

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Her Husband's Voice He Becomes Almost Childlike in His Love for the Simpler Things of Life

BY AMERE MAN.

The post graduate husband—so called because there was nothing he didn't know about women—looked up suddenly from the evening paper.

"There's another society woman arraigned for taking goods from a department store! How is it that men are never arrested for shoplifting?" he asked, with a finality which indicated that no answer was possible.

"Because they are too busy wrecking banks, I suppose," replied the Amateur Wife. "You know one of the oldest accusations against our sex is that we have a mind for detail. How silly it is to waste time beating a car conductor out of a nickel when you might be getting away with millions of the depositors' money!"

"But I'm in earnest," the Post Graduate Husband replied. "I suppose any one would maintain seriously that women are as honest as men."

"Oh, no, dear!" the Amateur Wife retorted. "How could they when only five per cent of the people in jail are women? Wasn't it Lombroso who said that practically there are no women criminals?"

"The italics are a romantic notion," replied the Post Graduate Husband. "I'm sure there's more poetry than truth even in their statistics. Besides, you know very well that the people in jail are only five per cent of those that should be there!"

"But somebody has to keep the jail going," the Amateur Wife protested. "Women do a lot of that. We're the victims of taxation without representation—even in the jail!"

"Women are petty grafters by nature!" replied her husband. "But they are not watched as men are. They have not a hundred eager competitors keeping tabs on their slightest deviation from the plumb line of righteousness."

"No," admitted the Amateur Wife. "They haven't. Competition is by no means so limited. Every woman has every other woman for a competitor from the cradle to the grave, and that makes you say women are grafters?"

Suddenly her tone changed! Her eyes grew strangely eager! Her eyes wonderfully keen!

"No wife is a heroine to her husband," he replied. "If she is, she has had you for an object lesson for several years."

"Do you mean to say that I would graft in any particular," inquired the indignant lady.

"How much money did you lose to me at pinball last night?" retorted the prosecuting attorney.

"But you said I needn't pay it," pouted the Amateur Wife. "You know you did! I started to run and get my pocketbook—"

"You started to crawl after it," the Post Graduate Husband amended. "And I saw that it would almost kill you to pay the money! It always breaks a woman's heart to settle her gambling debts—so I let you off."

"I'll pay it now," flashed the lady. "Just you wait a minute."

And her husband, with an amused and strangely tolerant smile watched while she



WOMEN ARE PETTY GRAPTERS BY NATURE SAID HER HUSBAND.

disappeared in search of her pocketbook. Grim was her expression of determination when she returned. Grim was the cluck at the big black leather bag. And pitiful in its resolve, tragically was the bill with which she extended a limp dollar bill.

"I think that's it, isn't it?" she observed with a desperate endeavor at gaspiness. Her husband glanced with a certain tenderness at the crumpled bill.

"But," he said in his most matter of fact tones, "it's a dollar and forty cents."

"I'll have to sue you for the forty cents," answered his wife faintly. "That's every cent I've got."

Her voice was plaintive—her eyes imploring, but her bearing was of Spartan resoluteness.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," announced her husband magnanimously. "Get the cards and we'll cut for the money! You see, you might win it all back from me tonight if I had time to play—so we'll cut."

With a strange alacrity the amateur wife obeyed.

"You cut first!" she said, extending the pack of cards to her husband. "And remember," she added, gleefully, "if I win I don't have to pay you a cent!"

"Ace is high," said the post graduate husband, and cut a king.

The amateur wife, after many mysterious rites and ceremonies, severed the pack with a high-handed sweep and turned a nine.

"For a moment her face showed a blank dismay. They quickly she pushed the cards toward her husband.

"Best two out of three, of course," she announced smilingly. "It's your turn."

The post graduate husband cut. What else was there left for him to do? Also that time, and in the determining trial, he lost like a gentleman.

"You win!" he exclaimed finally. The lady seized the regained dollar with a vice like grip.

"You'll never say women are grafters again, will you dear?" she asked.

"No," answered her husband solemnly. "Never again!"

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## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK-END

The Brotherhood of Man and the Kingdom of God.

Text, Matt. 23:13. "But he do not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ."

Omitting for the present the historical and analytical interpretation of the text, we may here learn that God is the father of man, that Christ is our Master, and that all men are brethren.

We belong to God, and we are His children by right of creation, preservation and eternal benefactions. All laws under which we live—natural, moral and spiritual—are God's laws. In a real and practical sense all men are children of God.

The old idea that some men are children of God and others, children of the devil, must be repudiated. Because all people are His children. God loves all men; the good and the bad, the strong and the weak, the worthy and the unworthy. While some of His children are obedient and others are disobedient, while some are of His own spirit and others are ruled by evil, God so loves all that He gave His Son, our Brother, to live, teach, suffer, and die for our redemption. This is the great lesson of the parable of the Prodigal Son; this is the mystery of God's love as set forth in John 3:16.

Recognizing God as our Father and Jesus Christ as our elder Brother and teacher, we must recognize each other as brethren. This throws upon each of us the responsibility of doing all good we can to all the people we can. In other words, we are under obligations to labor together as brethren to establish and advance the kingdom of God among men.

The character of the kingdom of God has been largely misunderstood or not understood at all.

One—Some have thought the kingdom to consist in right beliefs—sound theology. This idea has led in former times to theological tests, persecutions, and religious wars. The very elements of the gospel—love, peace, purity and brotherhood—have thus been destroyed.

Theology is the creature of its age, it is man made, and represents our present understanding. With increase of light and a change in our understanding, most come restatements and better statements in theology.

In the teaching of Jesus Christ there is no theological system, but a broad and expansive basis of eternal vital truths. This essential truth never changes, although our creeds must now and then be modified.

Men may believe correctly according to the light of their times and yet live like devils, and surely soundness of opinion and wickedness in life do not represent the kingdom of God. Said Jesus, "The kingdom of God is within you." And again, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The kingdom, then, does not consist in right beliefs, in sound theological opinions, or in belonging to the "true church." Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Anglicans, and other sects and denominations have claimed the title, "true church." The time has been when such claims and the efforts to enforce them have created strife, persecutions and shedding of blood. Such spirit and such deeds are fatal to the principles of holiness and brotherliness, love and service. The time has come when the liberality of love and brotherhood is binding the denominations more closely together. The kingdom of God is not found in belonging to one particular church. All churches when true to their mission are contributing agents to the advancement of the kingdom.

Three—Some have thought the kingdom to consist in the universal Christian church. This church, however, does not make the kingdom, for we are told in Revelation that in heaven there will be no temple.



Rev. Joseph L. Guernsey, Pastor of the Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church.

Four—Some have thought the kingdom to consist in good works—in morality. This, however, will appear unreasonable when we consider that it is God's kingdom, not a kingdom of man, not of this world. A kingdom without God can never be the kingdom of God. One may do good works and may be moral in all relations to his fellow men and still be an ungodly person. Christ insists upon the new birth, the birth from above, the life of God in the soul of man.

The kingdom of God consists in four vital elements in individual and in social life. These elements are stated by Paul in Romans 14:17—"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Many agencies contribute to the upbuilding of the kingdom—the home, sending forth people into the world and forming character in these people, the church of Christ, teaching the law and the gospel and leading men to the knowledge of their Saviour; the school, educating youth in the knowledge of God's world, in the principles of good citizenship, in the obligations of humanity; the press, distributing intelligence, principles, data and the gospel, fraternities, relieving the distress of sufferers and teaching more or less the obligations of brotherhood—these agencies and many more contribute to the advancement of the Kingdom of God among men.

The kingdom is larger than any of its contributing agencies and includes them all. The church, while the most important of the contributing forces, must readily welcome all co-operation. The kingdom does not exist for the church, but the church does exist for the kingdom. All contributing agencies exist for the kingdom and must be true to the ideals and principles of that for which they exist.

## Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

BY BOBBIE HABLE.

Mid rumble of carriages, roar of carts, clang of trolley and motor shriek. Groans of the "L," as it stops and starts. Noise and tumult from week to week. Firm in a tide that ebbs and flows: Calm in the midst of confusion and din. There stands the giant whom every one knows. One of the finest—Daniel Rinn.

The timid old lady afraid to cross. The kiddies late on their way to school. The countryman with a beard like moss. The spinster lady aloof and cold. The lad with a limp, the smiling girl. The man who creeps on a crippled shin. They pause and wait at the crossing's whirl. They all depend upon Daniel Rinn.

And Daniel smiles in his kindly way. And points the passers-by east or west. Downtown, uptown, throughout the day. With a nod to a friend and a passing jest. But when a crook comes loitering by. A frown succeeds the good natured grin. With an angry flash in his clear, cold eye. "Just keep on walking," says Daniel Rinn.

The reckless chauffeur applies his brake. As he rushes over to Herald Square. He knows full well what care to take, And who is watching him, eye-eyed, there. Cabby and carter and motorman, Fat old coachman and footman thin. Ride past as rapidly as they can. "Now then, go easy," says Daniel Rinn.

And so from the early hours till late. The traffic and wayfarers hurry past. And Dan at his post keeps them going straight. Till the long day's labor is done at last. With a home at his own hearthstone sits he. With the night without and warmth within.

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

SATURDAY, January 14, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Florence Anderson, 127 Cedar St.	Train	1905
John L. Bergquist, 2520 Pierce St.	High	1893
Robert Black, 2923 Spring St.	Vinton	1904
Robert W. Bridges, 4042 Fort St.	Central Park	1897
Henry Brinkman, 2502 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1904
William La Chapelle, 2711 South Fourteenth St.	Bancroft	1903
Hans A. Christensen, 2316 North Forty-seventh St.	Clifton Hill	1893
Glenn Darby, 427 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1900
Bernice Duffy, 1018 South Twenty-fifth St.	Mason	1904
Doris Duncan, 617 North Central Boulevard	High	1896
Mararite E. Fair, 4719 Parker St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Frederic Hancock, 4002 Seward St.	High	1897
Glen A. Head, 2824 Blondo St.	Long	1899
Christi Hehn, 2103 Ohio St.	Lake	1900
Robert Hugh, Fiftieth and Brown Sts.	Long	1895
Lyle H. Hurt, 3534 North Twenty-eighth St.	Lothrop	1898
Jerry Janger, 1826 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1903
Marie A. Kelly, 2630 Patrick Ave.	Sacred Heart	1904
Pern E. Kiddle, 2214 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1905
Gertrude Koenig, 126 North Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1901
Josephine Kragewalk, 1259 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1896
Floyd Lawson, Forty-sixth and Chicago Sts.	Saunders	1902
Marjorie Marshout, 4811 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1897
Edward M. Marrow, 3033 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Rose T. McDermott, 4902 Pacific St.	Beals	1903
Francis McKenna, 2012 Emmet St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Anne C. Moriarity, 2018 North Twentieth St.	Sacred Heart	1905
Lawrence Morris, 2308 Maple St.	Lothrop	1899
Ella Mary Mullin, 2536 Chicago St.	Central	1894
May Napins, 1113 Izard St.	Holy Family	1899
James Norris, 2908 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1905
Rosalie Pankowska, 1717 North Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1893
Hilbert V. W. Peterson, 2914 Dupont St.	Dupont	1899
Edward Pleuler, 1417 Pierce St.	Comenius	1899
Porter Quinby, 3 Davidge Blk.	High	1896
Julia Rachman, 3502 Sherman Ave.	High	1893
Freida Rease, 523 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1898
Herbert Rummelhart, 711 North Forty-first Ave.	Saunders	1903
Tony V. Salerno, 1421 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1901
Elaine Schwartz, 3333 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Hugh Stewart, 1406 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1898
Irene Taucher, 1407 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Wayne Taylor, 2312 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1902
Paul Valentine, 2236 Farnam St.	Central	1900
Paul W. Vaughn, 2108 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1901
Walter Wahlstrom, 3304 Cass St.	Webster	1904
Albert Wallace, 2552 Sahler St.	Saratoga	1900

## Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"Dr. Lowell of Harvard, in a plea for the uplift of the musical taste of college students, strongly disapproves of the so-called class yell, ventures Mr. Uplift, in an effort to turn his son's mind away from a ragtime melody he is pounding out on the installment piano.

"These highbrows are always putting up a big holier about some other guy's yells," complains Son, hitting the ivory's a parting thump as he makes for the easy chair to show his parent, whereas he is wrong in advocating musical reform.

"He contends that our musical expression is becoming feebler each year," resumes Father.

"I never heard a college yell so feeble that it needed a crutch to move down broadway at that," remarks Son. "Always sounded to me like the real big noise."

"Dr. Lowell declares the kind of music college men have at their annual dinners is positively sad," argues Father.

"If the Doc wants to hear some of the real beauty of our art by the way," suggests Son, "let him live in a New York twenty family apartment house in the good old summer time, when the windows are all open. With pianos rattling at three buck a month, even the unmarried skirts can afford to make life miserable for all the neighbors. If he could hear one of those dames sing Sister's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc," playing her own accompaniment with one mitt and curling her hair with the other, that Harvard highbrow would certainly weep like a newborn baby."

"In his criticism," replies Father, gasping for breath, "your friend makes a gratuitous mention of the lack of emotion in the present day popular music."

"I've seen it stir up enough emotion among the guys that had to listen," retorts Son, "to bring enough bricks as an encore to build one of those Bronx two-family dwellings, with all modern conveniences, at \$2.50 a month. No alouction teacher could ever pull off more posse, showing fear, dismay, hate, anger, revenge and so forth, than strong men have been known to exhibit when cornered at a birthday party in a Brooklyn flat where all the little rubber plants have sunk and piled on the one-dollar-down and two-a-month upright."

"I must agree with the learned Doctor when he sharply scores what is termed ragtime melody, which seems to be the favorite form of song among young women the air of one administering a stinging rebuke.

"As for me," declares Son, "I'd rather have 'em sing in ragtime than to chew the rag any time. For one thing in its favor, they lose their voices quicker when bursting into song. Even the skirts, long holders of the champagne medal for toying with the

## "Canning the College Yell" Argued by Father vs Son.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"One of the Professor's chief complaints in this connection," further explains Father, "is the tendency of college students to indulge in what is called organized cheering. He says it is bad for the throat."

"If the Rah-Rah boys never took anything in the cheer line worse than a mouthful of yeast, he'd have me, they'd never have to call in a plumber to fix their pipes," asserts Son. "I've seen several bunches of those New Haven kiddos do the gridiron rush down the Great White Way, looking for good places to lean their elbows on to cheer and get cheered. Most of 'em were so busy naming their favorite melody to the barkeep, they didn't have time to strain their voices with the rough stuff yell."

"For my part," firmly declared Father, "I am of the same opinion with Dr. Lowell, that the music of our boyhood days was better than it is now."

"We're growing better songs in the back yards of New York every day now than they used to," challenges Son, "and I can prove it."

"I must be convinced of that statement to believe it," Father insists. "I fail to see how it can be."

"Well," says Son, with malice aforethought, "you never had any music fit to can in the old days and now we can everything. And there you are. Can you beat it?"

Father refused to say.

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rag-chewing game, get fagged out by midnight singing ragtime in a catch-as-catch-can songfest with one of those double tin boiler pianos."

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## Be Prompt in Answering Social Notes

In all matters social, as well as business, promptness is essential. That queries and demands must be answered immediately in business, a girl learns speedily, if she is a working woman, because any failure to respond at once brings her a reprimand or worse.

But in social affairs she cannot be reprimanded, save sometimes by old friends, and some girls never learn the importance of being prompt in accepting invitations or acknowledging gifts. In either case she cannot be too prompt. This statement applies to all situations where an answer of any kind is required.

A query not infrequently received from girls who are about to be married is, "How soon shall they acknowledge their wedding gifts?"

The day on which a present is received is none too soon to write a note of thanks to the sender. To delay is to give an appearance of indifference that the average bride cannot afford to indulge in. For example, one bride of this winter, whose social engagements immediately preceding her marriage and the number of gifts she received both were so great that all presents could not be acknowledged before she went on her wedding trip, was considered rude because not until a week afterward did she thank the givers.

Christmas presents and birthday gifts must be responded to immediately, and the invitations should be accepted or declined in the mail following that in which they are received. To delay or to answer indefinitely is the worst possible form. For example, a married woman and her husband were invited to a dinner this winter, and such a long time went by without a response that the hostess telephoned to inquire, but the invitation had already been declined.

It had been, she was told, but the other woman had waited to see if her husband would be free to accept. The delay spoiled

and I feel read mad 'cause my hair wasn't exactly tidy, but that was all the Terror's fault for having hid my comb in the bottom of a coal box, and as we had 'arf a hundred dumped right in on top of it, it's bound to be a week 'fore we see that comb again.

Just afore the lady went away she turns round to teacher and says something 'bout the classes helping up the masses. We couldn't hear very well, and couldn't rightly understand; of course, we was the classes sitting there, but we couldn't make out what the masses was till Peter thought of the babies. He says as there are masses of them, and being small like they naturally do sit down in the gutter and on the kerb; but we were sorry when Peter thought of that, for it must mean us having to carry them about more than ever. We told Edie, and she says it means raising up their minds. Anyway this won't make yer arms ache so, and Edie knows all about that sort of thing, 'cause she goes to mission whenever she has a bit of pew on she wants to show. So we haven't been trying it on all day, but being missionaries to babies is very discouraging work.—Marjory Hardcastle in Cornhill Magazine.

## Polly Hitchin—Her Book

I can't believe as how we could have all gone to school and never guessed that this was going to be the most exciting day what ever was. It seemed just like every other day, till dictation, and I had just got reread into trouble through spelling scissors with three 'r's and two 's's, when all of a sudden in comes the head mistress, and there was a wishing and a real sweeping sort of a noise, and a small like what's in the sent machines, and in walks a beautiful lady. He dress was all silk and satin, not a bit the sort of stuff that Edie buys what only looks like silk whilst it's in the shop window, and that's 'ad a yard; so the lady's must have been a good bit more.

The lady sits to and makes a speech, and she says as she was going to give everyone a book and we'd all got to write a story, just about the things we do and think, and the best one is going to have a prize. Seems queer like, seeing we dose the same as every body else, but it's going to be a rare job, for it has all got to be neat and tidy like, and in the sort of English what's in books—teacher says what we talks down here isn't English at all.

Then up we all goes and gets the books,



Then up we all goes and gets the books,