

# The Bee's Home Magazine page

## Fair Ladies of the White House

At the time of his inauguration as the twenty-second president of the United States of America on the 4th of March, 1885, Grover Cleveland was a bachelor and his youngest sister, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, became mistress of the White House.

Miss Cleveland was born in Fayetteville, New York, in 1846. In 1863 her place of residence was changed to Holland Patent, in the same state, where her father's pastoral duties as a Presbyterian clergyman called him and his family. Rev. Richard Pally Cleveland, father of a future president, died there in that same year.

Miss Cleveland, who was educated at the Houghton seminary, afterwards became a teacher in that school and from there went to Lafayette, Ind., where she took charge of the Collegiate Institute. Her subsequent career as an educator brought her into prominence, and she became an effective lecturer on historical themes. Her course of lectures was delivered in many schools.

When not engaged in her educational work, Miss Cleveland devoted her attention to her aged mother, whose death in 1882 relieved her from this filial duty.



MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND

She assumed charge of social affairs at the White House until her brother's marriage, when she again resumed her work as an educator and literary worker.

Miss Cleveland published two volumes, a collection of lectures and essays entitled "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies," and a novel called "The Lone Run." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## No Clocks at Coney Island

How many people know the location of Clockville?

For the benefit of those who are in the dark, one of the greatest detectives in New York explained the why and wherefore of the name.

"Clockville?" he queried. "Why, every one ought to know that. It's Coney Island. Clocks are as rare there as whales in trout streams or knitting needles at a suffrage meeting. There are less clocks down there than in Everson's Cove, N. C., and that 'burg' consists of a general store and three hitching posts.

A person can wander along Surf avenue from one end to the other and only run across one clock, and he had to go into a hotel to see that. It's pointed out by the proprietor as one of the sights of the resort. On the Bowery the owners of the various places scratch their heads when you ask them where their clock is and

murmur, 'Where did I hear that word before?'

"I don't know why this is, of course, although some great philosopher may be able to explain. I think the reason may be that the folks down at Coney are so sociable and friendly that they want to keep friends with them as long as possible and are satisfied to let them take the hint regarding the time when they see the cafes closing at 1 o'clock.

"Another phase of this is that few men carry watches down to the island, because the sea air is not good for the works and there are so many watch physicians down there that they might want to take them as patients, and when a man does carry one and you ask him the time he clutches his pocket and yells for the police."

Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to the Back-Biter



You know that wheel that the dentist uses with that disconcerting and debonair carelessness? Agonizing in the chair, you watch him handle the malignant little whizzer with a terror that almost beats your brains to insensibility. Almost! But what a width of awful difference between that "almost" and "quite"! In the interim, you manage to suffer an accumulation of all the miseries that can pile up. That tiny, whirling thing may fly the tooth at any moment and dig a straight route along your shrieking nerve to your very brain-pan, there to slide about, stirring the last scrambled scraps of cerebrations over the edge till you are utterly mad.

And that's just the thing—a little metal tool! You acknowledge its manifold tortures.

You know that thing made worse by the informing breath of life! You are all of its purgatorial possibilities multiplied by malice! You are a wisp that has that tiny whizzer whizzed out of comparison! No one never knows when you will fly loose. In a perfectly amiable conversation you suddenly grow vitriolic. Some one mentions that lady wore a becoming gown at a dinner.

"I think it's extremely poor taste for a woman in her circumstances to dress so expensively. I wonder how she does it."

You were playing when you suddenly did that. Just as a cat does before she digs

her sharp teeth into the back of her mouse!

Gradually, you get a reputation. And then, every group in which you form one acquires the atmosphere of the dentist's office. Gaily you fling your speech-weapon about! No woman of the company knows when it will dig into her or something that is dear to her. If a new charity is being advocated by an admirable and broad-minded woman, you wound and enrage her admirers by exclaiming, "Oh, that's her name now! She was crazy over Balaam or some such nonsense the last I heard. She just has to do something to keep in the lime-light!"

You never see the beginning of a friendship between two women but that you take a nip at their backs.

"Mrs. Blank is rushing Mrs. So-and-So to death! She has an axe to grind, you may be sure!"

You are the sore-headed, cross-eyed, gangrened being who contemplates the rise to fortune of those who have suffered the slings and arrows of ill luck with a vindictive hatred. You sharpen your teeth and get ready for a continuous chewing in the region of their spinal columns.

"Oh, they've bought an automobile! I can remember when they hadn't carfare! And see how she struts and swaggers in a real dressmaker-made gown! She used to wince up her old things! The oldest daughter is going to private school! Some of us don't forget when her mother had to wash her shirtwaist every other night so she could look decent at public school!"

Munching, gnawing, torturing the sensi-

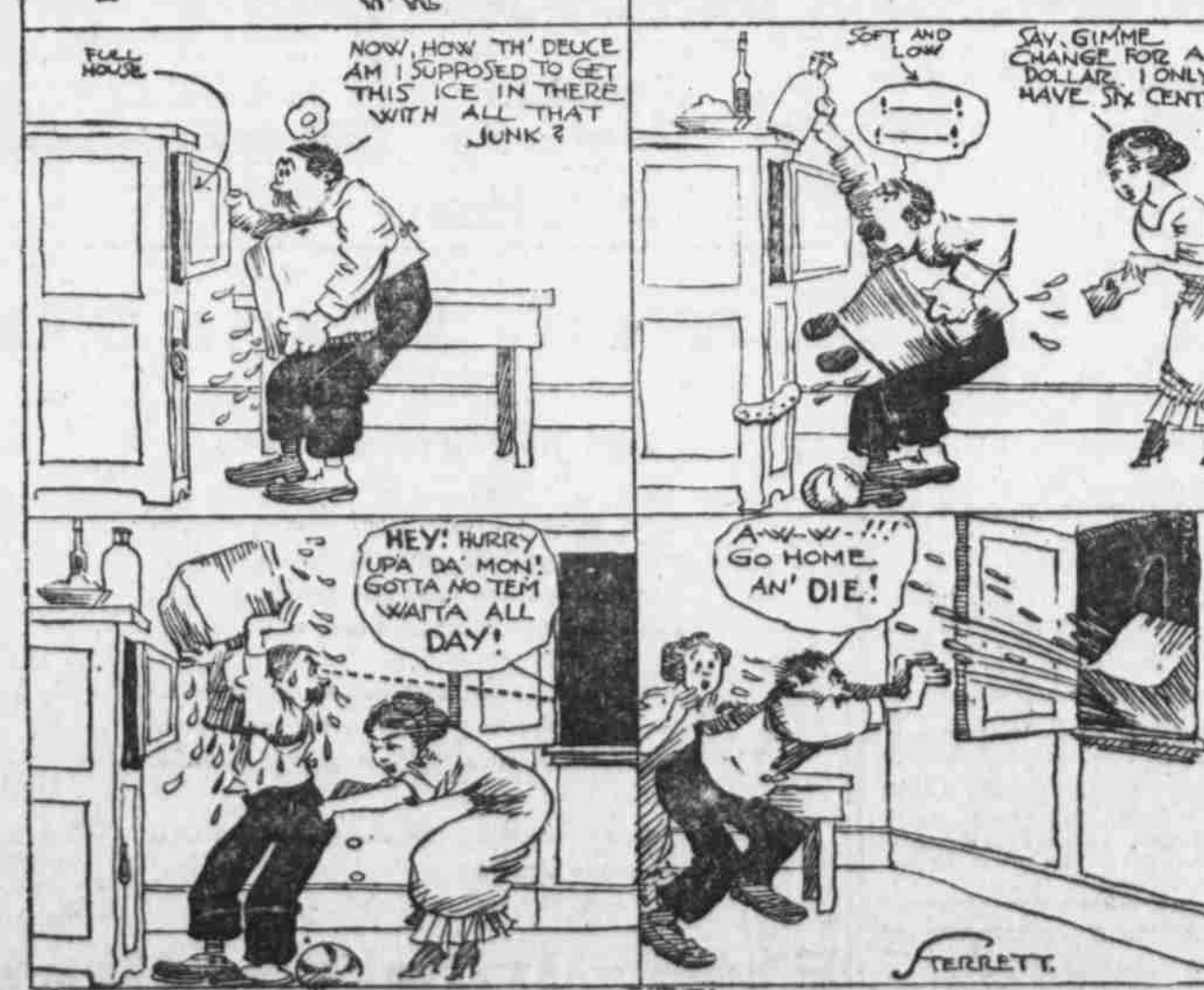
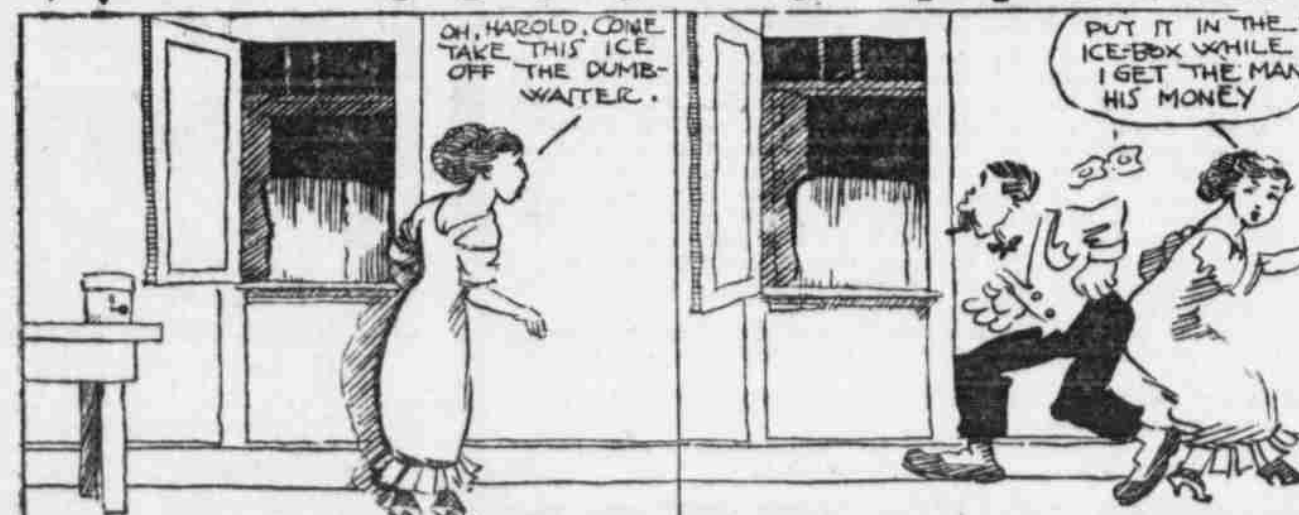
tive nervecord of every one who happens to have a little more than yourself, or is more sought after, or more seeking to be of service, you backbite! I once read a loathsome tale of a ravenous rat who feasted on the flesh along the backbone of a live man in chains. Hideous as the thought is, repellant as the picture it summons before the mind's eye seems, it is not more insufferably nauseous to the physical senses than is your revolting practice to the soul of any right-minded, justice-loving being! You are a social ghoul!

He then appears to have become a literary lunatic, publishing book after book, regardless of expense and of the mockery which attended his ridiculous efforts as a novelist. In this manner more than forty volumes were placed upon the market, and if a few thousand copies were sold in all that was the limit. He then tried to enter a monastery, but the pope prevented this move. He is now, as indicated by his arrest, in a state of abject poverty.

## Literary Lunatic

Prince Ferdinando Alfonso de Liguori, a son of one of Italy's oldest families, of which St. Alfonso de Liguori was a member, was recently arrested in Rome for being unable to settle a cab fare. He has had a remarkable story. His name is in the gold-book of Naples and he was at one time well known in the United States. At the age of 35 he emigrated to the new world and enlisted under the Stars and Stripes. He was badly wounded and was retired, receiving the honorary rank of colonel. Returning to Italy, he married a Russian woman of great wealth, but a divorce followed and he was thrown once more on his own resources. He then appears to have become a literary lunatic, publishing book after book, regardless of expense and of the mockery which attended his ridiculous efforts as a novelist. In this manner more than forty volumes were placed upon the market, and if a few thousand copies were sold in all that was the limit. He then tried to enter a monastery, but the pope prevented this move. He is now, as indicated by his arrest, in a state of abject poverty.

## WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



## Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us

It has been prophesied that the novel of the future will be purely realistic, a faithful portrayal of the mind of a certain human being in a certain situation. As a training for fiction moment it might be as well for each novice to keep a note of every idea and feeling that affects him during the day; also some scientist ought to invent a machine which photographs the spirit of man and retains a perfect record of the workings of the brain.

Most people would be startled if they were once clearly revealed to themselves.

Even in the highest moments of our lives our thoughts are so fearfully mixed that if they were all put down on paper they would change absolutely our opinion of what we are. Fortunately for our peace, we rarely say what we think, or realize our thoughts are much finer than their originals.

The worst of the realistic novel is that we cannot be sure it is not imagination, as unreliable as any romance of fairy or lost treasure. Only a few persons are capable of forming a first-hand opinion, or of realizing their own lives. Most of the so-called realism is what gifted writers suppose commonplace individuals think in certain circumstances, though, owing to the impossibility of entering another's skin, they cannot be sure of it.

Take the girl of the working classes. She wanders through the world a knight-errant in search of adventure, and before her marriage has probably "kissed company" with a dozen different men. Her knowledge of the emotions ought to be deep and comprehensive, but it usually is not. She has never achieved an independent idea on the subject, and the love she believes in is the love she reads in her favorite novels, possibly written by spinsters in a higher class of society, who have had much less experience of the tender passion in a practical form than she has.

It is obvious experience teaches many people nothing of their own souls. They have never analyzed their feelings, and until they become interesting to themselves, and the man in the street cares to study his own psychology, the realistic novel cannot be a success except when it confines itself to a description of human beings admittedly superior to the average.

## LOBSTER AND GIRL



"Haigh ho! It's nice to have the lobster season with us again!"

## A Little Sermon for the Week End

Faithful Unto Death.

REV. OLIVER D. BALTZKY, Ph. D., Pastor of Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church, 2516 North Twenty-fifth St. In the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, which was written 2,855 years ago, there is written what is called the "Vision of Holy Waters." A man whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of fax in his hand, and a measuring rod (49-5), said to the prophet, "Son of man, behold with thine eyes and hear with thine ears, and set thine heart upon all that I will show thee." And the prophet says, "He brought me again unto the door of the house and showed me a little spring starting from under the threshold of the door on the east side of the temple." Then he says he took him to the other gate at the east and this little stream flowed noticeably strong along the way. The man with the measuring line then measured off a thousand cubits and led him through the stream, and the little spring had increased until the water was up to his ankles. The man measured another thousand cubits, and led him through again, and the waters were up to his knees. Afterward he measured another thousand cubits and it had now become a great river that could not be passed over.



REV. OLIVER D. BALTZKY, Pastor of the Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church, Twenty-fifth and Farnam Streets.

what that value has been to note the conditions in those countries in which the church thrives, before and since its introduction. And that we may not be accused of unfairness by any one, we shall take into view, not the more distant and uncivilized provinces of earth, but those chief countries where all the light and moral vigor of the heathen world were concentrated. Such provinces were Italy and Greece. It was here that the much boasted philosophy held its court; literature and the arts were cultivated with the utmost devotion and success. But a certain eminent writer who lived in that age described the heathen population of these civilized people as given up to the vilest, most unnatural and beastly affections; filled with all unrighteousness and degrading wickedness, full of envy, murder, deceit, malignity; disobedient to parents; covetous; breakers without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; not only committing such things as were worthy of death, but having pleasure in them that did them.

In their religion this same writer says: "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools; they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like to corruptible man, and to birds and to four-footed beasts and creeping things." They multiplied their gods until there was a god for everything, and anything answered for a god; and so anxious were they that everything should have a god, and that every god should have his offering that they erected altars to "unknown gods." And what these gods were said to have been in their lives, their worshippers actually were in their service. "It is a shame," said one who knew them well, "even to speak of those things which were done of them in secret." In Athens and Rome, those ancient cities that stand for the best in the past, the worship of many idols consisted in the sacrifice of human beings. The state of public morals when the gods were the patrons of vice, and their rites encouraged both cruelty and obscenity, is easier imagined than described. The great Seneca exclaimed, "How great is the madness of men."

But what has become of these deep-rooted deformities? Where are the remains of the abominations we have described? Crime beyond imagination, but only in hidden dens: laws do not afford it countenance; public sentiment drives it into concealment. There has been a mighty change; only those who will not see or who will not hear will deny the change. But what has produced this change? The heathen religion has not brought it about, for where the heathen religions exist these conditions still prevail. Philosophy has not accomplished it, for the philosophers have never reformed either themselves or their disciples. What, then, has brought about the change? History has but one answer: Reason has but one answer: The Church of Jesus Christ with its word and sacraments alone, single handed. The persecutors and despised church began the wonderful change, and under the favor of God, has accomplished every step of this great advancement. For this wonderful achievement it commands the admiration and support of every man and every woman who has a faculty of appreciation. O, be thou faithful unto it even unto death.

The church, with the word and sacraments, is the gate, and the only gate, into the kingdom of heaven. In days of health and strength and prosperity it is difficult to realize the importance of thoughtfully considering the life beyond; the joys and comforts and blessings and associations of eternity are not a twentieth part as prominent in our minds as the anticipated joys and comforts and associations of next year, or next year, in this life. And yet all these temporal things are so short lived, while eternity, great eternity, vast eternity, is before us, and the church is the only way and has the only means of preparation for it.

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

SATURDAY,

August 5, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ira Byers, 2803 Manderson St.	Central Park	1904
Alfred Connell, 2417 Mason St.	Mason	1899
Clara Clark, 5413 North Twenty-fourth St.	Miller Park	1903
Dorothy Calkins, 1334 Georgia Ave.	High	1895
Raymond K. Culver, 1143 Park Ave.	High	1893
Evalina L. Finnad, 921 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1903
Alice Flannagan, 1501 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Manuel Grodins, 2637 Davenport St.	High	1896
Herman Gnehm, 217 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1899
James Guinane, 2628 Parker St.	Long	1896
Kopel Greenstein, 2821 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1902
Lawrence M. Heinsman, 3812 North Forty-first St.	Central Park	1901
Albert L. Hildinger, 1714 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1902
Nancy Hulst, 214 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1902
William Hamrich, 2012 Clark St.	Kellom	1904
Thomas Hysham, 707 Park Ave.	Farnam	1901
Hazel Hill, 1421 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1905
Arthur Humphrey, 2029 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1900
Carl Jacobson, 425 Walnut St.	Tain	1902
William Jackson, 3324 South Twentieth Ave.	Vinton	1900
Minnie Kanaka, 331 Francis St.	Train	1903
James Krist, 1313 William St.	Comenius	1904
Rensli Likari, 1515 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1903
Ernest Langpaul, 1261 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1900
Herbert Larson, 2518 Spaulding St.	High	1892
Lester A. Lewis, 4532 North Twentieth St.	Saratoga	1899
Page H. Nickerson, 2860 Manderson St.	Druid Hill	1902
Paul F. Nickerson, 2860 Manderson St.	Druid Hill	1902
Fern Parker, 2004 Clark St.	Kellom	1896
Margaret Paul, 1724 South Sixth St.	Train	1904
Theodore Penn, 3815 1/2 Dodge St.	Farnam	1899
Hazel B. Pickard, 4369 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1903
Frank Peterson, 2561 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1896
Robert Poff, 2117 Locust St.	Lothrop	1899
Mamie Povodra, 1416 Dorcas St.	Comenius	1904
Eleanor Potter, 4426 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1903
Louis S. Robinson, 2813 Hickory St.	Park	1893
Emma Rubenstein, 1934 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Ruth E. Redmon, 3237 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Harry Stern, 716 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1902
Hammond L. Schneider, 3819 Charles St.	Franklin	1897
Andrew Stewart, 1642 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1898
Joseph Selgren, 463 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1896
Elsie Stolp, 317 Pierce St.	Pacific	1898
Allice Stane, 621 South Seventeenth St.	Leavenworth	1905
Ruth Shufelt, 4914 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1905
Tillie Slavecock, Second St. and Poppleton Ave.	Train	1905
Glenn Souder, 1106 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1898
Helen J. Simons, 3321 North Thirty-sixth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Mildred L. Thatcher, 3403 Arbor St.	Windor	1899
Mabel M. Vash, 3012 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Floyd D. Wilkins, 313 South Thirtieth St.	High	1894
Hazel E. Weaver, 5624 North Twenty-eighth St.	Mouth Park	1899
Clara Yeskowsky, 2506 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1900

## Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

"The dog days are here," said Miss Fashion. "At least so the calendar states. And I've always loved dogs—they're my passion—

Though I haven't owned any of late; But I'll motor downtown in a hurry. Before all the dog days are through. And without undue labor or worry I'll buy a nice puppy of two."

"Let's see, first, what Wise Ones have written. On dogs of the very best breed. But I'll motor downtown in a hurry. For that's just the kind that I need. Here's Stonehenge, Badminton and Leighton. And even so many besides; I read and begin hesitating. With such an abundance of guides.

"A mastiff would be too gigantic. A sheep dog—but I have no sheep! A whippet? Oh, no; he's too frantic! Not a pug—he does nothing but sleep! I'd like a big Russian hound, scraggy. (The sort that they call the Borzoi). Or a terrier, all raggy tags. Or a collie—I'd call him Rob Roy!

"One has to be wiser than Daniel. To buy nothing more than a pug. I've mixed up the points of the spaniel. With the dogs that are short in the leg. I've forgotten which breed is all eared. Which are fiddle faced, flat capped or blazed.



Lean flanked like a greyhound or hippy. Cow hocked or cat footed! I'm dazed!

"I give up this problem perplexing! I just want a dog—nothing more—And I haven't a thought of exchanging The entire dog fancier's store. (That man in the street has two beauties. If I buy them, no matter what breed). Two bright eyes and sweet little cuties. Exactly the sort that I need!"

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## The Decadence of Courtesy

Small courtesies of life seem to be entirely lost in the rush for big things. This leaving off of the little things that go to make living worth the while is a well known and recognized fact to women who crave those graceful attentions so easy in the giving when the thought is right.

Many men no longer consider it necessary to rise when a lady enters the room. If they proffer a chair, it is seldom done with the oldtime alacrity, and a few trips on a city car will be sufficient to convince the veriest sceptic of the truth of courtesy's decadence.

Be it said in favor of man, continually on the rack regarding these omissions, that he is by no means the greatest offender. Women who entertain will tell you of scores of invitations to which they have never even received the courtesy of an acknowledgement. "R. S. V. P." at the end of a card or note means nothing to

woman too thoughtless or too ill bred to take five minutes for a reply. Such treatment of a social courtesy is an offense serious enough to cause the offender's name to be struck from the social list of the hostess.

Instances are on record in which young girls, being graduated from schools and colleges of high standing, have not thanked, personally or by note, donors of graduating gifts. Needless to say, such transgressions of the laws of courtesy and refinement will not further the social success or popularity of the girl who has spent a small fortune to obtain a polish, only to emerge dull and indifferent.

The small courtesies of woman to woman are fully as important as those from man to woman, or woman to man. The elimination of one set of rules weakens the other until the entire manner and personality is bedimmed by selfishness, which is, after all, but another word for discourtesy.

## The Bishop's Remedy

Bishop Codman of Maine is noted for his pulpit eloquence, and hence, says the Washington Star, it was not unnatural for a Portland clergyman to address this question to him recently:

"Now that the hot weather is upon us, my dear bishop, I find that a good many members of my congregation are inclined to—er—doze during the sermon. What remedy do you advise in this matter?"

Bishop Codman, with a faint smile, replied: "When I first commenced preaching I devoted a good deal of thought to the problem you propound. I will tell you the course I decided on. I gave the sexton strict orders that whenever he saw anyone

asleep in my congregation he should immediately step forward and wake up the preacher."

A Bit Aggravating. "Sorry, Bill, I can't come to the theater tonight. New, don't look so cross—you ain't cross, really, are ye, Bill?" "No, I ain't exactly cross, I'm still it. It's a bit aggravating for a chap to find he's washed his face and hands for nothing, ain't it?"

Sayings of the Sages. That that is, is. Judge not from the face. Stupidity is without anxiety. Short folly is always the best. Ill nature is a bad possession. Fidelity is the sign of justice. Memory is the greatest traveler. Endless is the good of just things. Youth ought to be a savings bank. To doubt is to dip love in the mire.