

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

"I see," said Show-Me Smith, the more or less eminent historian from the west state, "that Skipper Bob Fulton is back."

"Who," I asked, wondering what was coming now.

"Skipper Bob Fulton," he repeated, calmly. "I've just seen his boat tied up, away up town. They call it the Clermont, and they say it's a steamboat, but it looks more to me like a canal boat dressed up than anything else. However, that's probably because Skipper Bob's been gone so long. It's been quite a voyage. But he came back all right, and that's more than most of them do nowadays."

"As soon as I saw her I went aboard and knocked on the smoke-house door."

"Where's Fulton?" I says to a man who poked his head out.

"He looks me over a minute and says, 'You'll either find him taking tickets down at the Ferry or catching fish down at the Market. If you don't find him there, ask Sweeney.'"

"Neither Fulton nor Sweeney was around either place. I suppose Skipper Fulton owns both places and Sweeney manages them for him. Most have quite an income from them. I'll bet Sweeney gets his share."

"It was after discovering Brooklyn, I believe, that Skipper Fulton invented the Clermont. Probably the quickest way he could think of to get out. He got his idea from the famous invention known as the side-wheeled Brooklyn baby carriage."

"Wandering through the Fulton street shopping district over there one day, he saw a lusty-lunged infant yelling at the top of its voice and trying to wheel its perambulator into a store by grabbing the spokes and pushing."

"Ha, ha," said Robert, the Brooklyn perambulator man. "I'll bet I can make a side-wheeler go without using half that much steam. Labboard there, son, labboard, or you'll have your craft in the gutter."

"So talking Brooklyn's chief industry as a model, Fulton rigged up this craft that looks like a scow embellished with a couple of woodsheds and decorated with a pair of mill wheels. It was to be both a day and a night line—about four days and nights to the run."

"Well, he paddled up to Albany and met 'Tim Sullivan,' said Fulton, and maybe Tim'll charter the Clermont for his next chowder."

"Bet the Clermont don't get above Grant's Tomb," was the odds laid by the folks that didn't take any stock in the boat.

"Which was the foolish bet," concluded Show-Me, "for I was up town days before yesterday and it was two blocks above the tomb then."

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WHERE FULTON GOT HIS IDEA.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Pausing to Become a Prince.

I. Sam. 9:27—"Stand thou still first."

"Hear the word of God."

I. Sam. 10:9—"Is it not that Jehovah hath anointed thee to be a prince?"

It was a rare day in Saul's life when he paused to hear the word of God and be anointed prince of Israel. Rare, because of a peculiar intimacy with the supernatural, and a consequent revelation of duty and glory hitherto undreamed of. It is always so. The glory of Christianity lies in the opportunity it grants all men to have so rare an experience; its pathos, in the neglect of men to have it.

Pausing was a pre-condition to Saul's elevation to princehood. We do little pausing nowadays. No time for that. We are too busy pursuing our pursuits. Rush and bustle are the order of the day. After the wearying exactness of work-a-day life, we pay strenuous court to Dame Pleasure, whom Milton called "The reeling Goddess with a soulless waist." Herein lies our peril. It breeds a fatal inattention to, and inconsideration of, the deep things of God.

Inconsideration was a much lamented sin of Israel centuries ago. It finds striking modern echo. Blessed is the man who pauses amid humdrum tasks and contemplates God, himself, and His spiritual state before Him. For He makes a mighty stride heavenward. Moments of contemplation are God inviting.

The full words of God are full of hope and promise. They tell of yet greater things to be. "The Lord spake," is an oft-repeated Old Testament phrase, fraught with meaning for this busy generation. His voice is not lost in the multitude. He wishes to speak to thee. It does not necessarily mean an actual voice. Knocking at the door of the outer ear, God expresses Himself in diverse ways. Memory, conscience, providence, revelation and nature, all of these, speed sounds "Intelligible of that eternal language, which God utters" from day to day. God will be heard. Abuse or ignore the word and whispers of the Divine Lover, and thunderings of Sinai will certainly follow. The prophet learned his speech as a child does, by listening. Grace cometh by the open ear and heart. Blessed is the man who listens, and answers; "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," for he shall be elevated to princely dignity and position.

Among Saul's qualifications to the princely office, was his "goodly stature," he being "higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward." Princely men are God illumined and God inspired men. They, too, tower above their fellows. But in moral progress and spiritual stature. The genius of religion is the creation of princely men. It takes the interests, desires, affections, ambitions, aims and aspirations of a weak man, and by a process of regeneration, makes him new and brave, loving and sacrificial. Such men the world needs today. The whole "earth doth not get shine with the glory of the Lord." Philistines are still abroad in the land. These, with common walks of life must be brought to the feet of the risen and reigning Jesus. To accomplish this result we do not need the "laughing lions" of Wietache, nor "Simmons and Miles" of Bernard Shaw, but we do need a big supply of weak men made strong by the spirit of the living Christ. This is the only hope of society and the individual. The opportunist is today. The price is the pauper; the attentive ear; the obedient heart. These steps lead to princelyhood; to endless life.



J. P. Franklin Haas, Pastor of the Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



June 3, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ethel Allen, 3314 South Twentieth Ave.	Viuton	1899
Leona M. Beckwith, Fortieth and Pratt Sts.	Central Park	1905
Margaret Besen, 2709 Douglas St.	Farnam	1903
Earline Francis, 1213 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1904
Ester Freer, 3013 Webster St.	Webster	1896
John Franco, 918 Pierce St.	Pacific	1887
Angelo Ferragute, 417 Poppleton Ave.	Train	1902
Martha F. Gyger, 1328 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1893
Harry Gadsdon, 4219 Farnam St.	Saunders	1900
Frances M. Gilchrist, 1713 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1893
Mildred Henkel, 2317 Chicago St.	Central	1899
Mary Hoch, 4506 Ames Ave.	Central Park	1897
Jack Hunton, 2138 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1903
Christian Jorgensen, 1224 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1905
Dagmar Jensen, 2021 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1902
Norris Johnston, 2626 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1901
Bessie Kroupa, 4113 South Ninth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1900
Elizabeth Kirschbaum, 918 Atlas St.	Edw. Rosewater	1897
Edward Komma, 1316 Pacific St.	Pacific	1899
Lena Klug, 1719 Fort St.	Sherman	1903
Doris E. Lineaweaver, 523 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1905
Edna V. Meredith, 2502 South Forty-sixth Ave.	Beals	1905
David Marquitz, 1016 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1902
Ada B. Mills, 3517 Valley St.	Windsor	1893
Edith McNett, 2310 Laird St.	High	1895
Clare McGovern, 2615 Chicago St.	High	1891
Antonette Mercurio, 1814 Pierce St.	Leavenworth	1902
Arthur Nebe, 4122 Saratoga St.	Central Park	1908
Eugene R. Oglebay, 3317 California St.	Webster	1896
Della Overwey, 1212 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1905
Ethel L. Posey, 218 South Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1894
Fay Pritchard, 2525 Charles St.	Long	1897
Anna Rasmussen, 3516 Parker St.	Franklin	1902
Harry Rahman, 1017 Lincoln Ave.	Lincoln	1895
Frank Rampack, 2809 Dupont St.	Dupont	1902
Jane Rutherford, 3227 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1895
Erwin Rohlf, 2549 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1900
Edwin Risal, 1202 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1909
Byron F. Rohrbough.	High	1895
Benjamin Stern, 713 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1900
Frederick Sholkofski, 3710 South Twenty-first St.	Cass	1903
Vincent Shook, 535 Park Ave.	Farnam	1893
Tony Variano, 2230 Pierce St.	St. Philomena	1896

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who Cuts Home Town Girl



You are ashamed of the home town. You always answer a question about where you were born by a bald prevarication. You calmly assert that you are counted in the census of a small city some twenty miles from the village where you actually entered mundane affairs.

It's because the village is so little. The grass grows in the main street. You hate to be asked if "it is on the map." You feel as if you took a sort of toboggan slide in the estimation of those who hear your confession of such a humble birthplace. A boyish feeling crawls over you as you acknowledge yourself a resident of a town where the cow pastures and the court house nestle close together. You feel cheap and small.

And you are. You are cheap and small. Your nature is one of the narrow-gauge kind that cannot carry a broad idea.

But why be hateful to the girl from the home town?

Oh! her hat is tacky. Her dress is out of style. She walks as if she still felt the clods under her feet.

And you have shaken the dust of those clods off yours. You do not want to be reminded of the town. You have been away to school, where you pretended that your real home in the village was "a country place" meant exclusively for week-ends. And, while you were abroad, you registered as coming from New York.

What a lot of trouble you take to escape the little town that would be cordially ashamed of you if it but knew.

But, there is the girl from home still. She saw you coming along the great, busy, stranger-filled street. Her heart bounded at sight of you. She was so lonely in the city.

And what did you do? What would any girl do who had given so much time and energy to lying herself out of her birthplace? There is one clear marked course open for such despicable, distasteful individual: You took it! You simply did not see her.

How you have perfected the art of unconsciousness when someone you do not want to see is right under your very nose! With a complete absorption in the ambient air as if you watched a day dream drifting by, you passed that girl from the home town.

A prairie dog sliding into his hole on one of the broad plains of your native state never took such a tumble or dwindled so completely out of sight as you did in that girl's estimation. She was lonely and she thrilled at the thought of exchanging confidences about the precious home town.

Now, she would rather trust to strangers for a bit of comfort than to appeal to the thing you call a heart. You hurt her pride. You hurt her out-reaching heart. But you cannot hurt her loyalty. She loves the home town. Her heart, under its tacky hat, are true and clear.

And you? You are a dead-souled, insignificant Miss Nobody from Nowhere. The right kind of a girl is the one who sticks up for her home town if it's a crossroads postoffice. You are the other kind!

Modern Wise Saws

On the principle that haste makes waste, a man may lose a lot of time by hurrying.

Many a loving couple think they are two souls with but a single thought when they haven't even that.

When you hear of a man who would rather fight than eat, it's a pretty good guess that he lives in a boarding house.

Things grow smaller as they are contracted, but there are exceptions. Debts, for instance.

The age of discretion is only attained by the man who realizes that he is too old to marry, or too young.

The trouble with the man who reaches the top is that he seems to feel he is exempt from the laws of gravitation.—New York Times.

Who's Who in the Home

"I'm going to play ball tomorrow!" the Confirmed Comsumer announced excitedly. "Do you know where my cap and my fishing clothes are?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll get them out for you," she remarked obligingly, and then her darkly prophetic soul compelled her to add, "and I'll walk down to the drug store to-morrow and lay in a supply of arnica and bandages."

"What for?" snapped the Confirmed Comsumer.

"You won't need to ask me that to-morrow," she blandly replied. "You'll know."

But it was evident that whatever grim possibilities the future held, the Confirmed Comsumer faced them with delight. He was never more happy than when starting on one of these little excursions. He was so happy, indeed, that he got up without a murmur, and the most ungodly hour, to catch a train to the ball grounds, more than two hours distant. But what is time or space to the sporting spirit?

His wife, who was president, secretary and all the membership of the Society Opposed to Early Rising, went back to her bed and slept peacefully for four hours.

It was nearly six o'clock when the joyous bark of Wood-woof, her angel colie, proclaimed that someone he knew was approaching, and, looking across the lawn, she perceived the Confirmed Comsumer. His step as old and hesitant as Enoch Arden's, hobbling slowly toward his home. She saw that one hand was bandaged, while his face, burned a lobster red, had already begun to peel. Even to the eye of love, he was neither romantic nor a pleasing object.

"Got any arnica?" he called in ardent greeting.

"Yes," his wife replied. "There's everything you can think of in the house—arnica, chloroform liniment, which has enough to start a drug store."

"Arnica!" roared the Confirmed Comsumer ungraciously, and, leaning heavily on his wife's arm, he limped into the house.

When his sprained thumb had been banded and his hand and wrist had sunk with many groans and writhings into the big reclining chair in the library, he told the story of the day's woes. Yes, his team had lost—all on account of that double-distilled idiot Crowe, who insisted on pitching. Some of the men had played brilliantly—almost like professionals. Hooper had distinguished himself by rapping out a homer with the bases full and later by



"GOT ANY ARNICA, HE CALLED."

knocking the umpire, Simons and his office pal, Simmons, had both tried to catch the same dinky fly, and after they had got through stepping on each other's feet the batter was on second base.

"And then what chance had we with a fathead like Thomas at short? Willie and Louis, the office boys, who filled in, had 'all beaten—although I put up a pretty good game myself."

His wife listened in smiling silence.

"But you had an awfully good time, didn't you?" she gurgled enthusiastically.

"Did I, I did not!" the Confirmed Comsumer answered between groans. "I feel as if I'd been working without food or sleep for a week, and I'm so lame and stiff and sore that it will be days before I feel like myself again. I guess I'm getting too old to base ball," he added dejectedly. "I feel like an old man."

"It's not age," his wife answered, "it's unused muscles. Why, when you came across the lawn just now I thought how like a college boy you looked!"

The Confirmed Comsumer smiled pleasantly and the look of anguish left his face. He did not groan any more. Already he felt on the road to recovery.

For arnica, chloroform liniment, witch hazel, etc., all have their soothing uses, but a flattery plaster is the greatest remedy of all.

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One of the Bachelors Has His Say

Editor The Bee's Home Magazine Page: A few days ago I read Clementina Wallflower's remarks under the head, "Some Pertinent Whys." I have been looking for you to publish this answer. But it must be a very brief one, for the editor and since he hasn't the time to attend to it, I beg to submit the following remarks, hoping that they will be of some small benefit to Mistress Wallflower.

I was particularly impressed with her longing query "Why is a bachelor?" Perhaps by answering some of her questions I may help her to solve the riddle. She asks, "Is he a hard man to satisfy?" Take it from me, Clementina, he is not. If he were, a very few years of life in furnished rooms and boarding houses would suffice to send him to the state asylum, under guard.

"Why will he insist on struggling with things that a woman can do ever so much better?"

He doesn't insist. Circumstances may insist that he struggle, and he may yield to superior force, and struggle his best; but meantime his soul cries out to high heaven, even while he so carefully cultivates that conceited smirk by which he is known.

"Why isn't it just the inmost notion—that he must look his best when saving woman is about?"

By no means. He knows that if he looks a trifle slouchy, "saving woman" will remember every detail of his appearance and will tell her sister and her brother-in-law and all the neighbors, and wonder how a man can be so trifling and disreputable, and why don't his relatives insist on his being presentable, etc., etc., for sixteen chapters. He ought to be arrested. No Clementina, you are on the wrong track.

A bachelor is, because he is forced to be. Because he doesn't make the dough her father makes.

Because he wants a wife with something in her head besides her own good looks and the popular plays.

Because he wants a wife that can pass in a crowd without exciting comment.

Because he wants a wife whose intelligence he can respect.

Besides this, he wants a wife that he can love and kiss without shutting his eyes. Do you still wonder "Why is a bachelor?" Omaha, May 31, 1911. ONE OF THEM.

Searing Pa.

"Pa, did you use to crawl under the circus tent when you were a boy?"

"Sure! I never paid a cent."

"How many times did you do it?"

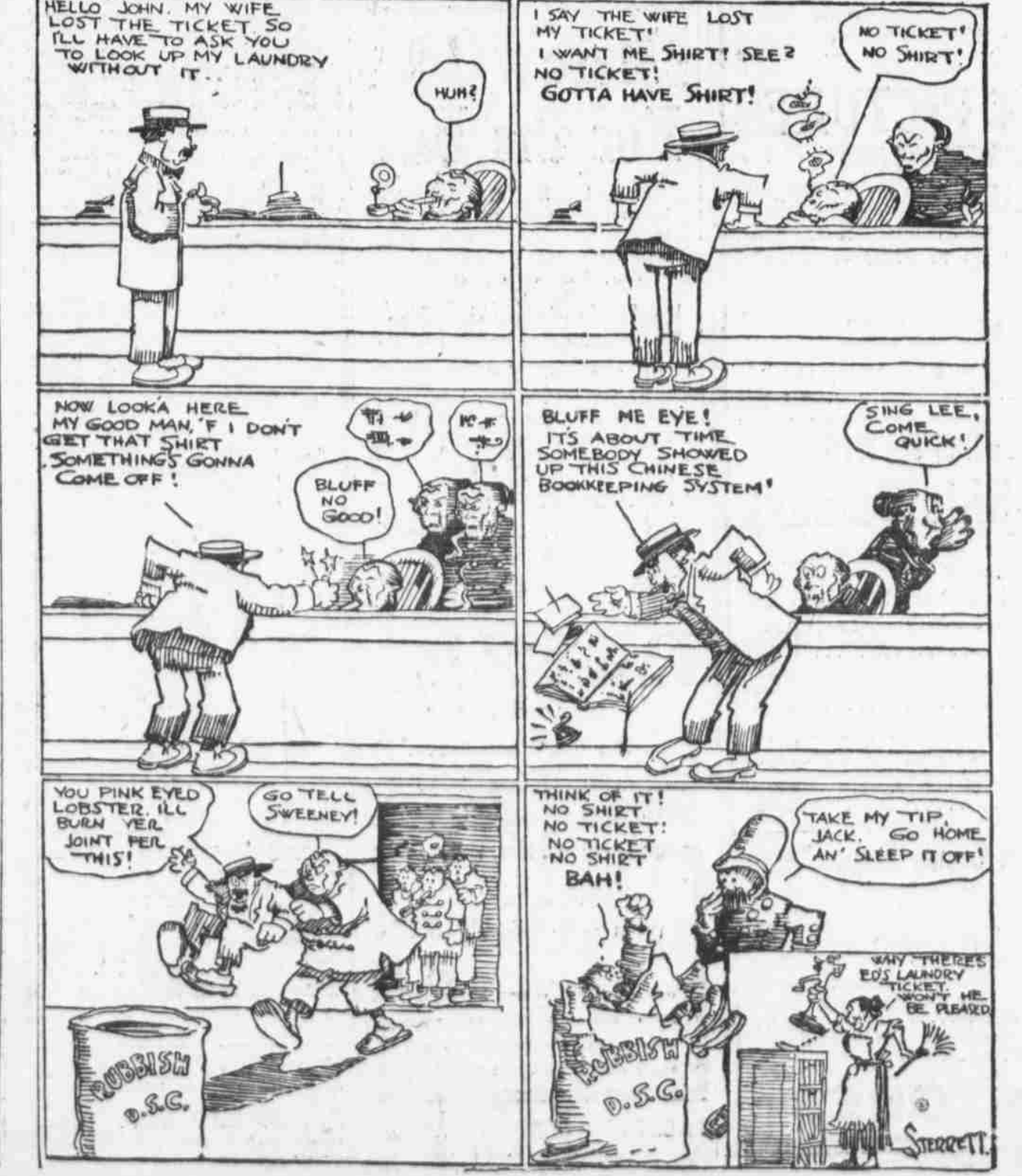
"Twenty times, at least."

"There was a man here this afternoon who said that he was the proprietor of an old-time show, and that he had heard of you and was around trying to collect, with interest."

"It's wonderful what a change new clothes makes in a man!"

"It's wonderful what a little they leave."

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



How to Treat a Wife

"You've talked so much about the treatment of benedicts," remarked the Wise Husband, casting a veiled glance of pride at the woman opposite at the head of the table, "that I think it about time for the parties under discussion to have a word to say about the treatment of wives."

"Go on," asserted the woman at the board, wondering just what attitude the masculine mind would assume.

"Well," continued the husband in a more serious vein, "I should say that about half the domestic difficulty in the world centers about money. Sounds mighty material, doesn't it, but in one way or another, the little round silver wheels are the vehicles upon which the matrimonial craft goes careering to an unhappy end."

"Take for instance the man who drifts in on pay night, painfully extracts the smallest possible amount from the envelope and hands it to his wife with about the same air he would dole out a dime to a charity ward. Now, make this go as far as you can, my dear; you know pay day comes only once a week, be cautious." Then he goes in, plants himself at the dining table, and sputters away because the wife has prepared a 50-cent steak instead of the \$1.50 steak. He pays \$25 for a custom made suit at his tailor's, and yet when his wife goes to a department store and indulges in a suit for \$25 he sets up a howl that can be heard around the block. Nice example of ingrown selfishness, isn't he?"

"Another system practised by many of our supposed benevolent husbands is to buy everything in books, then go around at the end of the month and square up. They believe that a woman is not to be trusted with any more money than the stipend they give her for the merest incidents. Often she hasn't enough in her purse to

indulge in a first-class ice cream soda, much less invite her friend in for a treat, but will usually find that man lurching downtown with friends, grabbing for all as checks in a way that would stamp him a prince for generosity.

"A wife is her husband's business partner. The sooner husbands come to realize this truth the better they will fare financially and otherwise. There was a phase, besides love and sanctity, to that ceremony performed at the altar. The minister placed the official seal on the firm of 'We, I and Company' with equal obligations of partnership. In business partnership one member of the firm manages the office and keeps the place in running order; the other looks after the technical side of the work and sees that everything within is as it should be. The profits are shared and shared alike. Domestic partnership is based on the same principle. The husband procures the material for the home, while the wife makes the home and cares for its inner workings. The responsibility is equal, the work is equal and the two should share equally in the profits or surplus funds.

"No high spirited woman is going to quietly submit to having money handed to her as a reluctant gift. Especially is this true of women who have earned their own livelihood. Sooner or later they will rebel, and then it is but a step back to business, where they may exercise their own earning capacity.

"If every husband would give his wife an allowance proportionate to her earnings, then forget the fact, the chances are that he would have a nice little bankroll saved from that allowance at the end of the year, as well as the memory of a peaceful and happy sail on the otherwise stormy sea of matrimony."

Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

Through the corner of his eye He observed the world go by, Cynical, base—and yet Some have seen his eyes grow wet Over some sad tale that took Toll from his fat pocketbook. Sport and gambler, jaunty trim, Not all bad—that's Honest Jim.

On the Street he was a bear Till one day they caught him there—Roused him. Did they get the laugh? Not a bit. He stood the gaff. Dropped a million; yet they say That today he owns Broadway. Deep, inscrutable and grim Are the ways of Honest Jim.

It is whispered that his dad Was a country parson. G-d! Got from him the habit of bad To the country there's a track At the journey's end, and there Cries of "bookies" rend the air. Mounts and jockies wait for him To start business—Honest Jim.

And the name? It's his by right. God, alas, and lofty-browed, Came in hand and dog at heel. Is he happy? Can he feel? We would give a lot to know How he weighs the passing show And what thought engrosses him Whom they nicknamed Honest Jim. Once for all, as Honest Jim.

There he stands before the crowd, Cool, aloof, and lofty-browed, Came in hand and dog at heel. Is he happy? Can he feel? We would give a lot to know How he weighs the passing show And what thought engrosses him Whom they nicknamed Honest Jim. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

