



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Now that they've made the dirt fly for the new subway in New York," said the Troubled Tourist, "visitors will soon be able to make a complete tour of the city without leaving the cellar. In fact, Manhattan island will be a regular Swiss cheese sandwich—a couple of slices of island with a lot of holes between 'em."

"Not that we would like to call New York a second story city, any more than we'd care to call any of her citizens second story men—unless we were talking over the phone."

"While they are about it, I would suggest that they have one or two of the new subways open out into the bay and equip the line with a few submarines on wheels, thereby creating a submarine subway for Staten Island, Coney Island and points east. I haven't got a patent on this idea, but I think I'll get one."

"Might be a good plan, too, to run excursion parties to the bottom of the bay—not forgetting to bring them back, of course. It sounds good and safe."

"Seeing New York Underworld by Land and Water" might be an attractive sign for the cars. If the subway isn't an underworld, I'd like to know what is. Sometimes it's hotter than the world below that."

"A nice cool plunge into the bay off the Battery wouldn't be at all bad after a long hot ride down from the Bronx. A submarine subway car would naturally be a little more stuffy than the other kind, if that is possible, but after it hit the water it ought to be as cool as an ice chest."

"The submarine subway idea would save a lot of tamped work, too. As long as the cars didn't bob up suddenly underneath a ferryboat or ram into the piling of the



"CALCULATED TO REMOVE ALL DUST, DIRT AND NOISE."

wrong ship they'd be all right. Guards on the submarine line could be equipped with sailors' uniforms, just to create a little atmosphere, and the Aquarium could be made one of the regular stations for the same reason. A little tour from the Aquarium to the Statue of Liberty by the submarine subway ought to make a hit.

"The plunge from the mouth of the subway into the bay would be an exhilarating shot the chutes and calculated to remove all dust, dirt and noise."

"The new route would probably result in another convenient novelty—a block in the bay."

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

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By EARL HURD



Fair Ladies of the White House

While Benjamin Harrison occupied the distinguished position of the twenty-third president of the United States, his wife was the head of the social affairs at the capital and the mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's maiden name was Caroline Lavina Scott. Her father, Prof. John W. Scott, was a member of the faculty of Miami university when his daughter was born in Oxford, O., on October 1, 1833.

He afterward became president of the seminary in Oxford from which his daughter, having completed her education, graduated in 1852. It is interesting to note that Benjamin Harrison took his degree at that university during the same year. On October 20 following he and Miss Scott were married.

It was during her husband's administration that this bond, made early in their lives, was severed by the death of Mrs. Harrison in Washington, D. C., on October 25, 1892, after nearly forty years of wedded life.

Mrs. Harrison was a woman of keen intellectual insight, broad culture and wide sympathies. A constant reader and student, she founded the Lyceum, a literary and literary club of which she was a member. She was a good amateur musician, and also devoted some of her time to painting.

Mrs. Harrison's family was composed of two children—a son and daughter. The former, Russell Harrison, graduated at Lafayette as a mining engineer, and after various activities in the world of en-



MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Female Outlaw



"Oh! to be free! Free! Free! This hideous shackling of my individuality! This withering submission to conditions! This nauseating consent to slavery! Just to break the bonds and be free!"

That is the way you talk. Every small convention that galls your rambunctious personality you want to snip out of your life pattern. You hate to be agreeable to people you do not like. You rebel against what you term the hypocrisy of it. You want to make a slit right through the silly little restrictions that are imposed on your life in your home. You want to split the whole hollow show of religion asunder. You want to break the ties that bind you to relations you do not like. You long to shatter the idea entertained by your formal and snippy aunt that you approve of her conservatism on your friends. You burn to rush into the social byways and choose the acquaintances whom your conventional family regard as the lame, the halt and the blind and treat with cold charity.

You ache to hew and hank to ruins the senseless system of segregation, which insists upon a man being a man and a woman a woman, and each preserving their distance from each other. You believe in the possibility of perfectly open and platonic friendships. You would like to scramble and hash and throw in the garbage can all of the insistence upon your regard for your sex. You do not see why a girl must be forever conscious that she is a female. You think that friendship with men can exist on grounds far above the sex plane.

You gogue and sash at the ways of society. You fly off at every tangent where the pressure of home influence is momentarily removed. You resent your mother's suggestions. You disregard your father's requests. In short, you are a feminine outlaw.

There was a place for you in the days when pioneering was possible. Now, you seem to be caught in the intricate wheels of a fully constructed social machine, and they grind you to the misery and rebellion which you express in such frantic and disjointed way that you are looked upon as a "queer girl," "a freak" or, by the very narrow minded, as a positively dangerous person.

You make of yourself exactly what the senseless system of segregation, which insists upon a man being a man and a woman a woman, and each preserving their distance from each other. You believe in the possibility of perfectly open and platonic friendships. You would like to scramble and hash and throw in the garbage can all of the insistence upon your regard for your sex. You do not see why a girl must be forever conscious that she is a female. You think that friendship with men can exist on grounds far above the sex plane.

Does the outlaw, shutting himself from his kind, do anything worth while? He not only does not, but he turns his most splendid virtue to base uses. He makes it the tool of his vices. You have the virtue, too. It is the one which discovered America. It is the one which gave the world a Savior. And it is yours, given you with more generosity than most receive. It is courage.

Why do you not find happiness in its use. Why not associate yourself with the great men and women who have had it, instead of being merely a feminine outlaw? How? By forgetting yourself and remembering that every courageous person who ever lived has hated shame and deceit, has rebelled against senseless conventions. But with this difference! They have tried to overcome the thing they hated with the patient application of courage, a steady resistance, instead of a soda water fizziness that exhausted itself in the making and accomplishing nothing. Feminine outlaw, stop gashing and slashing! Begin the kind of opposition to wrong and deceit which overcomes by a continuous and steady pressure.

Oh, It's a Great Place to Die

Iloilo is an island located in the water (salt water). It is a part of the island of Panay, which is also surrounded by salt water (sea water). The island is bordered on one side by a stone wall and on the other side by bamboo shacks. These are placed there to keep the island from being washed away in the aftersaid salt water. Iloilo is best known for its claim as the second city, because everyone knows it's the second city, because everyone says it is. A stranger after looking it over, remarks: "God keep the third city." This city is blessed with a purely native administration. The mayor, the consules, the chief of police, the chief of board of health, the city engineer, etc., are all natives and they act as such. The American army and the postoffice are still represented by Americans, which in the minds of many is an injustice.

The town is blessed with several newspapers whose policy is to get advertisements. Amusements are plentiful. We produce here the grandest operas. And we must be thankful that the composers are dead, for to hear them as rendered here and live happily ever after is impossible. The cinematographs are here with their continuous performances, tragedies and comedies are here portrayed for the small sums of ten, twenty and thirty centavos. Fans are continually kept in circulation to keep the swell afternoon, the management believing that it would not be fair for one part of the house to get it all. Transportation is furnished by livery stables. Here, in these stables, you can procure fast and slow horses, that will move, trot, gallop, stop, back, turn, somersault all at their pleasure and for the price of the fare. No extra charge is asked if you don't get to your destination. We have two ice plants who furnish ice made of water. The board of health is next to this so far. Clubs are numerous—American, Spanish, English and politicians clubs. They are open to everyone and a welcome is extended providing you belong to the class nine.

The town is illuminated (sometimes by electricity). Coal oil, coconut and candle power lights are turned on at dark and turned off at dark. The financiers of the town are H. Nix on the Charter and the editor of the Star. The population is cosmopolitan. You will find here American, Swiss, Republicans, English, Immediateists, Jews, Californians and missionaries. They are a loving community and helpful to one another. Americans here are all wealthy. They work because they like to. The mosquitoes do not disturb you—in fact, no one pays any attention to them when under a mosquito bar. The streets are beautifully paved with macadam. The markets are monuments to Iloilo. Products of all descriptions can be purchased here. The market is flushed with water every day and night—providing it rains or the tide is a trifle high. The usual market smell is of course here, with the addition of other smells. Cuts little dabs of beautiful fish can be seen everywhere. Enticing glasses of the luscious tuba are set out for your delectation. In the tuba glass can be seen the camaraderie, the spirit of equality of the Philippines. Everyone

Great Thoughts

True love fears no winter.
Anger is suppressed by sweetness.
The pen is the tongue of the mind.
Prove thy friend ere thou hast need.
Strong reasons make strong actions.
Who stands still in mud sticks in it.
A friend at one's back is a safe bridge.
He who lives well is the best preacher.
Most men know what they hate, few what they love.
Little children, little sorrows; big children, big sorrows.
There is more jealousy between rival wives than rival beauties; for vanity has no sex.

Wonderful Present-Day Grandmothers

There is no old age in the present day. No longer does grandma sit by the fire sewing, with spectacles and cap, while her grandchildren play at her knee, and look upon her with loving reverence. Few old people sit still by the fire nowadays, unless they are very old indeed and unable to do anything else. Nowadays they are about all day, and most of the night, enjoying life, seeking pleasure, discovering how much there is to be seen, done, and above all, talked about, in a world that no longer craves retirement.

Nobody is so young as the old nowadays; nobody loves life as they do; and the reverse holds true of heavily laden, responsible, bored and sensible youth. Nowadays it is youth that sits on the chair, making the most of them, in time.

Wonderful grandmothers. She will probably be forgotten again. News comes from Boston to the effect that even now two old people—74, the man; the woman 73—have at last succeeded in getting married and in dodging the worried elderly children who were trying to prevent them. This is but one of many such instances.

But why shouldn't old people marry? If they have youth in their hearts there seems to be no reason why they should not emulate the ways of the young.

If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village. If you would know and not be known, live in a city.

They All Knew the Game



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

August 10, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Gertrude Allen, 1124 Georgia Ave.	Park	1902
Rose Bornstein, 909 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1905
Jack Berg, 1622 Nicholas St.	Long	1904
Charles G. Binder, 2824 South Thirty-seventh St.	Winslow	1904
Charlie A. Barker, 4402 Jackson St.	Columbian	1898
Lois E. Cory, 3436 Sahler St.	High	1902
Walter Cohn, 116 South Thirty-second Ave.	High	1894
Opal Dilley, 2824 North Sixteenth St.	Lake	1905
Gay Harry Dodson, 3115 Burdette St.	Central	1904
Edward Donnell, 2407 Dodge St.	Central	1899
Bessie Evans, 1610 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1905
Bessie Frieden, 3011 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Peter Ferolitto, 1818 Pierce St.	Leavenworth	1900
John M. Gibson, 3021 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
John F. Graser, 2768 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1905
William Harms, 4149 Lake St.	Clifton Hill	1904
James Harvalls, 2426 1/2 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1898
Barbara Hogsy, Tenth and Paul Sts.	Cass	1907
Arthur Hansen, 2029 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1908
Mary E. Herrington, 2414 Erskine St.	Lake	1899
Edward E. Holland, 418 South Twenty-fourth Ave.	Central	1897
Gladys N. Jones, 1825 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1897
Florence Jones, 1906 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1904
Henry Kulakofsky, 2312 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1900
John Kahler, 3414 Cass St.	Saunders	1900
Paul Laidy, 4705 North Twenty-ninth St.	Lothrop	1898
Iphael Mahannah, 3516 South Twentieth Ave.	High	1892
Gordon MacAulay, 2705 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1899
Ruth McVaine, 2115 Grand Ave.	High	1892
Eileen McCune, 2320 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Raymond E. Mattisen, 3221 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1901
James McGahan, 2422 Valley St.	Vinton	1899
Edward Miller, 815 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1896
Cornelia Nelson, 1932 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1905
George Nelson, 1819 Van Camp Ave.	Castellar	1903
Elmer Novack, 1719 Castellar St.	Castellar	1905
Henry L. Petersen, 3220 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
John Petersen, 4830 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1895
Nellie Proebsting, 412 South Forty-fourth Ave.	High	1893
Frances R. Petersen, 3022 Franklin St.	Long	1901
Gladys Putnam, 4022 Farnam St.	Saunders	1898
Elsie M. Rogers, 612 Lothrop St.	High	1893
Leo P. Ryan, 4718 Marcy St.	Beals	1901
Bonita E. Roberts, 2438 Ellison Ave.	Saratoga	1898
Homer D. Robbins, 916 North Forty-second St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Ivy Ray, 2904 Decatur St.	Long	1905
Irene Roth, 1010 Lincoln Ave.	Lincoln	1897
Esther H. Simons, 2821 North Thirty-sixth Ave.	Druid Hill	1899
Carl E. Swanson, 3308 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1898
Anna Sanderholm, 1423 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1897
Isle Sushin, 1446 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1903
Kitty Slaven, 1709 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1896
Benhart Simpson, 2314 Hickory St.	Mason	1790
Helen Sorenson, 3201 Lincoln Boulevard.	High	1893
Sam Savad, 411 North Twenty-second St.	Central	1903
Carl Tilton, 3126 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1905
Matilda Theiler, 1412 Bancroft St.	St. Joseph	1899
Willie Taylor, 4312 Florence Boulevard.	Saratoga	1897
Margaret Tillingham, 1916 Cumings St.	Kellom	1897
Margaret M. Witkovski, 2810 Dupont St.	High	1894
Margaret M. Witkovski, 2810 Dupont St.	Dupont	1901
Alma E. Wolf, 2015 Leard St.	Kellom	1904
Walter Wesler, 4679 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1903
Elizabeth Wagner, 2107 Douglas St.	Central	1902

The Habit of Grumbling

With the coming of hot weather the grumbler comes into his own. Grumbling is as insidious as influenza, and as infectious. A woman will walk out in the morning strong and happy, ready to do her share of the world's work, and perhaps a few yards from her own doorstep will meet some other woman who is grumbling so badly as to be heard across the street. "It's going to be hotter than ever," the stricken one will explain indignantly, "Isn't it unbearable?"

If the first woman is susceptible, this is enough. Grumbling will break out on her instantly. For hours to come she will hate the beauty of the day and infect all who come in contact with her.

Some women grumble because their holidays are over; others grumble because they have not yet arrived; but the most insistent form of the grumbler is the woman who laments against the hot weather. She complains against her food, her clothes, her work.

It would drive most women deaf to argue with grumblers—strict solution is their only hope and ours—so that it is of no use protesting. We can only keep cool by walking in our own way.

It would drive most women near to apoplexy to change the routine of their daily lives; most housewives would be much more upset by the thought that their families had not had "regular meals" than by fussing about an oven.

After all, the best thing to do in hot weather is to grin and bear it. Grumbling will not make the burden any lighter.

"Your husband is something of a base ball fan, isn't he?"

"Fan" doesn't begin to express it. Fred is a regular windmill."

Miles Darden, of Tennessee, born in 1798 and died in 1857, attained the height of seven feet six inches and the weight of 1,000 pounds.

Prof. Wilson Whitton, a celebrated American instructor of deaf mutes, was born in 1862. He bore a high reputation for scholarship and intellectual ability.

Nubs of Knowledge

It takes nearly four pounds of grapes to make a bottle of wine.

It is said that there is never an odd number of rows on an ear of corn.

The leaf of a pineapple plant can be wrought into serviceable cloth.

The chances of death in England are 40 per cent less than in India.

About 7,500,000 tons of coal are annually consumed in London.

Pulleys were first made in 516 B. C.

Letter writing began to be an art in 1053 B. C.

Romans made glass bottles and drinking glasses in 79.

A rope-making machine was patented in England in 1794.

Death was first ordained as the punishment for murder in 258 B. C.

Massachusetts colonists began to drink tea in 1719.

Herodotus gives us the initial record of a total eclipse of the sun when he observes that about 475 B. C. in the last struggle between the Medes and Lydians, hostilities were brought to a sudden close by the day turning into night.