The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Men Who Helped to Make America

Of the numerous family of Smiths, one bearing the equally general name of John was the founder of the Colony of Virginia.

He was one of the Lincolnshire Smiths, and was born in Willoughby in 1579. He was so daring and adventurous during his school days that he planned a flight to sea.

After his father's death he was left in charge of guardians, who, in order to seize his little patrimony, encouraged the boy to run away.

At fifteen he left England, visited France and the low countries, and entered the French army. When the fighting was over in France he joined some other English soldiers of fortune in the armies of Philip the Second and the duke of Alva, fighting in the Netherlands.

His life was a varied one. He became a hermit, and a student of Marcus Aurelius and Machiavelli. Then he became a pirate, afterward a traveler in Italy, a fighter of the Turks, where he was held as a slave until his escape into Russia and his return to England.

Here he heard wonderful tales of the New World, and was fired with a colonizer's ambition. After long delay, he formed a company, capitalized it, and, obtaining a grant of land from the crown, set out in December, 1606, with 105 men and three small vessels.

In April of the following year they landed at what is now Jamestown. He became the leading spirit of the colony. The story of his capture by the Indians and his romantic rescue by Pocahontas, the daughter of a great Indian chief, were described by Smith himself in a letter to Queen Anne.

Ill health compelled his return to England, but he lived to make later voyages. The date and place of his death are not known.

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Missouri Pastor a Pooh-Bah and Trainer

Fuller Swift, pastor of the Ironton (Mo.) Baptist church, editor of the Arcadia Valley Enterprise, principal of the Arcadia High schools, bandmaster, secretary of the Arcadia Country club and horse trainer, is given a nice boost by the St. Louis Republic.

Believing that country churches could be more successful if they have better educated ministers who can obtain part of their financial support from other lines of work, Fuller Swift has been giving the theory a trial, and at the end of three years both he and his congregation say that the arrangement has been a great success.

He obtains his additional financial income from the Arcadia Valley Enterprise and from the "Arcadia Heights school," started by himself.

Forty-one years old, the son of a Baptist preacher and himself an ordained minister of that denomination, Mr. Swift is demonstrating that the successful pastor in an up-to-date country church should be a man with a college education and business ability enough to earn a fair income aside from whatever salary the church can afford to pay him.

For a long time Mr. Swift wanted to own a newspaper as a plaything, and two years ago bought the Arcadia Valley Enterprise, which he is publishing weekly as a "dry" paper. He writes the editorials and supervises the making up of the forms, while the office force attend to all the other matters.

For two years he was a member of the Missouri State Board of Immigration, until it went out of existence through lack of funds. He is secretary of the Arcadia Country club and resident director for the improvements being made at the 6,000-acre club property.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so he breaks horses for recreation. Some of the best saddle and combination horses in southern Missouri have been trained by him. He will not break any horses that are not highly bred and handles only four a year. He enjoys riding or driving a spirited animal, and is very proud of his success in training a thoroughbred colt. He always has a waiting list of two or three friends who want their young hores trained, but he will handle only one at a time, and keeps that one until it has been thoroughly trained and is gentle enough for a lady to ride. His particular pleasure is in teaching young horses the various saddle gaits.

Most country congregations would be very much shocked to see their pastor riding through the town at a three-minute clip or driving along the smooth valley roads like a race horse owner, but Swift's congregation are thoroughly in accord with the pastor's work.

"Standing Pat" as an Office Virtue

"Wish I could attune myself to circumstance and have the faculty of standing pat with every one like Miss Clark," said a morose little typist who had the faculty of job-quitting pretty well developed. "How nicely she can manage the manager with her little masterpieces of smooth talk."

"It's all right to be a standpat," argued her chum, "but there are always a few despicable ones. I like to keep shy of those who are always diplomatically nice and agreeable under all circumstances. Usually they have some little deal up their sleeves which they want to spring on you, and are always laying for a chance to make it materialize in their own favor."

At the other end of the restroom a typical standpat of the so-called blarneying sort was exchanging confidences with her chum.

"Oh, yes, the boss is awfully nice to a person if you can show him you have his interest at heart," she remarked a little dolefully, "but don't you know as soon as he shows preferment, others are there with the long faces and ready with their slurs.

"It just reached my ears the other morning that I am having matrimonial designs on the manager, also that the chief, being a mere figurehead under my influence, I will soon have a substantial raise, and all the deserving ones who were expecting a lift will be distinctly disappointed. Another thing I heard is that I'm going to be instrumental in dismissing two of the smartest girls in the office, who far surpass me when it comes to ability. I have an exceedingly jealous disposition, which is altogether enough to sour the most amiable person living, especially when you've tried to be on the square with every one and everything."

"You know there must and will be knockers," consoled her chum, "and the only way to get even with them is to mind your own business and ignore them.

"This reminds me of the time when they called me the sly little standpat, because I put out more letters than all the rest—just to please the boss and make it hard for the others. Naturally enough I was doing this in my own interest, but when the boss saw what could be done at an average rate of speed, he forced his standard a little higher and showed his teeth to the slow pokes on occasion. And then's when the quiet little talkfests began and opinions broke loose.

"But I kept right on in my own way and by and by I got the raise I was looking for. During this time a gradual winnowing of the wheat and tares went on in the office, and those who were fretting a little too much about overwork and underpay were duly relieved of the strain.

"The other girls who began to see the fallacy of shirking because they owed something to themselves, began to pull together, and we all got along swimmingly.

"Yes, I'd rather be a standpatter any time than one of your perpetual storm brewers, who always pride themselves on their individuality and yet always reap the whirlwind in the end."—Chicago Tribune.

Million Paid Each Year by Alimony Club

How much is spent annually in alimony by the courts' decrees? At least $1,000,000 in New York City, according to an article by Thedora Bean in the Telegram. And how much is used in various out of court agreements? Little less than $1,000,000 a month, for the man with money pays to have every obstacle between him and his new happiness—whether that happiness spells woman or freedom—removed.

The divorced wife of Howard Gould draws the largest amount ordered by the courts, or $25,000 a year; the smallest sum paid for freedom is $3 a week, and even the three-dollar man, though lavish with the first and second payments, grows weary or bored or negligent and often has to be summoned to the domestic relations court and asked why the severing of the old tie wasn't worth the price.

If he doesn't answer in the language of the law he goes to jail or Ludlow prison, where alimony defaulters expiate their moral and financial deficiencies, and a man may be sent to jail for a three-dollar obligation he has failed to meet as well as for one of three thousand.

"Do the men who set out on the alimony trail grumble about the price?" was asked of the clerk of court, who deals with divorce matters.

"Ninety-five per cent of them pay without a murmur; they seem glad to do it. Later, on their zeal evidently vanishes and some grow lax, but they know they have to settle or go to jail."

"Do men never receive alimony, or apply for it?"

"Never heard of it—that is an exclusively foreign custom, which no American man has adopted."

"Do women ever get as much as they ask for?"

"Rarely, but they usually accept the court's judgment without an appeal."

"Do women sue for divorce without mentioning alimony?"

"Some do, those who think they are equipped for earning their own living and who don't want to accept anything from the men who have made a mess of the matrimonial venture. And there are others who ask for alimony as a matter of form, but who straightway set about to be independent and refuse to accept the sum the court has allowed, but such cases are not met with frequently."

Wed but Far Apart

At Schweidnitz, in Silesia, a marriage has just been celebrated in the absence of the bridegroom, or as the latter might well argue, in the absence of the bride. It was a case of marriage by proxy, the bride being Fraulein Antonie Adamitzer and the bridegroom Herr Fritz Moorman, director of a sugar factory in Java. At the precise moment that the woman was answering the familiar questions in Europe the man stood before the local mayor in Asia. Directly after the ceremony, which was not gone through with in deference to any romantic sentiment but purely as a wise precaution, the young bride sailed for the east. On arrival at Java she will be wedded religiously.

Fortune came and loudly knocked
At my door with cheery hail;
But alas for Fortune's labors
I was over at my neighbor's
Pouring out a hard-luck tale.
—Ladies Home Journal

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to a Victim

Not a victim of mine! No, indeed! You are a victim of the senseless education that we are all so proud of! Let me show you how. This is a part of your letter. "Just be fair, don't try to be kind; and you will help the more."

Then you go on with description of a state that could never have existed if you had not thought that marriage is everything that it isn't, and refused to consider what it really is. Being fair, as you admonished, I must say that you are not to blame for your point of view. But you will be to blame if we—you want me to help—ever get this affair of yours fixed so that you may marry and become the mother of a daughter. If you fail to teach her to know what's what, you ought to be severely punished. I was going to say something worse than that; but I will be moderate.

The girl you write about was, still is, engaged to a man somewhat older than herself. And one time, when he was away from her, in some lonely place where the weather was bad—and the cooking, too, though your letter doesn't mention that—he felt terribly blue and homesick. And so lovesick! From the depths of his lonesome heart he wrote of a time when he should have her with him. He spoke of the love that would come—deeper and truer even than the love now felt—when she should be the soul of his home and the mother of his children. And that's what did the mischief. He might have dreamed of a time when the girl should be the ornament of his parlor, or the abuser of his kitchen range, or the dispenser of his wherewithal, anything, everything—but to dream of the best and most beautiful and useful of all the things she could be, gave her a shock.

"What if the letter had gone astray?" the girl thought.

And she wrote him never to say such things, that it was the surest way to make them tired of each other!

This girl you tell about so feelingly—almost as if you were she!—now wails because the man was deeply hurt at her interpretation of his words. He thought he was paying her the highest tribute. She knows it now. And she berates herself for her "damnable serving at the feet of conventions." That is nearly as vigorous language as I like to use in attacking wrongs.

And you—she, I mean—want to be helped back onto the pedestal where the man had her when he wrote that letter.

Do you know what I should do? I would write—or tell that man, if he has returned—that I knew myself to be the victim of the education which encourages a girl to have more regard for the appearances than for the realities. I'd explain how, by the very thoroughness of their neglect, the schools impress girls with an idea that the deep and solemn and natural life facts are somehow things to be ashamed of or shied at. And let him know that a kind of false modesty is cultivated in you by the mother who ought to teach you to view yourself and your meaning in life with broad and splendid frankness. Tell him a girl is taught to be everything else—but a woman.

I am just being "fair"—don't you dare accuse me of being "kind"—when I say that I think you are a pretty good specimen of what our sex should be. You see your own mistake, and want to make good. If the man is what your letter indicates, he will love you more tenderly for open acknowledgement of your narrowness. And he will be only too glad to give you a boost back on the pedestal from which you, half ignorantly, tumbled. Just remember that the man who loves is as anxious to keep the girl on a pedestal as she is to be there. More so, sometimes!

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Marching Hard Work

People are apt to think soldiers very poor walkers because an army on the march covers only ten or twelve miles of ground per day. Even then a good many men fall out through fatigue, some faint, and the whole are completely done up at the end of the day.

But the soldier is, nevertheless, a first-rate walker, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is all a matter of foot-tons of energy expended. Take an ordinary laborer, and his day's work will be equal to 300 tons lifted one foot high. An average man, walking seventeen miles on the level, does the same amount of muscle work. But mark, if he carries an overcoat weighing six pounds, he does 311 foot-tons.

Now the soldier is a regular pack-horse, and the kit that he carries averages about sixty pounds in weight. So that he does exactly as much work in a twelve mile march as an ordinary man in his seventeen mile walk. Besides, the soldier has to "break camp" before starting, and at the finish of the march he has to pitch camp, draw water, collect fuel, clean rifles, etc., not to speak of taking sentry-go. When, as sometimes happens, an army marches twenty miles, the day's work of the soldier is really two days' work, or about 600 foot-tons.

Setting Caesar Back.

Caesar was boasting about having divided Gaul into three parts.

"Great Scott," exclaimed Unclius Samius, "Three parts? Why, I divided Standard Oil into thirty-five parts."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The worry cow would have lived till now
If she'd only saved her breath;
But alas for the hay wouldn't last all day,
So she chocked herself to death.
—Ladies Home Journal.

Nubs of Knowledge

A large turtle gives eighty pounds of tortoise shell.

In Algeria the horses outnumber the human beings.

In former times it was esteemed highly improper for unmarried persons to wear rings.

In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.

Constantinople, 7,200 miles away, is further from London than any other European capital.

A fast bowler ordinarily delivers a ball at the pace of a little more than eighty feet a second, or more than fifty miles an hour.

In some parts of Africa children will eat salt in preference to sugar. On the Gold coast a handful of salt will purchase two slaves.

The American word boss, meaning an employer or overseer, is the modern form for the Dutch baas, and descended from the original Holland settlers in this country.

When a camel is pressed beyond its speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and nothing in the world will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies.

First to enjoy the satisfaction of producing permanent pictures by the influence of solar radiations was M. Niepce of Chalon on the Saone, France. He accomplished it in 1815.

Washington Manor

An option has been secured by Americans for the purchase of the English home of the ancestors of George Washington in Northampshire, about eight miles from Banbury. A committee appointed by the Lake Mohonk peace conference, where it was decided to make the purchase of the manor house a part of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking people is now in England conducting negotiations.

The price is placed upon the property by the owners, £15,000 is considered high, and an effort is being made to have it reduced. The purchase is to be made with money raised by popular subscription, and Lady St. Heller has undertaken to form a committee of English women to help raise funds for the purpose in England.

The estate, which contains a manor house and 300 acres, lies about eight miles from Banbury. The ancient manor house is built chiefly of stone, with a stone roof. Over and within the porch are antique carvings, including the Washington coat of arms, to which is ascribed the origin of the American flag.

There are seven cattages on the grounds, together with a brew house and stone farm buildings.

Worse Yet.

Fatigued Philip—Did the lady t'row boilin' water on youse?

Wandering Walter—Worse'n dat, Phil, worse'n dat. It was soapsuds.—Toledo Blade.

Costly "Seeing."

De Style—I attended the coronation and it cost me just $500 to see the king.

Gunbusta—Huh! Last night it cost me only half of that to see three kings.—Judge.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

SEPTEMBER

September 14, 1911.

FRANCES MOSTYN,
2016 Spruce Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Sadie Adelman, 1915 Charles St	Kellom	1905
Frank Babka, 3402 South Thirteenth St	Edw. Rosewater	1900
Diamond Baldwin, 418½ North Sixteenth St	Cass	1902
James J. Blancher, 111 South Thirty-ninth St	Columbian	1902
Betty Brown, 310 North Twenty-seventh Ave	Webster	1902
Louis R. Brown, 818 North Seventeenth St	Cass	1903
Madeline I. Brown, 1621 Locust St	Lake	1897
Sam L. Brunton, 3520 Blondo St	Franklin	1895
Bernice Burchard, 2210 North Twenty-sixth St	Howard Kennedy	1899
Harley J. Case, 1115 North Seventeenth St	Kellom	1894
Philomena Cullen, 3027 Emmet St	Howard Kennedy	1904
Rose Davidson, 1823 North Twenty-third St	Long	1897
Arthur J. Dutcher, 4228 Erskine St	Clifton Hill	1897
Samuel Ellis, 1810 Grace St	Lake	1902
Leo Flannigan, 2512 South Eleventh St	St. Patrick	1900
Delvin Forsberg, 2717 Charles St	Long	1902
Eva Fritscher, 2224 Charles St	Kellom	1902
Marion Hansks, 2610 Franklin St	Long	1899
Myrtle Hauman, 810 South Thirty-fifth Ave	Columbian	1905
Philip Heckman, 110 South Thirty-fifth Ave	Columbian	1903
Leota Hughes, 2402 Fort St	Windsor	1905
Margaret Jeffries, 1131 North Seventeenth St	Holy Family	1901
Vera Jennings, 4712 North Fortieth St	Central Park	1899
Louis Jensen, 2807 Burdette St	Long	1902
Frank Kestl, 1317 South Twelfth St	Lincoln	1898
Gladys Knight, 600 South Twenty-eighth St	Farnam	1895
Evangeline M. Luther, 2610 Camden Ave	Saratoga	1904
Gwendolyn E. Luxford, 2306 Ogden St	Saratoga	1901
Helen Meyer, 1201 Izard St	Cass	1903
Carrol M. Miller, 1706 South Twenty-eighth St	Park	1898
Frances Mostyn, 2016 Spruce St	Sacred Heart	1898
Fred Navrisky, 1413 Westerfield Ave	Edw. Rosewater	1899
Irene C. Parker, 917½ South Thirteenth St	Pacific	1901
Annie Printz, 3521 Jones St	Columbian	1896
Stanzy Redvelski, 2719 South Twenty-fifth St	Im. Conception	1902
Lillian Richelieu, 317 Bancroft St	Bancroft	1898
Raymond Schupp, 2424 South Twelfth St	Bancroft	1901
Leslie E. Scriminger, 2726 South Nineteenth St	Castellar	1902
William Stockham, 2728 South Central Blvd	Webster	1901
Stanley P. Street, 2130 South Thirty-fourth St	Windsor	1905
Roy Swanson, 1027 South Twenty-second St	Mason	1895
Herbert Ulrich, 1558 North Twentieth St	Kellom	1902
Lytle C. Underwood, 3938 North Twentieth St	Saratoga	1902
Marie Vernon, 616 Georgia Ave	High	1896
Dorothy Wallace, 4019 Burt St	Saunders	1902
Walter Weiner, 1630 North Twenty-second St	Kellom	1902
Thomas Wilson, 2301 Harney St	Central	1902
Theodore Woodworth, 1150 North Twenty-third St	Kellom	1905

Why One Bachelor Is

Whenever you meet a girl whose present glory is based on a much vaunted family tree, a hazy lot of rich relatives and constant references to influential friends, you want to begin a verification process, according to the Chronic Bachelor. Just call her hand some time and see if she isn't bluffing.

You see, it's this way. The girl with a pose figures out she isn't attractive enough in herself to hold the attention and admiration of those she meets, so she surrounds herself with a fictionary atmosphere of position, money and influence, in the hope that some good catch will be dazzled into proposing. She apes the clothes, manners and pleasures of the rich. The one great fear of her life is that she will some day forget herself and be natural.

"I met the girl with a pose back in my little old home town in Ohio," said the Bachelor, reminiscently. "Her name was Marion. She blew into the place one summer day, and by the slender thread of natural acquaintanceship she claimed the attention of one of the most popular girls in town. She was ultra agreeable, conveying to every one the impression that meeting them was the aim and object of her existence. She referred constantly to 'our home in the country' and 'our summer place on the lakes,' but always with the sad mystery of a possession passed and gone.

"Before many moons Marion was well to the front at all social gatherings of the elect. I was the first to fall for her exclusive air. I admired her for her fortitude in adjusting herself to her new and reduced circumstances so gracefully.

"Whenever I called Marion's poor, nervous little mother looked half starved, but she stuck to the ship and carried out the campaign as planned by her daughter to the last letter.

"One morning, late in the winter, I called at the office of a friend just as Marion was leaving. There were unmistakable traces of tears on her face, and, of course, I demanded an explanation from the man in the office. Reluctantly he told me Marion was three months behind in her gas bill and that the company has threatened to turn off her heat.

"In a few days the storm broke. A determined milliner, less forbearing than his fellows had encamped on Marion's front door step, refusing to leave until his bill was paid. The rumor flew, as rumors are wont to do in small towns, and soon a steady stream of tradesmen were besieging the house. The following facts hastily developed:

"Marion's delicate little mother sewed from dawn until far into the night for some firm in the city, but kept the fact a secret from her daughter's fashionable friends, who always saw her dignified and smiling in her one black silk dress.

"Half of the materials for the refreshments at Marion's parties were borrowed from the kitchen of the neighbor on the right and the other half from the neighbor on the left.

"Marion voted girls who worked quite impossible, though she worked everybody in a less honorable way.

"Later reports are to the effect that the girl with a pose married the impoverished son of an old family, who had been a notorious fortune hunter. What a shock when he goes to look up the rich relatives. Think of all the time they must have wasted posing for each other when they might have earned real money doing the same thing for a moving picture concern.

"The girl of my choice may be shy on friends and relatives," sighed the Bachelor, "but she has to be genuine or the joy belle for me will have to go on rusting."

Current Credulities

Eat to live, but do not live to eat.

To dream of dogs is a sign of good luck.

To dream of gold or silver is good luck.

Gold beads worn around the neck will cure sore throat.

Coarse hair indicates good nature; fine hair quick temper.

To bite the tongue while talking means that you have told a lie.

Sailors wear gold earrings for weak eyes or to strengthen the sight.

Itching in the palm of your hand means that you are soon to receive money.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his power.

If thou art terrible to many then beware of many.

If the thumb and one finger do not meet around your wrist you are a glutton.

Pinch your ear and the person talking against you will bite his tongue.

A mole on the sole of the left foot means trouble and hardships during life.

Carry camphor gum and you will not catch smallpox or any other contagious disease.

Shot Vicariously.

Senator Robert L. (Fiddling Bob) Taylor tells a story about a man in the backwoods of Tennessee who applied for a pension for a gunshot wound. An examining surgeon of the medical board stripped and examined him, ejaculating finally:

"Old man, we cannot find a single blemish on your hide. Where were you shot during the war?"

The old man said, "Well, gentlemen, I was shot in the substitute."—Leslie's Weekly.

Poor, Innocent Wife.

Governor Dix, at a dinner in Albany, said of a disappointed political worker:

"He made the mistake of taking his leaders' promises literally. He was like the puzzled young wife who said:

"'I always understood that George was very fond of the turf, and yet, all summer long, I haven't been able to get him to touch the lawnmower.'"

Nature's Wise Economy.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice.

"How do you work that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"—Toledo Blade.