

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Her Husband's Voice BY AMERIN MAN.

Perhaps, the main reason why man was created before woman was that Adam was thus enabled to have the first breakfast by himself.

The Post Graduate Husband considered that his amiable participation in the first meal of the day was the most triumphant demonstration of his affection for the Amateur Wife. He heaped breakfast! He did not see how sensible and supposedly refined human beings could take part in the orgies of bacon, eggs and buckwheat cakes with which day is officially started in the average home.

Personally he did not indulge in such extravagant repasts. One poached egg on toast was the limit of his breakfast order, and that, he persuaded himself, he ate as well as not to embarrass His Wife. Being so self-restricted, he told himself that he had every right to be fastidious as to the quality and pedigree of his eggs.

Nothing, it seemed to him, could be worse than an overdone poached egg—except an underdone one.

In these days of specialization nearly every human being has one thing which he or she does far better than any other. Mary, the Helpful Handmaiden, had her specialty, but it was not poached eggs. For a reader who cares for detail it was cabbage.

Like any other daughter of genius, Mary was fond of praise, and having found out her culinary limitations she did not care to exhibit them.

The pallid poached egg which constituted the Post Graduate Husband's breakfast was the invariable crown of an otherwise splendid day.

To have to loach that egg at all was a great trial to Mary's patience. To be told how to cook it was intolerable.

But we anticipate. The Amateur Wife was at her best in the morning. Her eyes sparkled and no morning glory was fresher than she. She could eat anything and everything—and did.

Sometimes Her Husband gazed at the breakfast she consumed with awe, but often with aversion.

One morning, as she helped herself to a second lamb chop from a platter before her, he spoke:

"Don't you feel well, baby?" he asked, satirically. "I see that Mary has cooked but two lamb chops. Don't you think you'd better order a couple more?"

"I suppose you're cross because Mary hasn't brought your poached egg up. I'll cook it for you," she added, rising.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Her Husband, peremptorily. "I'm not ready for it. I'll never be ready for that anemic, tubercular, frightful thing that you fondly believe is a poached egg!"

"It's a wonder to me," said the Amateur Wife, radiantly, "that you don't try to teach Mary and me how to poach an egg. Mary is the most willing soul in the world and she's very quick to take a suggestion, too."

The Post Graduate Husband glanced reluctantly at the cup of golden coffee His Wife set before him with her suggestion.

"I believe you're right, if you want anything done properly that's the only way! I'll go down and give Mary another lesson in cooking—and yet," he added pessimistically,

## A Heart to Heart Talk on Poached Eggs and Poetic Natures.



tically and reminiscently, "I don't believe it'll do any good! Women will never be good cooks because they're deaf to the poetry of food. Their natures are so wonderfully practical that they fail to appreciate the fine shades, the delicate modulations, the subtle rhythms of real cooking!"

"You sound like an advertisement of a fireless cooker!" exclaimed His Wife, laughing.

And with a glance of stern contempt Her Husband disappeared down the kitchen stairs.

The Amateur Wife went on eating her breakfast. Wafted through the dumbwater shaft she distinguished from time to time the voice of Her Husband raised in instruction and admonition and that of Mary, the Helpful Handmaiden, making meek and polite replies.

Suddenly the dining room door was opened and the Post Graduate Husband, hot, disheveled and carrying a platter as if he were bearing the ark of the covenant, stalked in the table.

The poached eggs that he carried triumphantly were a sorry lot, run together like the colors in a child's paint box and of such a patent unpalatableness that a famine sufferer would have had to close his eyes to eat them.

"They ran a little, explained Her Husband, "but they're cooked to a turn! They were perfect in every way till I jolted them opening the door. Of course, they're just as good to eat this way."

"Certainly," agreed the Amateur Wife, sympathetically. "I've kept the coffee hot for you. Go ahead now and eat your breakfast."

The Post Graduate Husband sighed. "It's strange how cooking takes the appetite away," he said. "Now those are as fine eggs as I ever saw, yet I don't feel a bit like eating."

"Maybe Wood-Wood, our darling doggie, would like them," His Wife suggested.

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## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

**Found Wanting.**  
Sermon delivered at the Swedish Mission church, Omaha.

Dan E-Z. Tekel, thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. The text is taken from the well known feast of Belshazzar, the last of the Babylonian kings. Like his father, this king was a very wicked man and despite the warnings of God, he continued in his evil way.

On this occasion he makes use in a most sacrilegious way of the holy vessels which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had stolen from the temple at Jerusalem. Think of the terrible sin of using these holy, sanctified vessels at the carcasses of a heathen monarch's feast, a feast full of sensuality and Godlessness.

But God is not mocked. Over yonder the warning finger of God proclaims the solemn truth of the text: The king was in the balances of God, weighed and found wanting. It is time that God considers kings and weighs them, but it is equally true the Judge of the quick and the dead, weighs you and me, whoever and whatever we are. We cannot escape God's searching and probing questions, and our sins will appear at His judgment bar. You may think you can escape God and hence live in sin and worldliness; but the God of heaven and earth will cause you one day to render a full account of yourself.

God weighs our righteousness to ascertain if it be of the genuine kind, or in other words, the kind that is approved and sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures. The Lord says that unless our righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees we will never gain entrance into the kingdom of God. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we seek ourselves along this line. A bad person is able temporarily to do a good act or say a kind word, but that good act and that kind word do not of necessity flow from the fountain of truth within. To illustrate, the little, mean, contemptible hypocrite is able to say sugar-coated and honeyed words and, from bad motives, do an occasional good act, but the inner life, the heart itself, is like one of those tombs in the orient, good looking without, but within just full of dead bones and all filthiness. God helps us that our righteousness may not be of that type and character.

Hence the Bible says that Christ is our righteousness. Let us all with humbled hearts before God ask for this gift. Without a clean heart one cannot please God. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." One cannot be of any real blessing in the world without first of all getting a new heart.

Solomon prayed for a wise and understanding heart. Let us pray for a new heart, the heart that loves God and loves humanity. God not only reforms folks, as certain institutions try to do, but very often fail, but He grants an entirely new heart, new desires, new affections, yes, and one's life. That is the only way to live. How refreshing it is to look around and see what God, in His great mercy, is able to do with a poor spoiled heart, which has previously been full of sin, vile lust and the Devil himself. Here is a man who used to be a fright in the community and a curse in his home. The Holy Ghost touches his poor, degraded life and today he is an entirely changed person by the wondrous grace of God. How account for it? We only say with a triumphant tone, the Lord has graciously given the man a new heart.

God also weighs our seeking. What a blessed thought that God seeks us sinners, desiring to reclaim us. He sought poor fallen Adam back yonder in the garden of Eden. His dear pleading voice is still heard in the world as pathetic and tender now as ever. "Adam, where art thou?" is the question. You can hear the Father's heart throbs in that short question. True when we think of God's seeking the sinner it makes us happy and fills us with deep gratitude and appreciation, but another thing is, have we sought God? Moody says so effectively that Adam should have gone up and down Eden, crying with a breaking heart, "God, where art thou?"



Rev. Malcolm Magnuson, Swedish Evangelist, Chicago.

But he did not. Instead he tried to hide himself and his shame. So it is today. Are you seeking God? Answer, please, before the great Majesty on high. You claim you do the best you know how; but, have you taken one intelligent step toward Jesus and sought Him in the Bible and in humble supplication as a penitent at the Mercy Seat which God Himself has established? If you feel dissatisfied with your life and tired of shame

### Dont Dillydally.

"You will find, Stevey," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "a great satisfaction and a great help in being able to make up your mind. 'Don't be a dillydallyer, always undecided, never knowing what you want to do. You don't want to jump at things without thought; you want to be sure you're right, but you don't want to be too long about it; you want to be able to make up your mind. Better to blunder now and then than to lack decision."

"This is a point to which some people can never bring themselves. They weigh things over, Stevey, when unduly prolonged not only confuses us; it saps and dissipates our very energy, literally leaves us weak and nerveless; we not only don't know what to do but if we did know we'd be powerless to do it; we'd have to wait to recuperate till our strength came back and our head came clear again."

"The ability to decide which some men possess is more or less a gift. Most of us are often in doubt, we don't know what to do; but you will find some men, a few clear headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. I hope, Stevey, that you will prove to be thus endowed."

"Whether or not this shall prove so, whether or not you shall discover yourself blessed with the great gifts of sound common sense and a clear vision, don't dillydally over things. Make up your mind! In this power and its exercise you will find a great inward satisfaction and a great help, and so strengthened yourself you will be all the more helpful to other people."—New York Sun.

**Human Nature Good Excess.**  
"Chang" Clark, even when a 25-year-old college president, had a sense of humor," said an instructor at Marshall college. "During his presidency here an undergraduate was once struggling through a definition of human nature when Clark entered the classroom. 'The world's youngest college president listened for a moment to the undergraduate's lame and halting phrases, then he said: 'Listen, my lad. Human nature is best defined as the excuse that a man offers for acting like a hog.'"

### and worldliness, seek Christ just now, dear reader and He will flood your life with light and cause you to rejoice in living God.

After God gives us a clean heart and a new spirit within, then follows of necessity a Godly walk or what is known as the Christian life. O, for a real and genuine revival along this important line! How many church members and even so-called Christian workers are covering the fair name of God with shame, because of the consistency of their life and daily walk! What we want and especially need is to carry our palm singing and prayers and church going into practical life that the folks around may see our good works and thus glorify our Father in heaven.

Would to God that the revival which has so graciously stirred the people of the Swedish mission church may be felt in every church mission and Salvation Army barracks in this favored city of Omaha, Omaha, with its beautiful buildings and churches and schools, needs more of Jesus. May the Christian peoples pray for a city-wide, state-wide, a nation-wide—yes, a world-wide—revival of the old fashioned type, which causes our homes to rejoice and our churches to live a narrow life.

In conclusion I desire to say only one word. When we consider the fact that God weighs us in these various respects let us go to Jesus and by His blood get salvation, and then in life, in death and in the judgment—yes, in all eternity—we are safe because God is pleased with us.

### A Woman's Letter

Women, it is generally admitted, write better letters than men, says a Frenchman. M. Marcel Prevost has discovered the reason for the superiority. He says: "The obvious meaning is never the one we should read into a woman's letter. There is always a veiled meaning. Woman makes use of a letter just as she employs a glance or a smile, in a way that is carefully thought out, and with an eye to effect. And, after all, does a woman's hat serve to cover her head? Does a woman's parasol keep off the sun? Why, then, should a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letters of some laborer, grocer, or writer? I send you five pounds of coffee," because he really does send you five pounds of coffee?"

**Don't Overwork.**  
Dr. C. Hutchinson Ealy, the brain expert of Duluth, Minn., was discussing the new tuberculin cure for progressive paralysis, a malady common to brain workers. "Tuberculin has cured a third of the cases it has been tried on," he said. "Hence it may be called a pretty good cure. But a better cure for the disease due to overwork is rest."

Dr. Hutchinson Ealy trumped the table vigorously. "When a professional man tells me he is too busy to take a rest," he cried, "I tell him he is like a workman who is too busy to sharpen his tools."

**Watch on Doctors.**  
"The late Count Tolstol loathed physicians in 'War and Peace'! Well, I heard him ridicule three of them to their faces over a vegetarian dinner at Tsanaya Polyana. 'Physicians,' he said bitterly, looking up from a plate of lentils, 'may be divided into two classes—the radicals, who kill you, and the conservatives, who let you die.'"

**Always Behind.**  
"Is your son still pursuing his studies, Mrs. Brown?"  
"Yes, but it seems to be a stern chase."  
—Life.

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK.



JOHN G. PEGG, JR., 433 Patrick Avenue.

### This is the Day We Celebrate



March 4, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Walter Ahlquist, 2752 Meredith Ave.	High	1892
Myrtle M. Anderson, 3111 Franklin St.	Franklin	1904
Della E. Boukal, 1227 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1895
Helen Bollmer, 3213 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1899
Leonard K. Bourke, 2525 California St.	Webster	1898
Emil Bechtold, 1115 North Twenty-fourth St.	Webster	1898
Jeanne Gladys Bolt, 3820 Hamilton St.	High	1895
Luella Burd, 1556 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1903
Aaron Brookstein, 1836 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1899
Johanna Broderson, 2444 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1904
Fobert Cuff, 1121 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1896
Frances C. Curry, 112 North Forty-third Ave.	Saunders	1898
Sallie H. Crary, 1622 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1900
Edwin Dahlquist, 2010 Bancroft St.	Castellar	1898
Loretta M. Freeman, 1513 Brown St.	Sherman	1901
Toby Goldstine, 2217 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1902
Kenneth Henderson, 2628 Dodge St.	Farnam	1900
Alfred Hansen, 2106 North Twenty-ninth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Matilda Holub, 2370 South Twenty-eighth St.	Dupont	1897
Edward Houb, 107 South Second St.	Train	1897
Raymond Hoffmann, 2718 South Twenty-sixth St.	St. Joseph	1898
Mary Johnston, 1421 North Twenty-second St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Mamie Kastl, 2212 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Phillip Kauffmann, 611 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1897
Leon Kauffmann, 2809 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1897
Raymond Kroger, 1122 North Forty-sixth St.	Farnam	1901
Irene Kloosner, 3013 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1905
Rosy Kloosner, 3013 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
Madeline J. Lafayette, Thirty-fourth St. & Kansas Ave.	Central Park	1905
Lilla Mickleisen, 2015 Douglas St.	Central	1897
Emma Mens, 420 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1894
Ella Meeker, 4810 North Nineteenth St.	Saratoga	1902
Harold McClenahan, Thirtieth and Decatur Sts.	Long	1898
Charles Morearty, 2024 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1897
Ada Newton, 1221 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Harold Nelson, 966 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1903
Morris B. Ogle, 2815 Charles St.	Long	1898
Louis Penchansky, 1551 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1900
John G. Pegg, 4308 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill	1903
Carlisle Park, 1716 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga	1901
Mary Riley, 4104 North Twenty-seventh St.	Sacred Heart	1896
Harold Riley, 2806 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1896
Isidore Rosenblatt, 2221 Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Sarah Rosenblatt, 2221 Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Louis Riedmann, 1233 South Third St.	St. Joseph	1900
Meyers Radman, 2516 Blondo St.	Long	1897
Ester Spraktes, 1231 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1901
Almet Solomon, 3670 Dodge St.	High	1892
Lynn Spooner, 1914 Paul St.	Kellom	1901
Henry M. Silver, 3432 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1905
Burton Trexler, 4421 Parker St.	High	1894
Genevieve Turbolen, 940 North Twenty-seventh St.	High	1894
Frank Tracy, 2452 Spalding St.	Lothrop	1905
George Tobey, 3101 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1898
Viola Wilson, 2609 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1902
Willie Yoselson, 1513 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1905
Barbara Zurhal, 2313 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1895

## Undoing of Mr. Uplift BY LAFAYETTE PARKER.

"Here's an enterprising woman who secured a court order compelling her husband to let her work in a business house," intones Father, anxious to point out to young Mr. Uplift the progress being made by women.

"What was the matter with her husband?" queried Son, not without some show of amusement.

"He wanted her to remain at home and take care of the house," replies Father. "If I was hooked up to a dame like that," declares Son, "believe me that I could take care of itself, so long as wife laid down her job and was willing to lend me a few bucks on pay day."

"This particular wife was tired of the unrequited slavery of the home," resumes Father. "That's what all the skirts say," believes Son. "After a few months of joggling the gas stoves most dames would like to pass the buck, if they only knew how. A job in some office, hours nine to five, with eight or ten real simoneens per week, looks good to wife after she's been up against the housekeeping game for a spell."

"While I commend the spirit of independence that impels a woman to enter business," Father says, "I believe that a wife's place is in the home."

"Why stay at home when she can make more long green somewhere else?" pertinently interrogates Son. "If His Bright Eyes can pry loose enough coin to hire a cook and then have some change left, hubby ought to let her go as far as she likes."

"This particular woman of whom I am speaking," continues Father, "said she 'deferred to work for a living to staying home to darn socks and cook.'"

"Why wear the old socks darned when you can buy new ones?" Son wants to know. "Money is not everything," protests Father. "Can spend as she pleases," muses Father, "won't buy, I'm ready to set up the drinks, cheerfully volunteers Son, with the air of one who knows he has a sure thing. "I suppose every married woman likes to feel that she has a little money she can use as she likes."

## "Wives that Want Work," Argued by Father vs. Son.



nated I think this problem would be solved, and wives would never desert their homes for positions in offices. "Also make a note of this, Pop," Son advises. "If the druggery of the office could be cut out, there'd be a bunch of us White Slaves who would never dash out the back way for the nearest life-saving station as soon as the Boss beats it for his happy home. I dope it out that the skirts and us coarse men can get together on a woman's suffrage platform with this grand old motto:

Nothing to do but loaf.  
Nothing to spend but money.  
Nothing to drink but fizz.  
Nothing to eat but honey.

**The Chocolate Prince.**  
He turned up his nose at the pudding and said, "And he stamped his feet at the bread; He screamed like mad at good porridge and milk. He'd have chocolate creams instead!"

Then his royal parents, the king and the queen, And the courtiers, small and great, Called Parliament up to sit on his case, Which threatened the peace of the state.

They found that they darn't say "No" to a prince who's so rich and so great. So they passed this amazing decree— "The heir to the crown shall have chocolate cream for breakfast and dinner and tea!"

He took breakfast right on until dinner time came. And dined straight on till he teard; And he popped some packets his pillow with. And a midnight refreshment feed.

But was worse, for that greedy young prince, For Parliament, king and queen, Far be turned ere long to a chocolate price. And the softest that ever was seen.

## A TRIP TO MARS

COME OVER AND ILL SHOW YOU SOME MOVING PICTURES AND RECORDS OF OUR LATEST BROADWAY SUCCESSES

ONE OF OUR MUSICAL COMEDY STARS ISN'T SHE GREAT?

WHEN THESE WOMEN TOOK THE SHOW SHE DID SA-MAY-MAKE ME BACK TO BEING ANYONE WERE IN TRAINED DIRECTORS DRELL.

THAT'S HAM AND AIG IN REIGNED WILMINGTON. SOME CLASS, EN.

OUR WINNING MELODRAMA, LHMENSE, ISN'T IT?

HAN-HOW IN THE DUNE AND YOU'RE THE MONKEY. HAV-HEE THAT'S IT. I'M IN THE BANG!

HARRY NUH, OR DIE, HAZEL DINE. SU-E-E-E-Z WHO'S THAT? A-R CHOO! CHOO!

95,000,000 MILES FROM THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE YOU BET

THAT FOR YOUR BROADWAY SUCCESSES

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## Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk The Greek Flower Seller. BY BOBBIE HARBLE.

Freighted with violets in bloom,  
He treads his nightly way  
Through many a public dining room  
And glittering cafe.  
The crowded city streets grow fair  
And summer fancy flows;  
The sordid town grows fragrant where  
The Greek flower seller goes.



Upon his sharply chiselled face  
Eminent eyes may see  
Elastic hints of ancient Thrace  
And classic Thessaly,  
The heroes of Thermopylae,  
The men who conquered Troy,  
Live in this year of grace, A. D.  
In this sad, wistful boy.

Do thoughts of Greece, so far away,  
Where the Aegean gleams  
Prey on his mind by night and day  
And haunt him in his dreams?  
Does he not long for temples pale,  
Where nymph or vestal sighs?  
And long to hear the nightingale  
Beneath Corinthian skies?

Is he so pale from brooding long  
On bygone Grecian hours  
Which sped on wings of classic song  
Where Mount Olympus towers?  
And those brown eyes, whose liquid gleams  
Seem made of unshed tears,  
Do they look back on classic dance  
That cheered his early years?

But wait! A would-be buyer calls  
This flower boy of the south,  
Listen and hear what wisdom falls  
From that straight Grecian mouth:  
"Yaaa! Feefy cents bunch-dat eeh  
My price for today!  
Ah! wot you theenk? I gots dese  
Jus, for to give away!"  
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## Talking Clocks

And now it is the talking clock—a time-piece that actually calls out the hours, half hours and quarters, day and night unless shut off, and will tell you the time to the minute any hour of the night if you press a little button at your bedside.

The works of this remarkable clock occupy a stout belt which runs over a roll connected with a sounding box. Upon this belt, or rather film, the hours, which have been recorded by a photograph, are impressed by galvanization on a copper plate. The mechanism which moves the hands is connected with the speaking device, and this with a funnel reinforces the sound and projects it outward through a finely graded opening attached to the narrow side of the clock.

At night a touch on a lever reduces the clock to silence. But if one wakes and wishes to know the hour without striking a light, an easily found button is pressed and the clock immediately states the time. There is another new kind of alarm clock on the market. It talks, but more for the purpose of making you get out of bed in the morning than to simply give you the time. Suppose, for instance, you want to be called at 6 o'clock. You set the clock with its photograph attachment for 6 o'clock. Then you go to bed.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the clock starts the phonograph, and you are awakened by a voice yelling, "Get up; get up. Time to get up. Breakfast is waiting. You have hardly time to catch your train. Get up. Hurry now."

**Understanding that Lasts.**  
"You know," said a "smart" young man to a girl, "some one has said that if you would make a lasting pair of boots, look for the sole the tongue of a woman!"  
"Yes," replied the girl; "and for the same person you ought to take the check of the man who said it."—San Francisco Chronicle.