

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Her Husband's Voice A Sermon on the Reckless and Extravagant Economy of Women.

BY AMERE MAN.

ough the Butter-and-Eggs Man continued to deliver his state, flat and extremely profane wares at the home of the Amateur Wife, Her Husband's Voice will preach of household economy.

Since the Helpful Handmaiden had disclosed the depths of her infatuation for the middle aged dairyman that particular avenue of saving was cut off. But there remained to be investigated the local butcher and grocer.

"Prices out here are away ahead of anything in New York, and the things are not nearly so good," the Post Graduate Husband announced so often and so convincingly that finally he converted His Wife, who one Saturday morning proclaimed her intention of accompanying him to town for the purpose of marketing for the Sunday dinner.

"I'll get a steak for tonight and some roast beef for tomorrow—and some lettuce and chow-chow—they're always nice in New York," declared His Wife.

And on the train to town she bustled herself with making and revising the list of purchases she intended to make.

"How are you going to get them delivered?" inquired the Post Graduate Husband. He loved to sermonize, but shrunk from the practical application of his theories because he was not always sure that they could be demonstrated.

"Why, I'll carry them home myself," she retorted scornfully. "I'm not one of those women who are afraid to be seen with bundles! If you are sure enough of your position you can carry home the washing, you know."

"I guess I'd rather be a pebbler and have it sent home," replied the Post Graduate Husband, to whom the tenets of exclusiveness were rather a joke.

"I've been figuring how much money I'll save by this trip," pursued the Amateur Wife, "and I think I'll be at least ten or fifteen cents. There's a three cent pound difference on steak and eight cents on roast beef. Of course that's not counting the price of my railroad fare, but then you paid for that."

Her Husband's heart sank within him. Well he knew that if by any specious argument His Wife could persuade herself that she had saved half a dollar she might walk home with a new set of fur purchased in all good faith on the strength of, and incidentally as a reward for, her economy.

He left his office early that afternoon and took the first train to Mountaineer, expecting to find that His Wife had gone before and that she would greet him with a triumphant story of her marketing—and possibly the new furs.

But she had not returned. And it was not until six o'clock, when a steady, nagging drizzle had set in, that the sound of

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END



James Alexander Jenkins, D. D., St. Mary's Avenue Congregational Church.

1 Peter, 2:16—"Not using your freedom for a cloak of wickedness." Topic, "The Abuse of Liberty."

Liberty is the instrument of personality, and the abuse of liberty is treason against the democracy of human existence. To abuse liberty is to misapprehend its nature, to misinterpret its laws, to ignore its fundamental opportunities. The triumphs of liberty are delayed when men substitute lawlessness for its stern requirements, and when they wantonly waste the resources which should be diligently conserved.

In this American republic of which we are citizens, and in which with painful processes the implications of liberty are being worked out, we are vaguely conscious of the fact that our theory of life calls for a threefold manifestation of liberty. We must have liberty to know, to do, to be. Amid the clamor of economic theories, insistent science and experimental sociology we cling desperately to our ideal; we are determined to know, to achieve, to be, money did you say?

"That's just what I'm trying to find out," His Wife exclaimed with a bewildered sigh. "I tell what we'll do. You put down the figures as I call them off, and then we'll compare our totals. Now, because it's far too much, why, according to this thing I spent \$17, and, of course, there'd be no economy in that."

The Post Graduate Husband agreed, and at His Wife's dictation set down various expenditures for carfare, lunch, sodas, etc., besides the amounts paid for meats and vegetables.

"That makes \$17," he announced. "You have forgotten a dollar somewhere. Here, let me see your first list. Maybe I can find it."

"Oh, no! I know what it is," the Amateur Wife admitted. "You see, it was raining a little and the bundle was so heavy and I was so tired that I took a cab from the station. That makes seventy-five cents you haven't got."

"And the other quarter?" pursued the inquisitor blandly. "What did you spend that for?"

"Let me think! Oh, yes; here it is! I gave that to the organ grinder! You see, she stopped outside the butcher store when I was buying the meat and played that thing from 'Rigoletto' I love so much, and then he came in and held out his hat and—"

"And you economized to the tune of \$17," laughed Her Husband. "All right, baby," he added, "but don't economize too often. We'll go into bankruptcy if you do."

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Much of the world's "doing" has been slavish rather than free. Nero was not the doer of a free man's deeds, though he wore a crown and wielded a scepter. Napoleon's achievements were those of a slave to ambition. Rousseau's freedom was limited by the fetter of his moral weakness. The deeds of the man who is "free indeed" are not traceable to selfish ambition, official prestige, or formal subjection to the dictates of organizations, rather have they the disinterested, spontaneous quality which characterized the activities of Jesus of Nazareth. To the fullness of the glory of His doing men may not attain, yet are they able to labor in the spirit of the Christ. The "works" of the man who is free in Christ cannot be limited successfully by the worldling. Only freedom through the cross can produce the deeds of Paul and Francis, the actions of Luther and Lincoln.

To be in holy writ the Eternal is distinguished as "I Am," and the spirit of God unceasingly encourages the free man to possess the assurance of his own being, an assurance which will enable him to say "I am," even amid "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." And with nothing less than this assurance is the free man content. He strives to possess past and future, in order that his conscience may utter the full, glad cry, "Now am I the son of God." Wherever being is unsatisfactory, limited, circumscribed, it is certain that some liberty has been abused. The scepticisms of the present are confessions of the limitation of being through broken law, through freedom misapplied. When the "perfect law of liberty" is obeyed, being becomes prophetic, poetical, mystical, and immortality secures its highest earthly demonstration.

And this meditation closes where it began—with the thought that liberty is the God-given instrument of personality. To abuse liberty is to make knowledge a stumbling block, deeds monuments of folly, being itself a shadow. The biblical culminations in evil are only witnesses to the abuse of liberty, the closed gates of Eden, the brand of Cain, the unpardonable sin, the doom of Judas. The biblical culminations in good are only witnesses to liberty rightly used, the devotion of Jeremiah, the loyalty of Ruth, the return of the prodigal, the martyrdom of Stephen. Even so is it in all of life. Liberty abused is sorrow and unrest, while liberty rightly used is joy and peace.

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

Really glad to see that many of our men are discussing the question whether they ought to know more about their husbands' business affairs," remarks Mr. Uplift, pausing for his reading the paper in an effort to interest young Mr. Uplift in the newest problem of social economics.

"Not if hubby can help it, they won't," contends Son, who sees a multitude of dire possibilities in the custom should it once become a fixture with the feminine side of marital partnerships.

"It seems to me that such an arrangement ought to prove vastly beneficial to the husband, as well as to the wife," continues Father.

"What chance would an enterprising business man have of looking a few extra bones for himself if the dames had the run of the office?" demands Son, with a keen eye to the practical side of life.

"It's hard enough for a married man to keep his wife from pinching off the loose change he brings home in his trousers' pocket. If she had the right to crouch out in the cashier's cage, believe me, the hubby would be just another hired man."

"The average business man has a great many troubles now," says Father, "that his wife knows nothing about. If she knew these matters she could sympathize with him."

"But would she?" doubtfully queries Son.

"Most of the married dames that I know would tell their husbands that it served them right if somebody slipped 'em a bunch of wooden clogs or a stack of phony checks. Instead of handling hubby a few kind words to cheer him up, wife would be more apt to order him to fire the pretty girl cashier, blaming the loss on her. What if he could save a few bucks more if the Sunshine of the office had to put on her lid and go?"

"I have always believed," argues Father, "that a wife should become acquainted with more than the domestic side of her husband."

"The imported article isn't always what it's cracked up to be," protests Son.

"Some trusting wives fondly imagine that their noble husbands spend ten hours a day groving in their offices as they drive their hired men the slaves under the lash, with the sole object of making more cash to bring home to their better halves. That just shows you what a vivid imagination will do. Usually the real picture is so different if little wife could look upon it she would tear off a mad scene."

"The details of business are so dry," Father complains. "It seems to me that a man's wife could bring inspiration to him by dropping into the office at unexpected moments."

"Take it from me, Pop," advises Son, "that business men have several very popular methods of maintaining the dry details of trade that are not supposed to become generally known at the happy home. These unexpected calls from wife are all right if some kind friend tips off subby in advance, so the prettiest stenographer in the shop isn't taking dictation when she arrives. Some very classy little dames have been known to lose their jobs in cases like this."

"It is proverbial that a woman's intuition in business deals in much more reliable than a man's judgment," relates Father. "If I were in business I should always get my wife's advice."

"Intuition is all right in trying to pick winners at the races," hedges Son, "and a dame can drop off the right pony as often as a man when it comes to that stunt. Just the same, I'd rather flag intuition and play a safe bet when paying the rent of the stock and the help depends on it."

"I feel certain that fresh outside views on troublesome tangles in business," asserts Father, "such a man's wife could

"Shall Wives Boss the Business" Argued by Father vs. Son.



"THE DETAILS OF BUSINESS ARE SO DRY."

The Secret of Popularity

"Why is Mary so popular?" writes Estelle Kessler, the girls in a certain set kept asking one another.

They asked so often and Mary's popularity was such a constantly growing quantity that they set about systematically to discover the secret, and what do you think they found? No secret at all. It was just as plain as the signs on railroad billboards. Mary was sweet to old folks.

Be it understood the rest of the girls in the set aren't discourteous or disagreeable to those who have been touched by the watching hand of time. Rather they cheerfully ignored their elders. There are so many exciting things to do, places to go, motoring, dancing, coey little conferences over a box of chocolates all curled up in their dearest chums' cosy corner, and there is so little time for all the merry whirl they can't possibly stop to be thoughtful.

But Mary has a mind above chocolate eclairs and what Helen is going to wear to Clara's party. Before she graduated from pigtails she discovered the spirit of youth was contagious and she will tell you the youngest girl she knows in the ball when the old lady across the street, who admits to 70 summers.

Now, it so happened this lady across the street is a social dictator by reason of birth, wealth and social charm. When all the other girls were row-towing to her and then running away to be chatty together, Mary was dropping in, bubbling with happiness and brimful of confidence. It was not a play for favor that Mary made. She was just a wholesome, natural, lovable girl, with a faculty for selecting real friends.

Then the girls wonder why the lady across the street is always giving coey little parties for Mary, where everyone has around the library table and is happy, and why, when Mary made her formal entrance into society this winter the very most wonderful party of the season was given for Mary by this lady. They don't know Mary and the lady have formed a pleasant friendship to which only contrasts youth and enthusiasm, and their counsel and suggestions, and both sympathy.

Neither could they understand how at the holiday hop Mary could deliberately sit out a whole dance with an old lady who wore a lace cap and showed other signs of having outlived her usefulness as a pleasure asset.

They didn't know the old lady was a famous musician in her day, and neither did Mary until she received an invitation to be the guest of this same lady for a week and to occupy a seat in her box at the opera every night for six wonderful evenings.

"Mary's popularity again," they told each other. But now that they know the answer they are making new friends, and the older folks of their acquaintance are wondering why girls they have always known have suddenly become so attractive.

"You Hear Me Talk!"

Two Pullman car pillow thumpers who were quarreling over a certain passenger who had tipped one of them somewhat liberally, the other seemed to think that he was entitled to part of the plunder.

"Ah! you got no honah!" asked the aggrieved one. "Wharfro you try do me ough-ten mah lawful share of his yere money?"

"Cos you have no claims on de stipend. Dat's wharfro."

"Youah all tongue talk! What 'bout yer conscientious, if yer has dat commodity concealed in yer robbin' black casage?"

"Whose you callin' black, nigger?"

"Whose you callin' nigger, nigger?"

"gen'lman is."

"Well, let me tell you dat you is so black dat you could go to a funeral without clothes on yer, an' no folk 'ud know it. You hear me talk, man!"—Railroad Man's Magazine.

Fable of Pain and Parity.

Dressed in the latest cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gaily foot-tooted past the park on his way to the zoo. Suddenly he stopped and said to a small urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?"

The boy gazed at so strange a sight.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a better chance if you'd a tall."—Lippincott's.

Something Happened

One of the congressmen defeated at the last election, telling his Washington "how it happened" said cheerily, "It was a good deal like that story that's been going the rounds lately. They were examining a witness at an inquest over the body of a negro named Henry, who has been killed by a train. 'Sam,' said the coroner, 'what do you know about this accident to Henry?'"

"Not much, sah."

"Tell us what you know, Sam, in your own way."

"It was dis way," explained Sam. "You see, boss, I was standin' on de station platform wit Henry, an 'Numbah Five was chukin up kindah late on de hode. I lef Henry an' went rou' de staahun foh a lit' dram. When I come back, boss, Numbah Five done gone by, an' I stahked up de track to go home. Arrah, a lit' way, I come 'cross a lady. Dun a lit' ways on I fims' nottah lah. Den I stumbles 'gainst a had. It was Henry's had."

"Sam had ended the grim narrative, but the coroner asked another question:

"Well, Sam, what did you do then?"

"Well, boss," replied Sam, "I thought-wal, I sez tuh mahself, 'Someh'n' mah' done happen tuh Henry.'—National Magazine.

A Bright Brakeman.

A brakeman who had not been long employed was going up a very steep grade on his first run. With unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief:

"I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up here, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Only Nine Left.

Harry had been naughty, and was summoned before his mother. "My boy," said his mother, "I've said the Ten Commandments over and over to you, and now you've broken one of them."

"That leaves only nine, then, doesn't it, mamma?" remarks the boy, and his mother let it go at that.—Lippincott's.

A TRIP TO MARS



The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



WILLIAM DELLAPLAINE. February 4, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Christina Anderson, 3606 Haskell St.	Windsor	1900
Joseph Baughman, 5006 North Forty-second St.	Central Park	1901
Lucille R. Brown, 206 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	Farnam	1898
Helen Rock, 2715 Camden Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Little M. Brown, 2616 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1896
Etta Blackstrom, 2606 South Thirty-first St.	High	1895
Sampson Brown, 2616 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1898
Donald Bohan, 722 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1903
Victor Hugo Croly, 4304 Camden Ave.	Central Park	1904
Boyd Carey, 115 North Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1897
William Dellaplaine, 1612 Cuming St.	Cass	1897
Joseph Dougherty, 2118 Grace St.	Sacred Heart	1902
Elizabeth R. Elliott, 3324 Bedford Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Katherine Engler, 625 South Thirty-first St.	High	1893
Sabra Fales, 2021 Center St.	Castellar	1903
Ernest Gross, 2443 South Twentieth Ave.	St. Joseph	1902
Sarah Goodman, 1714 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1899
Hazel Graser, 106 William St.	Train	1895
Vivian Graser, 2768 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1901
Lois Hall, 2602 Burt St.	Webster	1900
Fred A. Henninger, 3060 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1897
Otto Johnson, 3115 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Andrew Johnson, 2413 North Eighteenth St.	High	1896
Gunnar Knudsen, 4748 North Fourteenth St.	Sherman	1902
Joelin Kanglor, 2411 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1904
Fred Kenyon, 3239 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Richard Krage, 2763 South Ninth St.	Bancroft	1901
Jochan Kanglor, 2411 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1896
Michael Levy, 2885 Chicago St.	Central	1903
Frances M. Lewis, 824 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1902
Fisk William McKee, 3310 Spalding St.	Franklin	1900
Antonio Maguaro, 723 Pierce St.	Pacific	1905
Meta H. Mayhock, 1617 Maple St.	Lake	1903
Julie I. McHale, 806 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1897
Robert Nelson, 2410 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1904
Theresa Nisser, 905 Dorcas St.	Train	1902
Verna Peterson, 3816 Chicago St.	Saunders	1900
Edward Rieser, 121 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1898
Fanny Forbes Robertson, 46 Saratoga St.	High	1896
Glen H. Sullivan, 3319 Franklin St.	Franklin	1899
Paul Seastedt, 3012 Cass St.	Park	1896
Charles Sharmed, 1614 South Eighth St.	Lincoln	1896
Frances Shutte, 2715 South Twenty-fifth St.	Castellar	1899
John Sims, 4105 South Twelfth St.	Forest	1888
Marguerite Tanguay, 2120 Vinton St.	Castellar	1898
Fredrick Wickstrom, 414 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	High	1892
Katie Whitley, 3121 Charles St.	Franklin	1900
Glen B. Wurn, 2012 Locust St.	High	1894
Joe Yecha, 1213 South Fourteenth St.	Pacific	1896
Margaret Zechmeister, 979 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1903
Theresa Zechmeister, 979 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1895
Elizabeth Zarp, 1602 Elm St.	Castellar	1904

Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

BY BOBBIE BABBLE.

The Old Actor.

Here where the tide of Broadway flows,
Then ebbs away, to flow again,
The poor proppr mimic comes and goes,
And lives his mimic joy and pain.
His long locks waver in the breeze,
He rolls his "rs," his "ss's" hiss,
And when his younger friends he sees,
He holds them with a tale like this:

"When Booth and Barrett played with me,
They were the days of drama, sir,
Our Hamlet was a thing to see,
It would have made your pulses stir.
My role was sobs and sighs and snot.
Ah, sir, it was a noble thing,
And Booth once said 'Would I could act
As you perform the Player King!'"

"Othello" held my favorite part—
Cassio it was—you know the role?
In the great drunken scene my art
Would have entranced you! Bless my soul!

I was the understudy—well,
I watched and waited day by day,
That Cassio kept his health so well,
I never got a chance to play.

"There is no acting nowadays,
Actors, today, enact themselves,
And gain a public's easy praise—
While work like mine it simply shaves.
With a good tailor at your back,
A careless ease, a handsome face,
'Tis easy to succeed! Alack!
The mad world rushes by apace!"



"Take the young actors of our time,
What do they know of noble verse?
They can't declaim a noble rhyme,
And when it comes to prose, they're worse!
John Drew? Ned Southern? Men like these,
In their great acting, do you think?
Refreshment! Hens! Well, as you please,
Since you insist, I'll take a drink!"

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Cheerfulness as a Tonic

There are more ways than one of taking a spacer. I walked three blocks with the tonic effect of her presence hasn't worn off in the least, writes Estelle Kessler. And what do you think she administered? Why nothing in the world but pure, unadulterated cheerfulness.

I started out feeling about as happy as a first class funeral procession, and in order to give outward expression to my joy I had donned my most unbecoming and somber suit.

"Wait a minute," called a cheery voice behind me. I turned to encounter the merry person of the girl next door. She reminded me so much of a bright, fragrant flower that I felt gray and more dowdy than ever. A red umbrella was held daintily above her fluffy hair, in which nestled a rose of the same color, drooping from her snug little hat. That rose simply defied the weather man.

"How well you're looking," she chirped, catching step and gracefully dodging rain puddles. "Isn't this rain fun? I always like to walk rainy days, the drops sound so pattery on your umbrella. Coming home

is always so much more worth while after you've been walking all day."

"Never thought of it just that way," I admitted, feeling a whit more friendly toward the weather. After all, my gray suit wasn't so impossible.

Just then we met a friend. You could tell at once she was a candidate for condolences and would gladly say mean things about the weather man and folks in general all the way to the car.

"Oh, Edith, who was that stunning chap I saw you walking with last evening?" asked the girl next door before a complaint could be entered.

Immediately Edith forgot there was such a thing as weather, for the stunning man was her latest enthusiasm.

"I won't tell, but I'll bring him over some evening," she laughed happily.

"Yes, do. All three of us girls will have one of those cosy parties, and each invite a friend. We'll run my chafing dish and have a spread. Some rainy night, it's always so 'comfy' rainy nights."

No use, all that day I simply loved rain, and I've been wishing for more ever since.