

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Told by the Troubled Tourist

Having had my troubles trying to find out what to drink during the hot spell," said the Troubled Tourist as he dug into his pocket for a flask. "I next had the misfortune to stumble over the inspired person who tells you what is best to wear in hot weather. There were several of him this time, and if I had followed all the advice I got, I'd have landed on the island by morning."

"The first one found me wearing a blue serge suit in which I was fairly comfortable, or so I thought, until I was told that it was a disgrace to wear such a thing in hot weather. He was going to ask me if it was hot enough for me, but seeing the murderous glint in my eye he switched off just in time and said:

"You'd be a heap cooler, old man, if you'd wear all black this weather. You know black is a great reflector of heat and doesn't allow the caloric to percolate through the fabric and produce general humidity."

"All right," I said, "I'll take your word for it. If black's any cooler I'm strong for it."

"I ran across my wardrobe and found a black suit that was a little heavier than the serge, but I put it on and went out again. There must have been something wrong with the caloric that day, for I hadn't been out fifteen minutes before I felt like a walking Turkish bath and came near collapsing."

"Maybe it isn't fast black," I said as I hustled to my room to yank the suit off. On my way I met several more human inspirations and one of them said:

"Say, I should think you'd die in that dark suit. Why don't you put on white duck. Don't you know white disorganizes the caloric and prevents it permeating the system?"

"In despair I decided to chance it and I dug up a white duck coat and pair of



"UNLESS HE TELLS ME TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT."

duck trousers that had just come from the laundry a few days before. They had been stretched pretty stiff, it seemed to me, but I put them on and went out again.

"It must have been the starch. Say, it was like walking down Broadway in a suit of mail, and it just soaked up the heat like the side of a brick building."

"And not only that, but I couldn't have attracted any more attention if I'd been a brand new yacht, for I glistened like a china egg and everybody I passed wondered where the rest of the parade was. I stood it as long as I could. Then I rushed back to my room and clinked into my old, cool clothes."

"Now I won't take a word of advice from anybody else, unless he tells me to wear a bathing suit."

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Fair Ladies of the White House

During the administration of President Franklin Pierce his wife was the presiding genius of the White House. She was born in Hampton, N. H., March 4, 1805. Her father was Rev. Dr. Jesse Appleton, president of Bowdoin college, and she was a worthy representative of a very noble family.

Miss Appleton was brought up in an atmosphere of great refinement and an unexceptional culture. She was a young woman of very refined and modest disposition. It was in 1829 that she married the man who afterwards became president.

She was the mother of three sons, none of whom survived her. Two died in early life, and the younger, who was named Benjamin, met his death in a railroad accident on January 6, 1888. It was only two months before his father's inauguration.

When her uncle was appointed to the English mission, in 1853, she accompanied him, and was a brilliant social success in London. During her reign at the White House the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward the Seventh, visited America, and Miss Lane's noble entertainment of this royal guest is a matter of record.

Miss Lane has been described as "a blonde with deep violet eyes, golden hair, classic features and a mouth of peculiar beauty. Her form had a statuesque majesty, and every movement was graceful. She was noted for good taste in dress."

After the close of President Buchanan's administration Miss Lane accompanied her uncle to his spacious home at Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa. In 1866 she married Henry Elliott Jonson of Maryland and resided with him in Baltimore. She survived her husband and two sons.

The struggling young clergyman realizes the difference between a surplice and a surplus.

and the boy's parents were traveling with him. Mrs. Pierce never fully recovered from the shock.

She died on December 2, 1885, at Andover, Mass., and lies buried beside her three children in the cemetery at Concord, N. H. When President James Buchanan took up his abode in the White House he was in his sixty-fifth year and a confirmed bachelor. The death of the lady to whom he was to have been married kept him faithful in a memory. The death of his



HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON

a charming hostess at the White House for her uncle.

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The Kingdom of Dust

As dust was the beginning, so shall it be the end of all things earthly. It is the cosmic undertaker of the ages, and silently, restlessly, and eternally it has performed its function, writes J. Gordon Ogden, in Popular Mechanism Magazine.

The proudest monuments built by man, the sphinx, the pyramids, the colossus of Rhodes, the gardens of Babylon and the glories of Grecian art, have either crumbled to the dust whence they sprang or have been buried deep in its winding sheet.

So far as human grandeur is concerned, even "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

No one knows how many Londons or Jerusalems there have been. Excavations into the dust on which these cities are built reveal the relics and remains of former cities, which once flourished and were mighty, but were finally entombed in the course of untold centuries by the gradual, but immense, deposits of dust and debris. When Macaulay's New Zealanders shall muse in profound melancholy upon the shattered remains of London bridge, he will behold a vast battlefield, where half-buried columns and desert sands shall proclaim the final sovereignty of dust.

The mighty Himalayas, whose mighty summits have as yet defied the foot of man, are slowly crumbling into dust, and the lofty peaks of the Andes are splintered, fragment by fragment, until they, too, shall become waste and valley. Every wind that blows soft over Ceylon's Isle car-

ries away in tiny dust particles some of its beautiful hills and vales. Every brooklet trickling down the rugged mountain side bears part of a continent to the sea. Every year the Mississippi river carries down to the Gulf little motes of matter, river-worn dust amounting to over 7,000,000,000 cubic feet. In 3,600 years the Mississippi cuts down its entire basin one foot, and will last 7,000,000 years.

Sales Far Apart.
On a hot day recently a warm conversation was started among three business men by the complaint of one that hot weather made the sale of his goods impossible.

"The other two listened while he wailed. Finally, No. 2 said: 'Quit your sneaking. I haven't made a sale since last February.'"

"What do you sell?" asked No. 1.
"Snow plows."

No. 3 came to bat. "It will be a year in August since I got an order," he said.
"What is your line?" asked No. 1 and No. 2 in chorus.

"Suspension bridges," Chicago Post.
Good Cook, but—
Reynolds—Is your new cook saving you any money?

Ashley—Well, my grocer and my butcher bills are not so high as they used to be, but I find I can't help running up a big account at the drugist's every month for appetizers.—Chicago News.

A blind man is no judge of colors.

Why Do They Do It?



PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

COURTESY, 1911, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAPH (NEW YORK HERALD COPY) AT RIGHTS RESERVED.



Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Girl With the Egret



It looks like a miniature explosion on the back of your hat. And it cost enough to have created one. It is an egret. And it is lovely. No one but another woman ever loves its soft and fluffy appeal to your refined barbarism. A Hottentot belle thrilled with the same ecstasy of delight when she thrust a gorgeously colored feather through her corkscrew curls. She felt she dressed up and gaudily as you do. Your thrill is more exquisite than hers, for it is the titillation of pleased vanity carried to the nth power. It is finer, more delicate, less garish—but just as cruel. It's worse.

Her feather may have fallen from the molting bird. Or it may have come from the tail of the tropical creature whose plump breast went into the pot. But yours comes from the body of the mother bird who is killed when her babies need her.

Why the enormity of your cruelty is as bad as the stench which hangs over the swamps of Florida after the tall hunters have passed and the little herons die of hunger. All the plump mothers of thousands of new hatched baby birds are skinned and packed and the skins sent to be made ready to decorate you.

But listen. This is not the worst. You are like a tender-hearted lunatic when some one pulls your cat's tail. You get into a splendid rage when a coal wagon driver beats his horse. You hold your dog in loving arms and let him snicker over your sappy, silly face. But you reach the

very tipmost top of your injudicious, plainly exploited folly when you wear an egret in your hat.

The impression that men make on girls and the impression that girls make on men are the one imprint of all the thousands that are being tracked onto the straits of history which will last forever. It is the one. It counts inevitably more than any other. And it counts to each man and each girl—well, you know what it means to you.

Then what must a man think of you when you pay an enormous price for a badge that will smirch you as a creature of such blindness to her own and to humanity's interests that she actually abuses her own highest function, outrages motherhood.

It's only the motherhood of a bird, you say. Yes, but that bird's motherhood represents the great principle. And, in your wilful, cruel vanity you are willing to continue to do violence to the maternity that decent beings reverence.

What possesses you and other women like you to purposely ruin down your own value? Can't you see that every tiny blow you strike at the essential experiences of your sex is making your individual experience harder? Are you trying to make a toy of yourself and the things for which you stand? Don't you know that you deserve and receive consideration in this world because you are necessary to its progress? And, if you want to count for the most, to be most tenderly considered

and most beautifully treated, you must elevate and dignify your own functions and duties, not degrade and abuse them.

It seems unthinkable that law should have to force women to respect motherhood. But it has come to that. And you are the one who has brought this disgrace upon your sex. Shame upon you. Your flaunting feather is the funeral plume for another mother bird and her babies. But it is more sinister still as the emblem of your insult to motherhood.

Where Miracles Occur

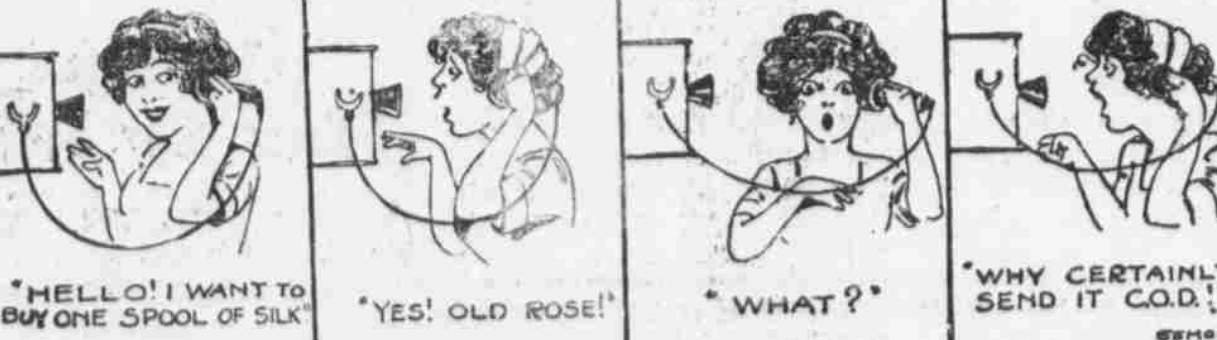
Dr. Eugene Fuller, president of the American Urological association, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of Independence day:

"We must all try to be as truthful as George Washington was. I am afraid we have not of late years held the reputation for truthfulness that George Washington gave us. I am afraid that we have published to the world, through our yellow press and by other means, a good many tall stories."

"Thus an English teacher once said to a pupil: 'What is a miracle?'"

"Please, sir," the little pupil answered, "it's something that happens in America."

C. O. D.—Why Certainly



A blind man is no judge of colors.

Old Irish Proverbs

Even a fool has luck.
Fierceness is often hidden beneath beauty.
There is often anger in a laugh.
A good dress often hides a deceiver.
A foolish word is folly.
Cut after its kind.
Hope consoles the persecuted.
The well-fed forget the hungry.
Drunkennes is the brother of robbery.
Hope is the physician of every misery.
It is difficult to tame the proud.
Idleness is the fool's desire.
The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a quarrel.
A cat may look at a king.
Without treasure, without friends.
Wine is sweet; to pay for it is bitter.
Character is better than wealth.
No man is wise at all times.
Not every flatterer is a friend.
Sleep is the image of death.
Enough is a feast.

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

TUESDAY,

July 18, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Helen Anderson, 2418 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1900
Hazel Alexander, 629 South Twentieth St.	Seaworth	1899
Lou Allen, 5327 North Twenty-sixth St.	Miller Park	1900
Lena Adorno, 1751 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1898
Thyra Anderson, 2021 Binney St.	Lothrop	1905
Rose Albanese, 1909 Dorcas St.	St. Philomena	1895
Frank Brown, 2719 South Fifteenth St.	St. Patrick	1904
Jessie L. Baldwin, 2314 Jackson St.	Farnam	1904
James Bailey, 208 North Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1902
Darvin George Bentley, 2306 Oak St.	Vinton	1897
Willmer Backstrom, 2606 South Thirty-first St.	Windsor	1896
John Constantine, 2739 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1899
Mary Cich, 2376 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1901
Carl Denison, 2621 Blondo St.	Long	1904
Henry W. Doedyns, 4603 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1903
E. F. Engstrom, 807 North Seventeenth St.	High	1894
Paul Franklin, 2409 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1899
Margret N. Hughes, Forty-fifth and Brown Sts.	Central Park	1905
Walter Hoffman, Fifteenth and California Sts.	Cass	1904
Norma Hendricks, 5328 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Helen Horton, 4634 North Fortieth St.	High	1895
Helen Jensen, 2105 South Forty-second St.	Beals	1905
Raymond Keller, 2821 Dorcas St.	Dupont	1905
Martha E. Kiger, 1211 South Fifth St.	Pacific	1893
Arthur O. Lourie, 4229 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Margaret Laushman, 401 William St.	Train	1905
Munzie Longo, 1110 South Eighth St.	Train	1905
Francis L. Lilly, 2626 Parker St.	Long	1903
Craig Morris, 2110 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	High	1893
Blanche Monheit, 1045 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1898
Francis D. Moran, 1506 Webster St.	Holy Family	1908
Francis J. McEvoy, 1920 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Anna M. Murphy, 2046 North Twenty-first St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Georgia B. Porter, 2435 Patrick Ave.	Long	1902
Rudolph C. Preacher, 1617 Ohio St.	Lake	1898
Clara Poesch, 2006 South Fourth St.	Train	1899
Romayne Painter, 3216 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Lothrop	1901
Aunfrad Reed, 3108 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1901
Richard L. Smith, 3321 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
James C. Swift, 3220 North Twenty-sixth St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Clyde Shropshire, 1815 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1896
Orlo South, 2405 Blondo St.	Long	1900
Louise Vesey, 2611 North Twenty-seventh St.	Franklin	1905
Hildegard Wilson, 2609 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1900
Arthur A. Westergard, 1719 North Thirty-third St.	High	1895
Melvin Withnell, 2708 Camden Ave.	Saratoga	1898
Ethel Welch, 1405 Ohio St.	Lake	1898
Helen L. Young, 1322 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Park	1901
Emma Ziskovsky, 3018 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1896

"Gwine Ter Be Queen ob de May"

There is a young officer at an army post near Washington who, but for friends too energetic in his behalf, would not now be smarting under a recent severe reprimand from a court-martial, according to the New York Times.

The officer in question is of a convivial temperament, and during a social session his bibulousness reached a point that compelled his superiors to discipline him. Accordingly he was brought before a court-martial for trial.

Now, the young fellow is a great favorite with his comrades, several of whom were on the court. It was their desire that while he should be sufficiently impressed to put a future curb upon his appetite, nothing should appear to show he was ever really drunk.

One of the witnesses examined was an old negro employed about the quarters of the young officer. The prosecution expected to prove by him that the defendant had come home on a certain night in a state of exuberant intoxication.

"Did you see Lieutenant — on a certain night when he came home?" the old darky was asked by the judge advocate.

"Yes, boss," was the reply. "I seen him when he come home, 'bout 12 o'clock."

"What did he say to you, if anything?" was the next question, the judge advocate desiring to show, from the words of the officer, that he was intoxicated.

"He say ter me," replied the old negro, "dat I mus' wake an' call him early, boss, dem's de very words he say."

Now, this sounded good to the friends of the accused. His had been early duty on the morning following the night in question, and such injunction to wake and call him early, they reasoned, showed less an intoxication than a sense of his official duty. Accordingly one eager friend on the court, in order to clinch this, put the following:

"Did Lieutenant — tell you why he wanted you to wake an' call him early?"

"Yes, boss," responded the darky solemnly, "he say I must wake an' call him early 'cause he was gwine to be de queen ob de May!"

If we all had the gift of second sight there would not be so many cases of love at first sight.

Talk About Taxes

"What I can't understand about you people," said the man from Winnipeg to the group in the smoking car, "is the way you talk about the weather. You are at it morning, noon and night. It is the subject of half your conversation."

"Why don't you talk about it up there?" was asked.

"In three years I don't think I have heard the weather spoken of five times, and then it was by American travelers."

"But you must talk of something?"

"Oh, of course."

"If not about the weather, what then?"

"About taxes. They are raising up five mills a year on the valuation, and all the talk is about it. No, sir, not a word about the weather, but where two people are gathered together—"

"But it amounts to the same thing," was interrupted.

"Oh, no, sir. You know you have to pay your taxes, while the blamed old weather don't cost you a cent. Try our way and take no other."

First savings bank was instituted at Bern, Switzerland, in 1787.

to admit young girls to the schools of medicine; to use practical means for reducing polygamy and the abuse of divorce, and to teach Mahometan girls needlework, housekeeping and hygiene.

Women Differ.
"I've given up telling my wife anything." "So have I mine. It simply goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"That isn't the trouble with my wife. It goes in at one ear and comes out at her mouth."—Boston Transcript.

Nobody cares where you get off, but there are a lot who will try to see to it that you don't get on.

Before and After Taking



SHE WHO DICTATES LAST, DICTATES BEST.