

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Noticing what nifty burglars you have in your city, I've decided to hang up all my valuables where they will be safe," declared the Troubled Tourist as he glanced apprehensively at his watch.

"Out in the country, if any of the gentlemanly highwaymen wish to pass among you with the hat, they just reach out and take what comes handiest."

"Here your accomplished bandit first looted his loot, then backs off a couple of blocks and builds a subway to it, like those gifted crackmen who burrowed through a couple of walls the other day to get at a safe."

"I'm afraid even to hang up my watch for fear some Dick Turpin will take an aeroplane and get it. If I keep it with me, one of the stealthy gentry might come around in the night with an axe and chop it away into it. Your gentlemanly burglar nowadays prefers to do the job with an axe and a steam drill."

"From the way those fellows went about it the other night, apparently the most approved modern method of approaching a safe filled with valuables is to locate the treasure receptacle somewhere on the nineteenth floor and then get a permit to open the street."

"They'll probably get the art of burglarious excavation down to so fine a point so in that we'll see in the Burglars' Bi-Weekly Bugle an item something like this:

"Dynamite Dinney, after a week of steady work, has completed his new tunnel through three floors and a wall, and invites all his friends to the opening to witness the flight. Bring your hand drills and don't forget your goggles."

"There was a time when a single barrelled crowbar was the only baggage carried on such occasions, but now it takes a six cylinder touring car and a couple of colossal hide suitcases. If the safe can't be opened on the premises, owing a dirigible balloon up to the window and carrying a treasure chest off to the nearest blacksmith shop."

"Out in my country they prefer to explore



a safe barehanded, and it doesn't matter whether the explorer wears a sweater or a linen duster; but here he's got to wear a frock coat and a silk hat in order to lend dignity to the job. That is, he's got to wear them if it's an early morning affair.

I understand one of the cleverest of the whole band was put out of the Burglars' job recently for a gross breach of etiquette.

"He opened a safe in evening dress before 'sweeping' at night."

### "Sweeping"

Mrs. M. E. Wilkins Freeman, the novelist, entertained a delighted group of school children with a witty talk on humility and usefulness.

"Some girls," the address concluded, "can sweep into a room with great majesty and staidness, but when it comes to sweeping out a room—ah, that's a different story."

## A Little Sermon for the Week End

**The Marks of Jesus.**

"I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus," Gal. 6:17.

Paul's scars were the credentials that he was Christ's servant. He had preached and organized churches in Galatia. In his absence false and jealous teachers came from Judea and told the Galatians that they had been imposed upon, that Paul was not a true apostle. They charged him with dishonesty, two-facedness and flattery in order to form a Pauline party within the church. They denied to him the authority of a real apostle, making him an impostor. Thus the churches were troubled and scattered.

Paul, learning of the disaffection and strife, hastens to write his defense: "My scars are my credentials." He had been stoned once and dragged out and left for dead, three times beaten with rods, five times scourged with the "horrible flagellum," three times shipwrecked and many times imprisoned. Just as a slave owner was accustomed to burn the mark of his ownership into the body of his slave with a red-hot branding iron, so Paul declares that the scars of his wounds are unquestioned proofs that his authority to preach is given by his Master, in whose service he has received these marks.

His scars show his surrender and devotion to Jesus Christ. In his conversion on the Damascus road his first question was, "Lord, what shall I do?" He had changed masters in that soul-searching experience, henceforth to know and to do the will of Christ were the passion of his life. "Immediately I conferred with flesh and blood," Christ was at the helm of his life. What need of other leadership? He went nowhere except to preach Christ. Stonings, scourgings and prison cells could not deter him. Gaping wounds and white and blue scars were his eloquent certificate of loyalty and love to his new found Master. "Always bearing about in my body the putting to death of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in my body."

By his constant exposure to death by



REV. J. SCOTT EBERSOLE, Pastor Immanuel Baptist Church.

violence he was following his Master through Gethsemane to Calvary, and by his constant deliverance from such death the unfailing power of the risen, loving Christ was shown forth to others. Jesus Christ made Paul invulnerable. His work was done. He does the same today for all who will absolutely surrender to Him.

Paul's scars showed also his Master's loyalty and faithfulness to His servant.

Paul has given himself to Jesus Christ. There is no reservation; all belongs to Him. Jesus Christ is master and owner now and henceforth. And eternal, divine love can be trusted with its own. The Divine Shepherd loves, cleanses, marks, owns, guards and feeds His sheep. He knows them by name. He lays down His life for them. No power can pluck them out of His hand. He keeps them. "Hands off! My mark is on my own!" Paul's brandmarks were Christ's sworn declaration of ownership and protection.

With such a vision of his Master and such a living inner experience of His masterful presence, everything else in Paul's life fell into the background. Birth, family, patrimony, reputation—"All these I count as refuse that I may gain Christ and be found in Him."

This experience and surrender are the ground of Paul's invincible courage and splendid enthusiasm to conquer the world. He was not satisfied with a personal salvation. Religion was not a passport to heaven merely. The ordinances to him were not premiums in a life insurance policy. The church was not a fire escape. He had met the Son of God face to face. He had fellowship with the Prince of Heaven. He had sworn undying allegiance to the King of Kings, who was also the life giver and the truth revealer. And this Jesus Christ had chosen him, called him, accepted him, branded him and sent him forth to conquer the world. Why should he not follow Him? And why should not we?

If Jesus Christ is a man—  
And only a man—I say  
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,  
And to Him will I cleave always.

If Jesus Christ is a God—  
And the only God—I swear  
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,  
The earth, the sea and the air.  
Who has taught us that the way to  
serve God is to serve our fellow men,  
that service to our fellowmen spells sacrifice,  
and that the spirit of sacrifice is found  
by taking into our lives "Him who gave  
himself for us."

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate—

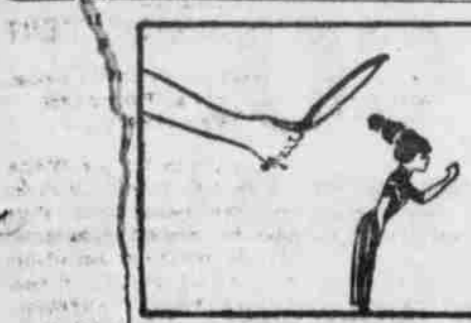


July 22, 1911.

HERTRAND DILLARD,  
427 South Twenty-fourth.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Margaret Anderson, 2521 Ohio St.	Lake	1902
Theresa Beres, Eleventh and Paul St.	Cass	1902
Dorothy Boggs, 540 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1901
Lulu Bland, 1954 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1896
Frances Bollard, 2115 Sherman Ave.	High	1896
Frances Carlson, 3726 Burdette St.	Long	1901
Ruth Coughlin, 5123 North Seventeenth St.	Saratoga	1897
Dorothy Craig, 846 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1902
Ruth Cariberg, 1092 South Thirty-eighth Ave.	Columbian	1903
Nina O'Donnell, 1326 Ogden St.	Sherman	1902
Wilma W. Damon, 3324 Hamilton St.	High	1893
Bertrand Dillard, 422 South Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1905
Jennie Friedman, 2010 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1898
Mary Fritscher, 2224 Charles St.	Kellom	1904
John Fife, 3822 Wright St.	Windsor	1904
Bradley Field, 2808 Cass St.	Webster	1899
M. Gertrude Green, 1023 Georgia Ave.	High	1892
William Austin Guild, 1335 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	Park	1905
Joseph Gorman, 2005 Pacific St.	Park	1895
Willie C. Hanger, 422 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1894
Ruth Hawkinson, 3632 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1895
James Henderson, 108 South Twenty-eighth St.	Pacific	1898
Frances E. Hart, 2314 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1905
John W. Inkester, 1515 Georgia Ave.	Park	1904
Channing Jordan, 1115 South Thirty-third St.	Park	1897
Pearl Johnson, 3920 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1897
Eugene Lawson, 3221 Harney St.	Farnam	1904
Otto Lickert, 4515 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1901
Edna Leidy, 4705 North Twenty-ninth St.	Lotthrop	1895
Elsa K. Larson, 1905 Georgia Ave.	High	1891
Robert P. Mickel, 2819 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1905
Harold McIntosh, 2028 Pierce St.	Mason	1908
Flora Meisick, 1535 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1905
Frances Mancuss, 2221 Pacific St.	Mason	1905
Helen Moore, 3935 North Twenty-second St.	Lotthrop	1904
Carl J. Olson, 1218 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1899
Nina O'Donnell, 1336 Ogden St.	Sherman	1902
Earl Peterson, 3614 Decatur St.	Franklin	1900
Ruth C. Peterson, 3316 Spaulding St.	Druid Hill	1901
Dorothy Penkerton, 2564 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Arthur R. Ralston, Revard Hotel, 1810 1/2 Farnam St.	Leavenworth	1894
Lawrence Ripper, 124 South Sixteenth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Florence Simpson, 2509 Bristol St.	Lotthrop	1899
Monte A. Smith, 2564 Manderson St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Walter G. Shelly, 4612 Parker St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Margaret Sargent, 414 South Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1902
Ruth A. Thompson, 2924 North Sixteenth St.	Lotthrop	1898
Allice L. Warner, 5921 North Thirty-fourth St.	Monmouth Park	1894
Florence Welch, 3012 Oak St.	Windsor	1899

## Moretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who Sneers at Queen Mary



"The ideal! She's jealous! Just because she is plain and tacky she wants other women to look that way! How absurd for her to try to regulate dress widths and waist-off make-up! It's just too silly!"

Why is it, Miss Fashionable Frivol? What would you do in had small kept coming to your nostrils? Wouldn't you try to trace it to its source and get rid of the cause?

What if this now English queen smells the purified liberality of which vulgarity in dress and dishonesty in toilet are signs? Is she wrong to endeavor to fumigate her own atmosphere?

If she believes—as a good many other women do without being able to express it—dirt too much time and money are spent in appealing to the senses while the ways and means to reach and elevate the souls of men are neglected, is there not something of the heroine in her deliberate effort to do what she thinks right and good for her own sex and her social world in spite of the spurrings and carping of girls and women of your kind?

The day of war with weapons is nearly done. But there is need for Joan of Arc who can wage a womanly war against subtler foes than those who wear chain-armor. I am not crazy about queens myself.

self. I ardently advocate a government that needs no crowned head to represent it. But I am wholeheartedly glad that one woman in commanding position is standing up positively for decency in clothes and manners.

Miss Fashionable Frivol, you get terribly mixed up in your thoughts; and your clothes and your complexion shows it. You get to thinking that a girl has to win love, to gain a husband, through the attraction that her physical beauty offers. So you turn yourself into a slavish "copy fall!" You model your clothes and your conduct after the garments and manners of the women of the half-world and the women of the stage. And not the actresses who represent the very best of the dramatic art, either!

Isn't it expecting a rather too high degree of divination on the part of men for you to wear your dress cut down and your skirt cut in and out to reveal every contour and still be regarded as pure-minded and womanly? It's so old that it ought to be wrinkled; but it's no less true that actions speak louder than words. With your shouting of indelicacy, of desire to be a sensualist, rather than a soul, delight, of total disregard for the fineness of conduct and costume, to it any wonder that most men take you at your physical word?

## "Scotty" Has New "Roll" for Old Role.

"Scotty" of Death Valley fame has come out of the desert again, it is said, and is once more making for New York, with his pockets bulging with greenbacks. Let him come. New York needs the money. He'll need more than pockets full of money to see the wheels go around for any appreciable length of time in that city in the present year of grace. There is some difference, as every New Yorker will tell you, in the cost of living now compared with the '45 years ago when the picturesque "Scotty" blew into town on a special. With ice as costly as diamonds, lobsters

enough money that "Scotty's" saddle bags would be rifled in a jiffy. He would be lucky if they left him his cowhide boots and sombrero.

It is said he has some mines to sell. Poor "Scotty." There are more mines owned in New York today than you could shake several sticks at. "Scotty" trying to sell mining shares in New York would be like taking coal to Newcastle. Nothing doing in the mine stuff, partner. If you've got money to spend this is the time and the place and—yes and you'll also find several certain parties who make up the



worth their weight in gold, taxicabs only used by millionaires and the price of a square meal taking the major part of a year's salary, and a few games running quietly here and there, Mr. Scott will surely need all the alfalfa that he can scrape together if he wishes to get behind the scenes. If he is as wise as his critics say he is, let him keep above the dead line of the financial district. It is so long since the majority of those whose habitat is Wall street have seen real, sure

trilogy of the song. If "Scotty" comes to New York with a "Scotty" roll on a "Scotty" special, it is the one best bet that he will return to his desert in a freight car.

Welcome, Mr. Scott of Death Valley, to New York.

**History and Shoes.**

The Customer—"I think these Louis XV heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII, even would be high enough."—Tatler.

## How to Train a Wife

"No," said the Confirmed Commuter firmly. "You women get so blasé, the extraordinary becomes so matter-of-fact to you the criminal grows so commonplace, that you hardly know what genuine unobtainable is. Why, you wouldn't think of taking a little girl from the country around to the roof gardens, or any except the safest musical shows. She will want to see the Aquarium, the Museum of Art, the Natural History Museum."

"The Hopeful Housewife glanced firmly at the Confirmed Commuter, as though to suppress an uprising in advance.

"We're going to see the Herodias dance!"

But the Confirmed Commuter was not to be suppressed.

"You will not do anything of the kind!" he declared, heatedly. "You don't know what the effect of such an exhibition on a young and inexperienced girl might be."

"Well," said his wife, resignedly, "you know my ideas on that subject too well for me to go into them again. But I warn you that if any tips of an improving nature are to be made, I'll have a headache or something, and you'll have to take Emily around to museums yourself."

"The same evening Emily arrived.

The Hopeful Housewife had never seen her before, and was highly gratified at the smart, almost metropolitan appearance of the young girl.

The Confirmed Commuter, who must have expected a Maud Muller vision of simplicity, seemed rather dazed by the big hat, elaborate coiffure and striking array of his country cousin.

During dinner that evening the subject of her guest's entertainment was broached tactfully to the hostess.

"I haven't a blessed thing to do this week but to take you around," the Hopeful Housewife began, "and I want you to tell me just what places and things in New York you would like to see."

The eyes of the visitor sparkled anticipantly, but a natural shyness in the presence of this newly met relative held her back.

"Oh, anything you and Cousin Jack arrange will be perfectly lovely," she smiled politely. "You don't know how I have looked forward to this wonderful trip."

The Confirmed Commuter smiled his gratification at this simple, almost bucolic, wish.

"Sure, we'll buy you all the post cards

in town tomorrow," he exclaimed. "I thought maybe you'd like to take in the Aquarium in the morning, have lunch somewhere, and perhaps get your first peep at the Natural History museum in the afternoon. How does that strike you?"

From the frank bewilderment of Cousin Emily's countenance it might have been surmised that the Confirmed Commuter's program had struck her in the solar plexus.

"Lovely! lovely!" she gasped, faintly.

And then the Hopeful Housewife came to the rescue.

"I know Emily doesn't want to go to all those stupid, instructive places," she said, "and I hate them, too! Tell me, dear," she added, "what is the place or thing in New York you want most to see, and we'll see there today."

Cousin Emily blushed, goggled, and finally the courage of despair urged her to speak from the heart.

"Oh, I suppose you'll think I'm crazy and silly and terribly wicked," she said, "but could you do you think—our papers have had so much about it, you know, and I promised the girls before I came I'd write them a full description—I mean that girl—that—wears—nothing—but a snake and—some gause—you know—the Herodias dance!"

**Healthy, Normal Baby**

Weights seven and one-half pounds when born. Is plump and firm.

Gains, after the first ten days, for five months, a daily average of a little less than one ounce.

Gains for the remainder of the first year from one-third to two-thirds ounce daily.

Gains from five to six pounds during the second year.

Gains four and one-half pounds during the third year.

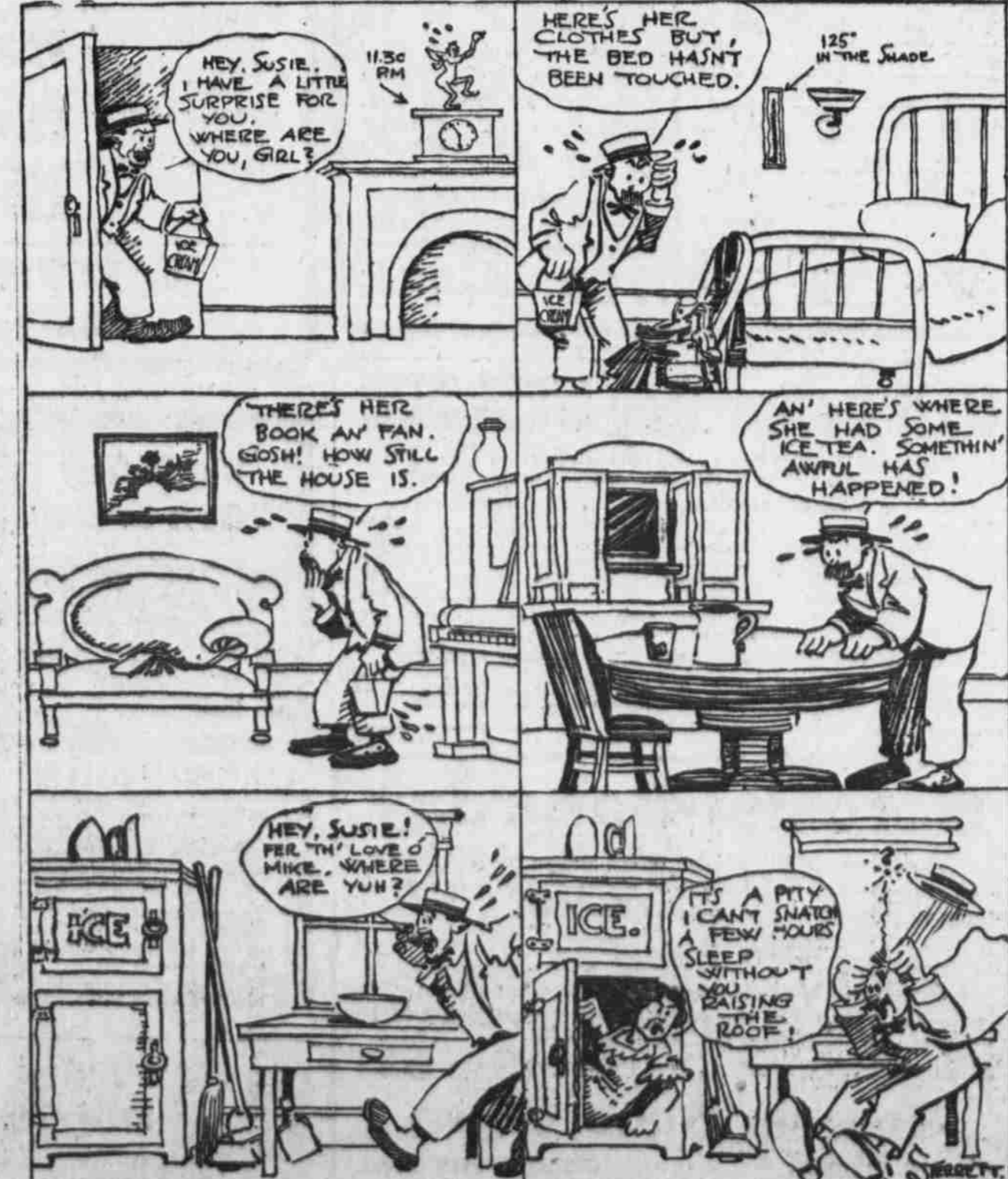
Should sleep on an average of twenty-two hours a day for the first three months, after that from twelve to fourteen.

Should sit alone when 6 months old and have first teeth.

Should walk at the age of 1 year.

Should increase steadily in weight.

## WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



## Fair Ladies of the White House

While Andrew Johnson was president his wife was the nominal mistress of the White House, although she appeared in social life as little as possible, owing to delicate health. Her daughter Martha, wife of Judge David T. Patterson, usually presided at the White House in place of her invalid mother.

Mrs. Johnson, whose maiden name was Eliza McCordie, was born in Leesburg, Washington county, Tennessee, October 4, 1810. She died in Home, Greene county, Tennessee, on January 15, 1876.

When she married Andrew Johnson, on May 22, 1845, Eliza McCordie, the daughter of a widow in Greenville, Tenn., was only 35 years old and her husband not yet 21. The young wife helped her ambitious husband to acquire his education. She seconded his every effort and furthered his progress as aide-marshal, mayor, senator and governor. When he became vice president her health was broken, but she was still an indomitable spirit.

Mrs. Johnson, while in the White House, was described by a Washington correspondent at this way:

"Mrs. Johnson, a confirmed invalid, has never appeared in society in Washington.



Mrs. ANDREW JOHNSON.

## Kansas Thrilled Anew

Editor of The Bee Magazine Page: The assertion of your interesting correspondent, Isaac Ash Creek, that he has a hen with brains to think and plan, is not so strange as might at first appear. Just now the usually quiet and sedate state of Kansas is stirred mightily by a discussion on this same subject; and it is known that anything having the power to stir Kansas must be strong.

During a recent trip I learned that a student of the Kansas university who has quiet study in class to indulge in poultry raising has announced the conclusion, reached from a close study of hens, that "the hen has sense." His thesis to back up the assertion has put many a lethargic Kansan into the humor that made the state famous when Mary Ellen Lease, "Old Man" Peffer and Jeremiah, the barefoot prophet, were wracking William Allen White's youthful soul. Not only does the student investigator assert that the hen can think, but that she is now reducing the size of her eggs (in Kansas) to correspond with the general trend compelling people to live high, whether they will or no. And if that is so, surely we must agree, as one editor puts it, that the action of the Kansas hens is in line with the best commercial expression of our time.

One enthusiastic Kansan, who claimed to know from personal observation that the startling announcement of the hen investigator is right, went so far as to say to me that Fred Coburn, the Alafair Philosopher, had brought the Kansas hens to their present attitude of independence by his boasting of their ability and great importance to the state. Whether this be true or not, Kansas controversialists, of that Fred Coburn, the Alafair Philosopher, had brought the Kansas hens to their present attitude of independence by his boasting of their ability and great importance to the state. Whether this be true or not, Kansas controversialists, of whom there are a few in the state, have a new brain thunderstorm working on their strident mentality. It is last night's eggs are more precious than gold.

tigers, for the time being. Whether the hen can ever permanently dethrone the beloved tiger in Kansas is still a moot question, with the odds on the jungle prowler.

And while I am on the topic of questions, permit me to offer to Isaac an explanation of his difficulty on Ash Creek. Frogs cannot well learn to swim on dry land, which is judged to be the condition of the frogs and ponds in his neighborhood. When frogs cannot swim they cannot grow—growth being the result of proper exercise. Hence, it follows they cannot be fitted for market. As a remedy, I would advise planting them in a dug-out cave, and save them for a rise in the streams—and in the market, to be in style. Also, let me say, should be plagued by the idiosyncrasies of frogs, since the denizens of that section of our great country runs to legs naturally.

JOE BUSHEL,  
Strawberry, Kan.

## Maine Modesty

It was an ideal seacoast town of Maine, to which they had fled for a lazy two weeks, that they found him, one of those "natives" with a large stock of undeveloped wit.

They were out gunning one day, when the "native" as their guide, a flock of five birds flew over. Raising his gun, he took aim and fired. All five fell to the earth, and they were loud in their praise of his skill.

"That ain't nothing," said he, contemptuously. "If I'd had my other gun I'd done better than that."

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