

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Fair Ladies of the White House

During General Grant's term as president of the United States his wife, Julia Dent Grant, was a conspicuous figure in the social life of the capital.

She was born in St. Louis, Mo., on January 26, 1826, the daughter of Frederick and Ellen Wrenshall Dent. Her paternal grandfather was Captain George Dent, who led the forlorn hope at Fort Mifflin when it was stormed by "Mad Anthony" Wayne. She was of fitting ancestry to be the wife and helpmeet of a great soldier. One of her maternal ancestors was John Wrenshall, who came to America to escape religious intolerance.

She became engaged to Grant when he was a lieutenant. Their marriage was postponed by the war with Mexico, but finally took place on August 22, 1848.

Mrs. Grant passed much of her time during the heavy days of the civil war with her husband in camp, or near him. She accompanied him to Washington with his victorious army. She was by his side throughout his two administrations and accompanied him on his tour of the world. After General Grant's death a bill was



Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant.

passed by congress granting her a pension of \$3,000 a year.

After her long association with him through the arduous years of his life it seems fitting that she should be beside him in death. Her body is interred with his in the Grant memorial tomb on Riverside drive in New York City. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Finds Wife and Son After 21 Years

Separated for twenty-one years from his wife and boy, both of whom he had long mourned as dead, victims of a fire which destroyed half of St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1890, James S. Kenefick has been united with his lost ones in Jersey City.

Ten years since he learned that his wife and child did not perish in the St. Johns fire, Kenefick has searched for them, following clues from Canada to Brazil; but always in vain, until by chance he ran across an erstwhile fellow fisherman, James Carroll. The latter told him that Mrs. Kenefick, with her baby, believing her husband had met death in the flames, had accompanied the Carrolls first to Boston and later to their present home, in Jersey City.

Kenefick, now owner of a fishing schooner, one of the many that make up the famous Gloucester (Mass.) fleet, lost no time in getting to Jersey City. His wife and son, now a stalwart man of 25, with a responsible position in New York, were apprised of his arrival, swathed his coming with mingled emotions, hoping yet fearful that it was not husband and father, for to them it was a resurrection from the grave. It was a tearfully happy reunion of the three. Plans are now under way for

the celebration of the silver wedding and after Kenefick has disposed of his fishing business in Gloucester he will give up the calling of the sea and spend the rest of his days with his family.

Of Course

The inspector was examining Standard I. and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master: "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer; the children's faces appeared blank. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very front had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."—Dundee Advertiser.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS.



RELEASED JULY 27.

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

THURSDAY, July 27, 1911.

Name and Address	School	Year
Dorette Adler, 3225 Harney St.	Columbian	1897
Jean Argersinger, 614 South Seventeenth St.	Leavenworth	1901
Ruth Ball, 2620 Capitol Ave.	Central	1901
Abraham Babler, 2311 Cuming St.	Kellom	1905
Florence Beitel, 2324 Dewey Ave.	Central	1903
Charles Bolus, 1116 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1896
Frederick D. Bradford, 1810 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
Joiner Casady, 4808 Douglas St.	Saunders	1896
Ida Cohen, 1141 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1903
Clarke Conroy, 406 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1905
Clarence Cramer, 2853 Spalding St.	Lothrop	1893
Anna Ferryman, 1344 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1900
Hiliah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh St.	High	1894
Frances Giglotte, 3731 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Stuart Grenville, 6203 North Fifteenth St.	High	1893
Oscar Grim, 1523 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Maura Hendee, 4204 Burdette St.	High	1896
Charles P. Hayes, 2016 Lake St.	High	1892
Roy J. Harpster, 803 South Thirty-eighth St.	Columbian	1898
Marion Heaton, 3507 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1900
Grace James, 304 South Twenty-sixth St.	High	1897
Helen Jensen, 3110 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1900
Viggo C. Jensen, 2807 Burdette St.	Long	1904
George William Johnson, 3425 North Thirtieth St.	Sacred Heart	1897
Lloyd Johnson, 1914 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1897
Eleanor Kelly, 4307 Decatur St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Biala Klossner, 2917 Castellar St.	Dupont	1905
Lawrence Lee, 135 Cedar St.	Train	1898
Melnam L. Lydeholm, 1718 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1897
Lewis F. Mathewa, 2864 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Stella Maxwell, 2704 South Thirteenth St.	High	1896
James H. McCormick, 2504 Davenport St.	Central	1895
Nora McDermott, 722 Pierce St.	Pacific	1901
Beatrice V. McPeale, 1316 North Forty-sixth St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Ruth C. Meyer, 3032 Marcy St.	High	1895
Tillie Meyer, 1002 Davenport St.	Cass	1903
Edward Past, 4519 North Thirty-eighth St.	High	1894
Bessie Parton, 3103 Evans St.	Druid Hill	1905
Forest V. Perrin, 3220 Burt St.	Webster	1901
Herbert W. Phillips, 4784 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1898
Serafia Piernicki, 2916 Oak St.	Im. Conception	1903
Alva I. Riley, 1737 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1900
Otto Swenson, 1502 North Thirty-fifth St.	Franklin	1903
Earl Schultz, 3228 South Twenty-fifth St.	Vinton	1905
Rose Scaletta, 1319 Pierce St.	St. Philomena	1897
Evelyn L. Schofer, 1618 South Central Blvd.	St. Joseph	1903
Ellen M. Schirck, 1420 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1905
Alma Samuelson, 5109 North Sixteenth St.	Sarotoga	1897
Henry Starck, 3933 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1897
Herbert Strauss, 124 South Thirty-first Ave.	Farnam	1899
Zelma Taylor, 4309 Izard St.	Saunders	1904
Jerry Van Rensselaer, 2622 Harney St.	High	1893
George Walther, 714 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1904
Elmer Wenberg, 946 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1896
Leslie Williams, 2423 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1897
Marie Widdoes, 1105 Dominion St.	Vinton	1894
Bianche G. Waidelich, 4022 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1895

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Giddy Chaperon



A chaperon is ordinarily a necessary and a nuisance. But you are a junking jollifier who takes advantage of the handle to your name to pull yourself into a place where you are distinctly not desirable.

Sometimes some foolish girls get the idea that they want a gey chaperon, so they can dog-eat the edges of the book on social usages. But how they are disappointed. What chance have they, when your fertility of fancy and your marriage-licensed personality are on the scene? You "jantly appropriate the informality" and the mess.

You are the only one of the crowd who is not in sight when looked for. The peak of your parasol protrudes from behind a gym tree trunk and the curling wreath of cigarette smoke that waves in the vicinity proves you are not alone. Your particular undesirability is manifested at the "couple parties." You have got to have a man to amuse you. So there is always one girl hanging around and goose-berrying a couple. But, as you like masculine variety and have the assurance which comes of being married and knowing the male creature, you look around and snmpoh the one who suits your fancy. So the girls have a kind of tolerance for the gooseberry because they never know when they will be it.

There isn't anything actually wrong about your "point of view." But there is so much that is objectionable that it's hard to know where to begin enumerating.

In the first place, you have a husband. And the girls at the picnic have not.

You were invited to play property as inconspicuously as possible, and to busy

yourself with the real work about the lunch, while the girls did the dainty and decorative. Instead of living up to a tactful agreement, you use your married knowledge to win the man who comes into her neighborhood from the standpoint of his desirability as a mate. It makes a man feel drawn out and stretchy to measure up to her idea of Prince Charming. Whether he aspires to the position or not, he wants to feel that he could fill it.

But with you, he can just be his ease-taking, rug-blowing self.

It's snippy of you! You were a girl yourself once! And you need not flatter yourself that the rags and tags that the man tosses you lazily, the compliments he gives you as a sort of pay for the privilege of being comfortable, are indications of his slavery to your charm. He is probably thinking as he lies with his hat over his eyes and you chatter, that your husband has married an amazingly silly person. For it is silly for a woman who has all the big chances of married life at her disposal to seem unduly interested in the worthless flattery that a man flings her

half-carelessly. Unless you have your husband fooled, you really stand well only in your own estimation.

Good Practice

A young lawyer, recently married, attended a bar association banquet, and after the dinner found himself far from sober, a fact he realized with a feeling of regret and dread. He confided his dilemma to an old judge, and an expert in legal as well as social usage, who gave him this bit of advice:

"When you go home and she makes her accusation, file your answer, denying each and every allegation as set out in her complaint, my boy; and don't concede a point, or your opportunity is forever gone. Now is your chance to make your reputation, so that she will have the utmost confidence in you."—Metropolitan.

Borrowed Eloquence

Dr. C. W. Aked, the famous minister, responded to the toast of "Eloquence" at a banquet at San Francisco.

"But it is better to be silent," said Dr. Aked in conclusion, "than to be eloquent by unfair means. There was once a divine whose good wife said to him:

"James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenhly has made over \$300 by the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much better than Dr. Tenhly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?"

"My love," the man whispered hoarsely, "they were all printed long ago."—Washington Star.

Chicken Meat Grown from Protoplasm

According to a special article in the Boston Herald of recent date, Dr. Warren H. Lewis, associate professor of anatomy in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and his wife, Margaret Reed Lewis, also a physician, announce that after a long series of experiments they have found a way of inducing the indefinite growth of cellular substances by chemical processes. Thus far Dr. Lewis and his wife have experimented only with embryonic chicks, and their products, grown in test tubes, have been microscopic in quantity. But the principle has been established and there seems to be no reason why developments should not follow on a wholesale basis.

What Dr. Lewis and his wife have accomplished in this: They have taken an embryonic chicken, placed it in a saline solution and grown chicken meat without hindering future growth, and this process can be repeated indefinitely. This same process may be repeated with any kind of flesh.

Just as it is now possible for the suburbanite to go out into his vegetable garden and snip lettuce for his salad while his wife pinches off the celery and parsley for the soup, repeating the operation from day to day, so when this discovery shall have reached its full fruition it may be possible for the housewife of the future to go into her pantry uncover a jar and cut off a piece of spring chicken; from another jar to get a slice of spring lamb; from another a piece of halibut and possibly, some diamond back terrapin. In fact, she will be able to grow any kind of flesh.

Here is what Dr. Lewis himself has to say of his discoveries:

"The value of all these experiments which my wife and I have conducted has several different phases. For instance, it may some day have a great commercial value. Suppose that you had a number of vials filled with saline solutions, and that in these solutions you put the muscles or other organs of various animals not only while in the embryo, but even when they had reached the adult stage. There would be large growths, and these would be edible. In other words, the salt solutions could be turned into incubators sure to hatch and from which pieces of embryo chicks could be taken every day without hindering the increase of the supply. Thus there would be a new delicacy.

"These possibilities are far in the future, but that they will become true some day there is every probability. This would prove of great importance to the world, as the supply of meats would never give out so long as the chemicals could be secured to make the solutions in which the generation takes place.

"But the more important immediate good that the discovery will do is of a medicinal character. In these saline solutions it will be possible to transplant organs of the human body, to observe their growth, what they feed on, what they secrete, the things which are dangerous to them and the things which are beneficial.

"As a result of this study important cures can be effected. The difficulty about finding a cure for cancer is that no one knows its exact cause. But when the solutions can be used in this manner it will be possible to find the cause and determine on a cure. Then also it will be possible to determine what will cause a tumor to go away and on what it feeds."

Knew His Limit

Mayor Gaynor, at a dinner in Brooklyn, condemned certain ideas of civil service that a German visitor from Berlin had recommended.

"Those ideas may do well in Berlin," he said, "but I don't think they'd do well here. We are opposed to freaks, and this new sort of civil service examination is as freakish as Old Sleuth's."

"Old Sleuth, the detective chief, was once examining a new applicant for the detective bureau. He thrust into the young man's hand a pale mass of ruffies and lace and cambric—a woman's skirt—and—

"Find the pocket in that," he said.

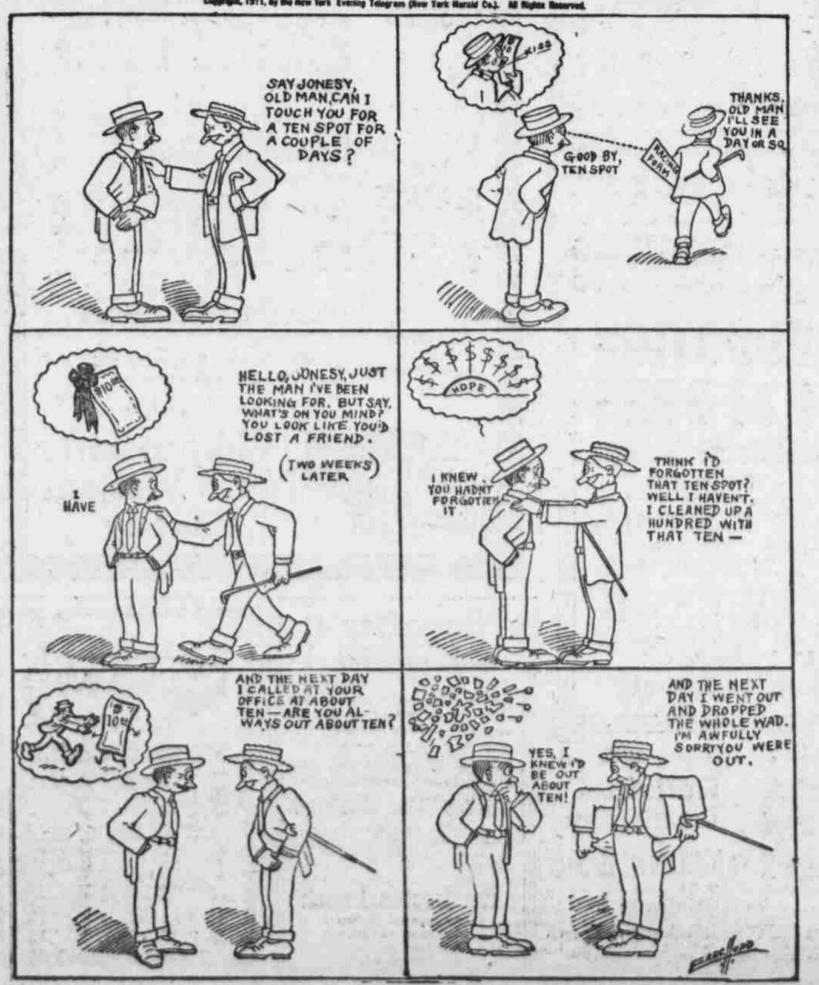
"But the applicant shook his head.

"No, chief," he admitted frankly, "that's beyond me."

"Then Old Sleuth slapped him heartily on the back.

"If you're smart enough, my boy," he cried, "to know it's no use to look for the pocket in a woman's skirt, you're smart enough to be a detective. Here's your star."

What's On Your Mind?



Little Man Had Good Alibi

Mr. O. P. Frost entered the court room in charge of a bailiff, having spent an uncomfortable night in a cell. The court room was crowded with men and women eager to hear the preliminary trial in a most unusual case, and out of the throng rose a portly woman, who, with heavy stride, reached the side of the prisoner and sat down.

"State vs. O. P. Frost," called the clerk. "Is the defendant ready for trial?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor," the pale little prisoner weakly replied.

"What is your plea?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"Very well, are you supplied with counsel?"

"It isn't necessary, your honor. I propose to prove an alibi."

"And what is your alibi?" asked the judge.

The prisoner flushed and hesitated. The masculine woman by his side nudged him—puffed him on to speak—but it was only an incoherent spluttering, entirely lost upon the judge.

"May I speak it privately to your honor?" implored the distracted defendant, glancing anxiously back at the congestion of spectators.

"This is an open court," enlightened the

judge. "You say you can prove an alibi, yet you hesitate. Speak up. What is your plea?"

"Very well," meekly spoke the little man, bracing himself for the ordeal. "I will say that I was at the time of the commission of this crime at home preparing dinner for my dear wife."

Flushing scarlet, he dropped into his seat, and, shaking with sobs, he collapsed in complete humiliation against the strong shoulder of his better half.

Sage Sayings

- Facts are stubborn things.
- The roving bee gathers the honey.
- Plow deep while sluggards sleep.
- A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
- A long tongue betokens an short hand.
- Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
- He that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

MOVEABLE FEAST.



"You appear so nervous, Mrs. Fin."

"Yes, I had such a nice looking frog for lunch, but he wch'n't keep still."

Social Distinction

In some parts of the south the darkeys are still addicted to the old style country dance in a big hall, with the fiddlers, banjoists and other musicians on a platform at one end.

At one such dance held not long ago in an Alabama town, when the fiddlers had duly resigned their bows and taken their places on the platform, the boss musician rose.

"Git yo' partners to de pck' c'ckol!" he

Although the drinking of health is of old date, the application of the word "toasts" is modern, its origin having been in the practice of dropping a bit of toasted bread in a jug of ale, hence call it "a toast and remark."

The Day & the Station—Bee Want Ads.