out and left my friend to settle for the eggs. I suppose I ought to get busy and remit $1 now, twenty-five years after, but I don't know which one to send it to."

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Fair Women of the White House

Letitia Christian Tyler, wife of the tenth president, John Tyler, was born in Cedar Grove, in Virginia, on the 12th of November, 1790. She died in the White House, during her husband's administration, on the 10th of September, 1842.

She was the daughter of Robert Christian, a Virginia planter and a man of importance politically and socially. She was a charming young woman in her early twenties when she was wedded to John Tyler, a rising young lawyer, the son of Governor Tyler of Virginia, on the 29th of March, 1813, her husband's birthday.

The young people began their married life in Charles City county, on a part of Greenway, the estate of the elder Tyler. The young bridegroom was fond of music and poetry, and Mrs. Tyler inspired a series of sonnets from the pen of her husband.

Mrs. Tyler was a very sweet and amiable woman, who rather shunned publicity. On the death of president Harrison one month after his inauguration, John Tyler, vice president, assumed the position, and Mrs. Tyler proceeded with him to the White House. Her health was delicate, however, and she rarely appeared at public functions.

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, described her appearance at the marriage of her third daughter, Elizabeth, in the White House, on the 31st of January, 1842.

"Our dear mother was downstairs," writes Mrs. Robert Tyler, "on this occasion for the first time in so large a circle since she has been in Washington. She gained by comparison with all the fine ladies around her. I felt proud of her in her perfectly faultless yet ostentatious dress, her face shaded by the soft, fine lace of her cap, receiving in her sweet, gentle, self-possessed manner all the important people who were led up and presented to her. She was far more attractive to me in her appearance than any other lady in the room, and such I believe was the general impression."

MRS. ROBERT TYLER.

It was Mrs. Robert Tyler who usually officiated for her mother-in-law. She was the daughter of Thomas Cooper, the eminent tragedian. Her mother was the daughter of Major Fairlee, a distinguished officer of the revolutionary war.

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"Toast" in the Tankard

Toast and toasters were old stories in Shakespeare's times. We have frequent references to both in his plays. The cooks of the day must have made a better variety of toast than the average American cook turns out, for the custom of putting a bit in the bottom of the tankard before pouring the liquor was established.

From a number of the fashionable Tatler, bearing date June 4, 1709, we learn the origin of the term "toast," as applied to a reigning belle or, more widely, to a sentiment uttered by the one offering the "toast" to be drunk. We use the phrase so naturally now that we never bethink us of the origin. Two hundred years ago the Tatler thought it necessary to explain to readers that the "allusion was to the usage of the times of drinking with a toast in the bottom of the glass."

How many, even of the scholars who offer them at class-day anniversaries, know why they are "toasts?"

What reader of English poetry does not recall the swing and the ring of "The Three Troopers":

In each of the cups they dropped a crust.
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords and roared for a toast—
"God send this Crum-well down!"

"Crust" and "crumb" stand for the toast without which posset, ale and sack would not be quite to the Boston's taste.

The bit of toasted bread in the bottom of tankard or wine glass must have been thin and delicately crisp, or it would have converted sack and wine into pap.

Points that Stick.

It's all right to have one-sided views if you only look on the bright side.

It is naturally the straight and narrow path for those who are paying for the new pavement.

We once heard of a woman who could talk, but would not. We have also heard other curious things.

Every man believes that he is a born leader, but the majority are unable to find a procession to head.

Even a modest girl has been known to engage in a flirtation for the purpose of making some other girl miserable.—Chicago News.

Up-to-Date Speeches.

"The dialogue sounds like modern, snappy stuff," said the man who was standing in the theater lobby, "but the plot is a little vague."

"That isn't a rehearsal you are listening to," replied the manager. "That's a parrot that my wife made me bring down town because its language was too strong for the house."—Washington Star.

Otto's Auto and Other Bits of Poetry

OTTO'S AUTO.

Young Otto bought an auto, which he
ought to not have done
Till he had studied fully how an auto ought
to run;
But Otto didn't do it, so he had himself to
thank
That when Otto cranked the auto, why
young Otto was the crank.

For Otto left the auto with the lever
pushed to "go,"
When he ought to have reversed it, with
the power shut off, you know;
So when Otto cranked the auto, the auto
gave a jump
And landed Otto sprawling, with an auto-
matic thump.

But Otto grabbed the auto as the auto
autoed by,
Then Otto and the auto adown the street
did fly;
And at a speed that auto the luckless Otto
whirled
Like an automatic autocrat who thinks he
owns the world.

While the auto-hating public stood and
watched the auto rash
Till it ran against a lamp post with a most
terrific crash!
Then they sadly laid poor Otto, who had
lost his auto zest,
Where the autos cease from troubling and
the Ottos are at rest.

—Boston Globe.

MODERN NATURE LORE.

To write of the wonders of Nature
Is now the acceptable dodge:
To trace the Nannook's nomenclature,
And learn where the Lorises lodge,
To set forth the habits of rabbits,
To sum up the porcupine's spines,
To mention the uses of mooses and gooses,
And tell how the ocelot dines,
To teach us to know the gorilla,
And how to tell llamas from lambs;
About what to chin the chinchilla,
And how best to entertain clams.
To post us on pigeons and widgeons,
And to tell how to make beavers beave,
Or how to inveigle an eagle or beagle
His highest and best to achieve.
To state all the traits of the wombat;
To show why the koulan and voie
Are always engaged in a combat—
These stories I swallow down whole.
But, still, with two questions I wrangle,
And help will not come at may call;
Why an angleworm hasn't an angle—
And a mongoose is no goose at all!

—Carolyn Wells in Harper's Weekly.

NO ESCAPE.

Once a very nervous chap
To cross the street did try.
An auto handed him a tap
And sent him to the sky.

And ere he could descend again
He got an awful whack;
Somebody's whizzing aeroplane
Just tapped him on the back.

He shot down to the river below,
He tried to keep afloat,
Alas, he fell a victim to
A puffing motorboat!

—New York Telegram.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Girl Who Pokes

It is not fun that you poke. What a blessing if there were some fun about your performance. But there is nothing but irritation and exasperation to be extracted. For you poke yourself.

You are the girl who is always mooning along a crowded railway platform when a man whose last cent will be gobbed up by his business enemies if he does not arrive in time to feed them something else, is trying to catch the outgoing train. He encounters you, dawdling toward the entrance or meandering toward your car. He leaps widly from side to side, and you wobble and weave in your aimless, vacillating progress till he is ready to beat you down and walk over you. Of course, a respect for himself and you and the law prevents; but nothing prevents his ireful rebellion against your poking from enwrapping you in an eura of awfuiness. It's really a pity he does not say the things he thinks and feels as he misses his train by a bare foot or two and contemplates your responsibility for the loss of his money.

You ought really to have to pay damages.

And you are the girl who pokes along when a nice man asks you to go for a walk. You lop and flop and laze till he is ready to fly—from you. Nothing is quite so trying to a walker's patience as a companion who dangles about two feet in the rear. You always do it. And you get to be a drag on a man's mind as well as his steps. The strain could hardly be worse if you seized him by the coattails and sledded along behind him. He has the sensation of pulling you with him by main force.

You are also the girl who moves at snail's pace along a thoroughfare where others are hurrying. On the rapid stream of the quick-pacing populace you move like a heavy log. Into you the woman with an engagement at the department store bumps. She has to apologize. It takes time. But she does not mind that so much as she does the disquieting consciousness that you think because you have no business to attend to that no one else has.

The policeman, worried by the responsibility of directing the traffic, shoves you gently in the back to get you to locomote at a pace which will permit the string of street cars and automobiles to get ahead. You never seem to realize that anybody has to get anywhere quickly. You adapt the time schedule of the universe to your poky preferences.

And there's certain to be this about you, you are as slow, as weakly-wobbling in your ideas as you are in your walking. Do you know that its one of the signs of mental deficiency not to be able to put your feet down firmly and operate your legs quickly and with precision. Yes, it is. And you have never appreciated the fact that you are not as quick in mind as you might be. But you can count on it that others have.

Maybe I am not fully informed, but I know of only one time when a girl can afford to poke. That is on a secluded path when the moonlight filters in silver arabesques on the ground. Every tiny leaf casts the ghosts of its own tender shadow down. And the man beside you watches the little ghosts fly softly across the curves of your warm cheeks and seek themselves in the velvet depth of your—of your eyes, I almost said. But no! The time of of the moonlight walk never comes for you. You poke too much. No man cares to saunter slowly with a girl who never does anything else. He wants to take that walk with one who knows how to "step lively" when there is a need for speed.

Nubs of Knowledge

To practise hypnotism is illegal in Belgium.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of piano wire.

Sugar is found more or less in all vegetable substances.

The ropes for a first-class man-of-war cost about $15,000.

In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

A single cocoon of the ordinary silkworm will frequently give a double thread 1,100 feet in length.

From a commercial point of view man is composed of thirteen elements, of which five are gases and eight are solids.

Socialism was first referred to in the year 33. Original work on the subject was published in 1516 and was entitled "Utopia."

Doctors assert that baked potatoes are more nutritious than those cooked in any other way and that fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

New Words to Old Tunes

'Tis never too late to spend.

As a man primpeth so is he.

Bachelor: as you sew so also shall you rip.

One good love deserves another is the theory of the lady-killer.

A switch in time saves the situation.

He who flirts and runs away lives to flirt another day.

To a lady card fiend a good game is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Talebearers, like Mary's lamb, when they come home leave their wails behind them.

He who hesitates is bossed.

When there is the devil to pay the price is not considered.

There's many a slip 'twixt the proposal and the marriage ceremony.

If wishes were automobiles millionaires would fly.—Sophie Irene Loeb in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Baby Mine and the Foxy Dog

"Bad doggy! Go 'way."

"Good doggy! Bring baby plaything."

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate — JULY

July 4, 1911.

GORDON SMITH.
3910 Dewey Ave.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Annie Ackerman, 522 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1904
Esther Anderson, 2418 South Fifth St.	Bancroft	1901
William Bauermeister, 2448 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1902
Katie Barrett, 2411 South Eighth St.	Bancroft	1903
Helen G. Bradt, 4731 North Fortieth St.	High	1903
Mable Basler, 1932 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1896
Sherman Bonnie, 1515 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1905
Sevwl Cherrek, 2524 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Charlie Celak, 1017 Homer St.	Edw. Rosewater	1903
Leona H. Corrigan, 3013 Worth St.	Farnam	1897
Donald Crow, 408 South Fortieth St.	High	1894
Vida Curry, 1112 North Forty-third Ave.	High	1894
Carl Christensen, 4002 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Druid Hill	1902
Peter Dino, 1213 Pierce St.	Pacific	1902
Oscar Denison, 2621 Blondo St.	Long	1375
Frank Friedrich, 3029 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Aster Ferer, 1923 Paul St.	Kellom	1904
Matilda Faier, 514 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1904
John Faier, 2532 Parker St.	Long	1898
Edwin Gould, 1919 Binney St.	Lothrop	1897
William Good, 2526 Wirt St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Vincent Grace, 2629 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1894
Manuel Meyer Gross, 501 South Twenty-second St.	High	1895
Clara Greensky, 2018 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1902
Martin Hansen, 2819 Pratt St.	Druid Hill	1898
Robert N. Houghton, 2602 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Rosalia Hertz, 2536 South Seventh St.	Bancroft	1904
Bertha Hartmann, Fifty-fourth St. and Lincoln Ave.	Beals	1902
Edgar S. Holsten, 3341 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Albert Joslin, 1107 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1896
Goldie Jensen, 2208 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1903
William Hay Krelle, 2705 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1905
Edwin Kramer, 1402 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1895
Elizabeth Koopman, 2476 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1905
Gladys Larganecker, 2019 St. Mary's Ave.	Mason	1904
Mildred Loftman, 2125 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1904
Leo Lyons, 1318 Jackson St.	Leavenworth	1902
Madelene McKenna, 621 William St.	Train	1898
Frank Motis, 418 Walnut St.	Train	1902
Evelyn M. Nelson, 2234 Ohio St.	Lake	1905
Ray E. Ochsenben, 2423 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1899
John O'Rourke, 3408 Farnam St.	Farnam	1902
Ernest Olson, 2508 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1904
John Palmer, 1416 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1903
George Rasmussen, 2110 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1895
Madeline Roberts, 1414 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1899
John W. Rogers, 522 North Fifteenth St.	Cass	1905
Myra J. Riley, 2315 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1898
Cahill Riley, 923 South Fortieth St.	Columbian	1904
Walter George Ramely, 4533 Marcy St.	Columbian	1904
John William Raue, 614 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1903
Isabelle Radman, 947 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1897
Madeline Rossiter, 2306 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1897
Curtis C. Shears, 604 South Thirty-fifth St.	Columbian	1901
Gordon A. Smith, 3910 Dewey Ave.	Columbian	1904
Martha Schottan, 3705 South Eighteenth St.	German Lutheran	1897
Anna M. Schinker, 2202 South Fifteenth St.	St. Joseph	1905
Lousa Tennebaum, 1441 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1895
Carrie Uhlir, 1732 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1903
Margaret N. Ullery, 2908 Franklin St.	Long	1901
Roberta Van Doren, 2960 Harney St.	Farnam	1903
Nannie Verne Dearmont, 3312 Meredith Ave.	High	1893
Herman Wrasse, 526 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Farnam	1896
Frank Welch, 3012 Oak St.	Windsor	1902
Paul Wachtler, 2316 Vinton St.	St. Joseph	

Lay of the Hotel Lobby ist

"Well, I see that the fellow who rocks the rowboat broke out in New Jersey and was swatted," grinned the Chair Warmer.

"Yep. The hand that rocks the rowboat is the one that fools the world," paraphrased the Hotel Lobbyist. Some considerable surprise to him when the rude person who was with him rocked him with a smear on the eye and knocked him into the water, though. That's no way to use a perfectly harmless, petrified dome who hasn't drowned a single woman or child. No way at all. He was merely expressing his gay animal spirits and he should have suffered nothing worse than having a rock hung about his neck and then have been dipped upside down into the water and left there an hour or two. I'm against that cruel stuff.

"I'm glad to see that the magistrate before whom he was arraigned was not so cruel as to coop the party up for the summer. That will give his recklets time to practice during the hot months and maybe—who knows—he might be able to turn a boat clear over some time, and that will help some, even if he is all alone.

"Let us cheer up, though. Even if the jolly rockster who ought to be allowed to rock a rockpile with a hammer for a while, if suppressed at the very outburst—I mean outset—of the silly season, we can hope that the remainder of the foolish tribe will stay on the job all summer.

"Now that the glad day for thoughtful celebration of our nation's cheapness is at hand we can depend upon the prominent patriots to uphold our ancient traditions. The fellow who always blows down the gun muzzle and then loses his head over the matter will be in full flower. Think it over. Can you imagine why a sensible person should or should not blow down the face of a loaded gun? It must be lots of sport, although I'm too much of a mollycoddle to try it.

"Then there is our old friend who goes out to see why the giant cracker failed to crack. He invariably finds out, but never leaves any data for scientists to be guided by in future experiments. He seldom leaves anything, even a respectable amount of fingers. And as for the party who starts in as chauffeur to a small brass cannon without having taken ever a correspondence course—he'll be missed, too, but not by the cannon.

"Then wait for the big show at night, when the annual boob insists on holding a large skyrocket in his hand while shooting it—shooting the rocket, not his hand, I mean."

"Fools are funny," said the Chair Warmer.

"FOOL!"

"A fool and his funnybone are soon parted," replied the Hotel Lobbyist.

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Stung to the Quick

Chivalrous Mr. Jones purposely dropped a fifty-cent piece at the foot of a poorly dressed woman who passed through the Subway turnstile loudly lamenting that the ticket agent had cheated her out of half a dollar, then he picked the money up and gave it to her.

"Excuse me, madame," said Mr. Jones, "I think you dropped this."

"Oh, no," she said, "It can't be mine. Perhaps you dropped it yourself."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jones. "It is yours, I am sure. I picked it up just as you passed."

She took the money and hurried after another man who had passed at the time the money dropped.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I think you lost this."

"Thanks," said the other man, and jumped aboard a train that was ready to start.

What Jones said was strictly to himself, but his face hurt him all day.—New York Times.

Owing to heavy gales in March, 1801, Sandy Hook was separated from the mainland and became an island.