

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"So those excavating archaeologists found the letters written by Jezabel," remarks the Regular Fellow.

"Was she a writer? I thought she was a printer!" exclaimed the Innocent Bystander. "Now isn't that just the way people are always being misrepresented?" I always supposed that she was the originator of the belief that beauty is only rouge deep, and that she fanned up her map almost as brazenly as the young swine do now.

"It seems, however, that she had other things to do besides hand-illuminating her frontispieces, and looking over the grape crop reports. She was a ready letter writer and believe me in those primitive days dashing off a missive was a good month's job, providing you were handy with the pen and quill and had a good, smooth block of stone to scribble on.

"It's all very new now for a person to write a letter, so most people use the telephone or let it slide. But in those days when one wanted a sheet of stationery one went down to the quarry and had a slab of stone chiseled, after which one got busy with engraving tools, carving out a sentence. It kept letter writers from being unduly giddy and pinned them down to the subject as it were. In those days one's note could be sold as a rock and yet be worthless."

"But it sheds a new light on the life of Jezabel. It's just possible, don't you know, that she may have tossed a friendly note, weighing about fifty pounds, from her balcony into the vineyard of her husband's next door neighbor, and it's just possible that the missive was a friendly invitation to dine with them and that H. officially hit the neighbor on the beam, permanently retiring him from the grape growing business."

"Sorry that Ahab, instead of being killed by a joy rider, had been indicted and put on trial charged with slapping the grape raiser. Would the lawyers have



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overlooked a chance to put her letters in evidence, to be read with great effect on the circulation of the newspapers if not on the jury?" Any newspaper which could have secured those letters could have made a great hit printing them, with pictures of Jezabel Grapenfruit Ahab, the child wife, after which the letters could have been used to make a nice building.

"Frequently I have thought that probably Jezabel could not secure any grapes for canning that summer, and, being one of those women who like to can what they can't, the result was very discrediting to the vintner. If the Ahab's hadn't been killed by the joy riders after cutting into the grape they would probably have had appendicitis anyway, eating grapes so much."

"Ahab was a total loss, eh?" queried the Regular Fellow.

"Sure, being opposed to a prophet," said the Innocent Bystander.

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## Women of an Older Day

Colonial maidens were usually busy beings. Just what they did is exemplified by Miss Augusta Potts of Colchester, Conn., who in 1778 kept a dairy of the duties that she performed daily. Here are some of the entries: "Paid seven for Pounds. Mended mother's riding hood. Spun short thread. Paid two guineas for Welsh girl. Carded tow. Spun linen. Worked on cheese basket. Hatch'd sixt with Hannah; we did forty-one pounds. Pleated and ironed. Read a sermon of Doddridge. Spoiled a pie. Milked the cows. Spun linen; did fifty yards. Made a broom of Guinea wheat straw. Set a red dye. Had two scholars from Mrs. Taylor's. I carded two pounds of whale wool. Spun harness twine. Powdered the pewter." She also knitted, washed, cooked, picked geese, weeded the garden, dipped candles in the spring, and made soft soap in the fall, besides finding time to visit and receive her girl friends.

The dowager Tsarina of Russia, who is quite a favorite of the people, once saw on her husband's desk a document relating to a political prisoner. On the margin Alexander III had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." She struck out the semi-color after "impossible" and inserted it before that word, making the decree read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The tsar let it stand.

A woman who was convicted of felony at the Old Bailey, London, in 1778, went to a moratorium for some broadcloth silk. She selected a rich design and ordered the proper amount cut off. Fearing that if she were hanged he would never be paid for the goods, the shopkeeper informed her that he did not have any answers, but would deliver the silk later. Quickly handing him a five mill note, she said: "Here is a pair of scissors."

Shakespeare must have been small of stature, for, wrapped up in a bundle, she was carried to Caesar upon the shoulders of Apollodorus. Nevertheless, she was a wonderful queen, possessing countless arts, varied graces and the gift of numerous languages. She gave audience to Romans, Greeks, Ethiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Indians, Syrians, Medes and Parthians without the aid of interpreters, discerning readily in their own dialects. Plutarch says her voice had an inexplicable charm of soft attractions in its sounds, like an instrument of many strings, which no one could resist.

Two women were arraigned at Newbury, Mass., in 1862, charged with wearing silk bodices and scarfs, but were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth \$200 each.

Dr. Livingstone while exploring Africa discovered that when a man suspected that any of his wives had bewitched him he sent for the witch doctor. "All the wives go forth into the field," said the

## Human Brain Fails at Critical Points

Discussing accidents which are not susceptible of explanation, the St. Louis Republic says:

Every man has a thousand things that he does unconsciously, and he does them every day. It is not remarkable that he should fall from time to time to set down the proper total or to get from under the press of a racing automobile at the proper moment. What if it is necessary to tie a red string round one's finger in order to recall his wandering memory to his downtown errands? He may sleep, wake, and various things in a day than he could hope to remember. He has so many sensations that it is easy for him to let something get by him while he is experiencing an unusual one.

## "Ghost" at Durbar

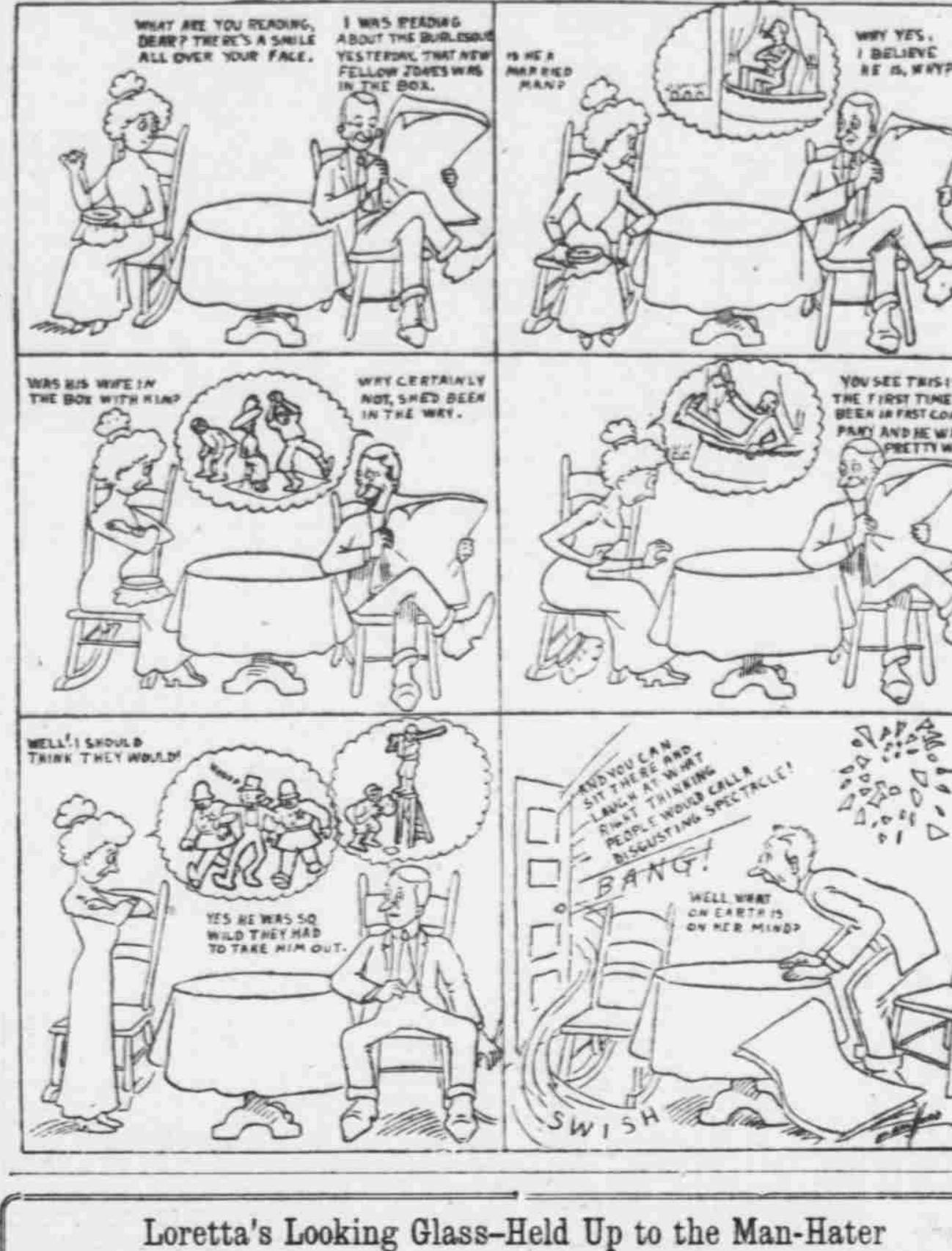
When his British majesty goes in India this year will the authorities have to find room at the great ceremony for the spirit of some dead hero?

This may seem an extravagant question to ask, but at the last Delhi coronation durbar the Indian military authorities were petitioned to secure a seat upon the resplendent dias for a withered old man. His statement, which was backed by thousands of his countrymen on the authority of fakirs, was that he was the reincarnation of General Nicholson, who won undying fame in the great mutiny, and was highly worshipped by the royal Hindus. So persistent was the old man, and so numerous his adherents, that at last the Indian government, though it polite to grant his simple yet eccentric request; and there, on the grand day, in the uniform of a subadar-captain of Sepoys—graciously sat the little grizzled man, the cynosure of thousands of native eyes.

But, of course, the Hindus are great believers in reincarnation; and when Sir Robert Grant died at Poona in 1860 his widow was compelled to have a shroud made, so that for years afterwards all Hindu sentinels were ordered to salute every cat that passed out of the main entrance of the governor's palace.

## What's On Your Mind?

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## Loretta's Looking Glass-Held Up to the Man-Hater



Oh! foolish feminine fighter of wind mills! You keep yourself terribly and exhaustingly busy at combatting your natural instincts. You waste your energy in opposing what you cannot conquer.

You know, lots of people, especially girls, are unconscious of how wise enough to follow their natural bent to be agreeable to the opposite sex. They think there is some sort of wisdom in your attitude. They laugh at you. They think you score men because they are not attracted to you.

But it is not that. Often it is your sense of right, decency and of justice that makes you such a—forgive me, but it is so appropriate—such a lemon.

How would you like it if all the faults of women were heaped up and blamed on each individual of the sex? Suppose some man would accuse you of being as light-headed as little Miss Frills, as deceitful as Susie Subtle, as crafty as Kitty Malice, as cold as Frances Prig, as dishonest as Tilly Thieving, as selfish as Molly Marplot? Would you like the man?

Not if you had any of the spunk of human independence in you. You would derive a short range discredit on the unfortunate account that would send him scurrying toward the prickles of berry bushes for refuge. It would not end in the scratch of thorns. He would not find the mild lacerations of briars. The contrast with your enlightening vocal velocity that rippled through his self-conceit and ridded his compunctions would be as bilious.

But you do just this to men. If one unwary ventures in your neighborhood when some male criminal has filled the newspapers with his atrocious doings, you virtually imply that all men are like him—which, of course, includes the poor creature who has made the mistake of getting near you—only he happened to get caught.

Maybe you loved a man once; and he proved unworthy. Since then, you have deliberately fitted the garment of his shortcomings on every masculine figure. You hate the wrong he did you. And you dash and pounce and paint all other men with the hatred he inspired.

Merry! but you are an impudent feather-

## The Art of Living Long and Well

In order that we live out our "allotted time," we must "turn on the light" Light the mind; yes, turn on the light, for how many dear souls are groping their way in darkness—some darkness—not a ray of light I can see!

Friendly, you are looking the wrong way, for the light is there to illuminate your pathway, but it is hidden by the clouds of your own making.

Troubles come to all, but we must endure them with strength and bravery. "Smile, and never mind." Did you know that if we never had troubles, we would be weak, yes, very weak? If we had never exercised the body, it would not have developed; so with the brain, we must train ourselves mentally as well as physically.

Illumination is all power, so let's throw the light currents into our brains and lives. Hard thinking is detrimental. Intensity should never be allowed, except for pleasure. Heavy or depressed thinking causes many sluggish brains and takes the spring of life out of the step ajar, and the person moves

in a careless and ungraceful way, which soon brings on other troubles and many diseases, all of which shorten life.

Don't allow your brain or body to decay.

There is no limit to the possibilities of your mental strength.

Every birthday should indicate that we are climbing higher and higher on the ladder in the life beautiful. So if you would guide into the autumn of life grandly and beautifully, you must do away with the old time thinking. Think new—be new. Be happy now. She who "worries" cannot remain young, looking. She produces by her own worries, old age lines in her face, and often causes premature death.—Lulu D. Windsor in *Health Culture*.

In the Wrong Place,

"I am seeking local color for an opera," said the traveler. "Have you any merry villagers in this village?"

"Not in this village," answered the inhabitant. "All we have here is a bunch of disgruntled taxpayers."—Washington Herald.

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



SEPTEMBER

CHARLES REINHOLD GARDNER

146 South Fourteenth Street.

September 4, 1911

Name and Address.

	School.	Year.
Philip A. Anders, 590 North Thirty-third Ave.	Central Park	1906
Lyon Ayres, 1919 Cass St.	Central	1906
Edwin Banister, 3416 Dewey Ave.	High	1905
John L. Beebe, 4302 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1905
Bessie Billings, 1628 Farnam St.	Central	1906
Sadie Blumenthal, 212 South Twelfth St.	Cass	1906
Ruth Bockshacker, 401 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1906
Lola Brown, 1718 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1904
Harry Carlson, 2609 Templeton Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Ardie Carter, Apartment 16, Sixteenth and Yates Sts.	Long	1905
Elmer Christensen, 4211 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1904
Raymond Clayton, 1419 Pacific St.	Comenius	1907
Harriet Cody, 2916 Erskine St.	High	1905
LaMoin Cogizer, 1817 North Seventeenth St.	Saratoga	1901
Josephine Condon, 1916 Chicago St.	High	1904
Heiley M. Cook, 110 Cedar St.	Train	1906
Walter Erickson, 3715 North Twentieth St.	Lothrop	1907
Sarah M. Fink, 3824 North Eighteenth St.	Lothrop	1905
Morris Fanger, 2422 Seward St.	Long	1905
Anna Fresek, 1212 South Second St.	Pacific	1900
Gladys V. Freeman, 1813 Brown St.	Sherman	1895
Charles Gardipee, 1424 South Seventeenth St.	High	1895
Irene Garth, 167 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1903
Mary Griffin, 2217 Dodge St.	Train	1897
Elmer Groves, 2615 South Twenty-sixth St.	Franklin	1905
Gladys J. Healy, 3424 Lincoln Blvd.	Mason	1896
Maria Hixenbaugh, 428 South Nineteenth St.	Weber	1903
Florence Jensen, 2969 Laird St.	Kellom	1897
Julius Kohn, 1118 North Twenty-first St.	Lincoln	1895
Fannie E. Kolar, 1912 South Eighth St.	Lothrop	1897
Jennie Linde, 2584 Evans St.	Pacific	1908
Rose Lovino, 1111 South Twelfth St.	Weber	1902
Rosie McGrath, 1623 Cumming St.	Cass	1901
Thomas McMinn, 1807 California St.	Kellom	1906
Piccola Miller, 1424 North Nineteenth St.	High	1898
Clara Moore, 1659 North Twenty-eighth St.	St. Patrick	1904
Elena R. Mulvihill, 2413 South Eighteenth St.	Train	1897
Frank Petersen, 5011 South Fifteenth St.	German Lutheran	1903
Naomi Primrose, 2229 Martha St.	Dupont	1906
Dene A. Randolph, 3036 Haskell St.	Windsor	1899
Agnes Rapple, 2610 North Fifteenth St.	Lake	1896
Vergil G. Rector, 3424 Hawthorne Ave.	High	1893
Gladys Rice, 1922 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1901
Ana Robinowitz, 5144 Sherman Ave.	Sherman	1904
Othello Reunert, 1125 North Nineteenth St.	High	1894
Frank Simpson, 1806 Ohio St.	Leavenworth	1894
Clara M. Starr, 2784 South Ninth St.	Bancroft	1895
Emil Stavros, 1254 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1897
Ralph Taylor, 4222 Grant St.	High	1895
Elsie M. Toft, 927 Homer St.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Howard L. Updegraff, 2429 Pine St.	Lincoln	1896
William B. Vanous, 1612 Hickory St.	Lake	1904
Arnold Wallin, 3637 California St.	Webster	1904
Francis Webster, 1610 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1898
Mamie Wicina, 2618 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1905
James W. Williamson, 3426 Lincoln Blvd.	Franklin	1899
Victoria Zerzan, 2522 Mason St.	Mason	1897

## Nubs of Knowledge

Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.

Convents were first founded in 79.

The Chinese train seagulls to catch fish.

Salonica is the most progressive city of Asia.

Three times as much as they did ten years ago.

The mouth of an oyster is near the hinge of the shell.

Hawaii's 3D sugar crop is expected to aggregate 50,000 tons.

The native tobacco is cheap in Mexico.

It is wholly untaxed.

China uses 400,000,000 pounds of tea a year and exports