



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Her Husband's Voice

It Advocates One Standard of Morality for the Two Sexes.

No real man would ever set like that! announced the Post Graduate Husband excitedly.

"And why not?" the Amateur Wife retorted. "So long as the husband in the play was gallivanting around with another man's wife you thought it was charming and subtle and true to life—you said so! But the moment the deserted wife and abandoned husband pretended to console themselves with each other in order to bring the stupors back to their senses you began to bluster that the whole play was preposterous! Why, I'd like to know!"

"It was 1 o'clock in the morning and Her Husband and His Wife had just returned to Mountaineer from an evening at a New York theater."



SHE LISTENED WITH BATED BREATH, AND FINGERED CROSKED.

"Why," added His Wife with extraordinary vehemence, "should a husband's real flirtation seem probable and a wife's simulated love affair be preposterous?"

"Because of my faith and confidence in your sex, my dear," replied the Post Graduate Husband gallantly.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "That sounds well, but no self-respecting woman wants her husband to feel that way about her or any other woman. I would really like to know why you grinned and giggled every time the husband in the play told how impossible it was to avoid flirtation and why you smiled and began to mutter to yourself as soon as the wife started to get back at him?"

"No reason at all, my dear," he answered with an anxious glance at her burning and eager face. "I'm so glad to hear you speak so sensibly. A great many women in these days spout liberal theories, but when it comes to applying them to their visiting list they don't make good. You, I know, are different! Whatever you say you're willing to live up to. You're the best little woman that ever breathed, but you're so prudent! And I'm pleased to hear you express yourself as you have. I'm proud of you!" he added, and his full gaze rested admiringly upon the openwork countenance of His Amateur Wife.

She listened with rapt attention and fingers crossed. What did he mean, she wondered.

"You're a man," she said, "and I'm a woman. You're a husband—and I'm a wife. But let's forget these things and remember only that we are two intelligent human beings. Now, won't you try to tell me why every time tonight when the husband in the play did or said anything treacherous and mean you laughed? Yet when the wife pretended to do likewise in order to win him back you became indignant and said no respectable woman could do it like that. Why?" she repeated.

"Before I was married," the Post Graduate Husband continued, "I knew an awfully jolly crowd—men and women—real Bohemian. Intelligent, of course, some of them, but intelligent, broad-minded, generally kind. I never asked you to meet them because I don't believe that, until this moment, I appreciated your point of view."

"Then, remissly, he added: 'Did I ever tell you about the time we had the vegetable man and I went as a turnip and a clever little red-haired girl in musical comedy was a carrot? My, she was a sweet little carrot! Suppose I ask some of the old crowd around to meet you? They believe in all your theories about an equal moral standard—zero plus zero, multiplied by zero, divided by zero, equals zero! What do you say?'"

And then he devoted his life to the preaching of Christ crucified, showing that no man can be saved without Jesus, the human nature being so depraved that man does not even know his sin; only by grace are his eyes opened so that he can see his sins, confess them, grieve over them and long to be delivered from them. Having in Jesus found the true Messiah, he pointed to Him, saying, with the prophet: 'Behold I have borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'

"The Amateur Wife's brown eyes had widened with wonder during the early part of his narrative. Now they softened—then clouded with tears.

"How can you?" she gasped. "How can you! You know that I wouldn't meet them for anything in the world! Of course if you want to bring those persons here I'll treat them decently and how can you ask me? Don't you love me? Don't you respect me any more?"

And she didn't know yet why the Post Graduate Husband laughed.

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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

A Powerful Freening.
We preach Christ crucified with the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.—1 Cor. 1:23-24.



Rev. Carl E. Irving, Pastor Swedish Evangelical Salem Lutheran Church.

Once St. Paul was a Pharisee, satisfied with his own nature and work, boasting of having been "circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness, which is in the law, blameless." But his mind was changed. He was by the Holy Ghost led to understand God's demand in his holy law. He says: "I had not known sin, except the law had said, 'Thou shalt not covet.'" But sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law sin was dead, but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died. And the commandment, which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death.

For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. He rejoiced that he was "circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness, which is in the law, blameless." But his mind was changed.

The Almighty God, consequently only a few days ago what sin is, and the great masses are totally ignorant regarding original sin. From this follow very little demand for the Pauline preaching of Christ, corruption rules in many places. We need a fearless preaching of the law. We need repentance. Then we need the preaching of Christ crucified.

We thank God that we have that kind of preaching in the Lutheran church. Our churches are not lecture halls and our meetings therein are not social entertainments or amusements only; our churches are houses of prayer, dedicated to divine worship, where we assemble to hear the word of God and to be "as lively stones built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

The Pharisee Jew of today is the self-righteous person who imagines himself to be better than others and a self-appointed heir to heaven. The Greek of today is the man who has dressed his mind in the foolish boast that he knows all he needs to know concerning his soul's salvation, meaning that the preaching of Christ cannot benefit him. Let the Jew be mad at and the Greek mock and scorn our preaching. As the Lord's faithful servants we continue to preach Christ crucified, for He is and always will be unto some the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

Wednesday night I went with your mother to a rehearsal for a fashionable wedding, which was the first time I ever knew there was such a custom, observes Mr. Uplift, whose knowledge of social ethics is bounded on the north by the Bronx and on the south by the lower fifth of Madison.

"When I am dragged up to the altar," firmly declares young Mr. Uplift, "believe me, once will be sufficient."

"I must admit," resumes Father, "that a pleasant time was had by all at this rehearsal party. The bridegroom, however, impressed me as being rather quiet."

"Training the Poor Bridegroom,"



NOTE OF THIS REHEARSAL AT THE ALTAR FOR THE UP-TO-DAY GROOM.

"It's bad enough to be the victim, without pushing it in," is Son's declaration. "My notion of no kind of a merry evening for a near-bridegroom is to say over the fatal words and to realize then, perhaps for the first time, that the awful howl is about to fall."

"At least such a custom," moralizes Father, "gives the bride and the bridegroom ample opportunity to realize the gravity of the step they are about to take."

"What's the use of thinking out a wile line of dope when it's too late to back out?" demands Son, impatiently. "Nobody but a common nut would be a piker at that stage of the game. When a chap's got the licenses and the ring bought and is learning how to pick up his feet so he won't fall over the bride's train, it's certainly too late to join the Bachelor's club."

"Social ethics seem to become more arbitrary every year," argues Father. "When I was a young man, such a thing as rehearsal for a wedding was never heard of."

"Then were the good old days," approves Son. "If little Bright Eyes could coax her affinity to line up before a justice of the peace and grab hands to be spotted, she didn't care whether he was left-handed or stood on one foot, so long as the J. P. handed her a perfectly good marriage certificate, price One Buck, at the end of the tuck."

"When the time comes for you to wed, will you have a rehearsal if the bride desires it?" queries Father.

"I will not," decides Son. "If a skirt ever does catch me napping, she'll have to conform to me to get me up to the altar once."

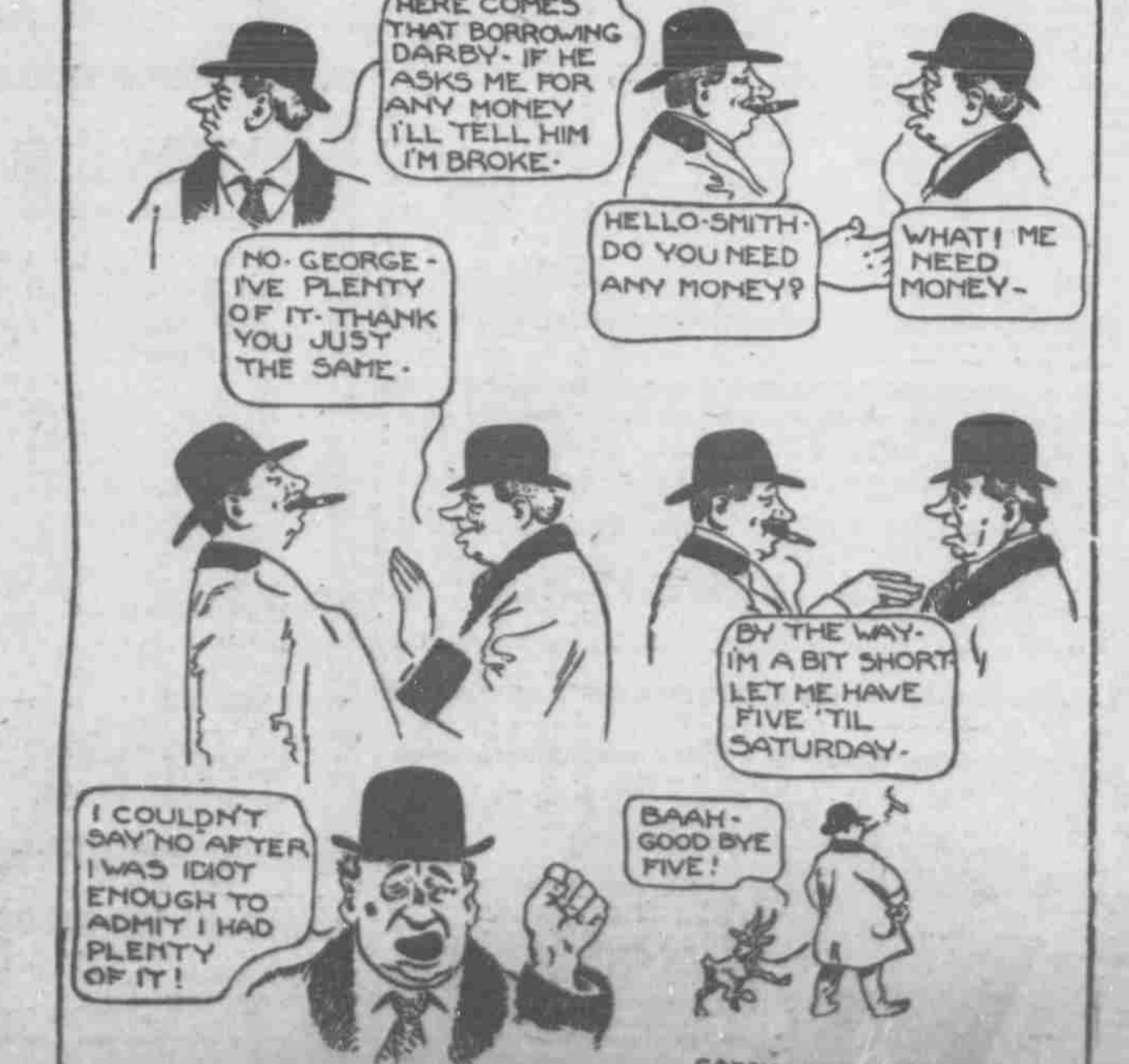
Supernitions. In many country districts in Hungary superstition is still rife. Evidence of this comes from Grosswarden, in a recent dispatch in the communities of Vashok and Harvard several earthquake shocks were experienced and in the former place the church bells were started ringing. A "which" living in the neighborhood persuaded the peasants that the devil was hungry, and was shaking the earth in his anger. Thereupon they collected a number of calves and goats and drove them into a cave where the devil was supposed to be dwelling. After this, according to the report, they set fire to the forest in two places to drive out the devil living there.

"Well, order is heaven's first law, you know," quotes Father, sweetly railing at his favorite homily.

"My idea of heaven is not where a skit can order one of us coarse creatures to trot up and down an aisle like a trained circus monkey," protests Son. "Until she's sure he will jump through the marital hoop with me."

"You're a man," she said, "and I'm a woman. You're a husband—and I'm a wife. But let's forget these things and remember only that we are two intelligent human beings. Now, won't you try to tell me why every time tonight when the husband in the play did or said anything treacherous and mean you laughed? Yet when the wife pretended to do likewise in order to win him back you became indignant and said no respectable woman could do it like that. Why?" she repeated.

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat



"HERE COMES THAT BORROWING DABBY—IF HE ASKS ME FOR ANY MONEY I'LL TELL HIM I'M BROKE."

"HELLO—SMITH—DO YOU NEED ANY MONEY?"

"WHAT! I NEED MONEY—"

"NO—GEORGE—I'VE PLENTY OF IT—THANK YOU JUST THE SAME."

"BY THE WAY—I'M A BIT SHORT—LET ME HAVE FIVE 'TIL SATURDAY."

"BAAH—GOOD BYE FIVE!"

"I COULDN'T SAY NO AFTER I WAS IDIOT ENOUGH TO ADMIT I HAD PLENTY OF IT!"

"GOOD REASON—Why don't you two brothers join the church?"

One of the Two—We can't both join. For one of us has to weigh the coal.—Newark Star.

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



February 25, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Clara Elaine Bayles, 315 North Fifteenth St.	Cass	1899
Robert C. Berg, 1324 Ogden St.	Sherman	1901
Edward Bloemer, 1738 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1897
Eddie Broodky, 545 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	High	1894
Josephine Chapek, 1314 South Thirtieth St.	Lincoln	1897
George Cusick, 2222 Boulevard	Saratoga	1904
Kenneth Clough, 2625 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1900
Francis M. Coble, 2405 South Thirti-second Ave.	Windsor	1900
Jessie J. Currie, 112 North Forty-third Ave.	Saunders	1891
Marion Dolan, 1931 North Eleventh St.	High	1894
Viola Dyebergard, 1521 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1896
Florence G. Ellis, 2116 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1895
Hilbur C. Edquist, 1912 Lake St.	Lake	1895
Margaret Engelander, 1823 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1897
F. Marie Galloway, 566 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1895
Theresa Guth, 2729 Parker St.	High	1893
Isadore Gossick, 414 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1904
Mary Grubhill, 724 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1905
Anna Graham, 5923 North Thirtieth St.	Saratoga	1897
Ceva Harrison, 1027 North Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1901
Viola I. Hansen, 215 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1905
Katherine E. Harrington, 3865 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1901
Aneta Jehn, 2317 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1895
Grace H. Jones, 2637 Parker St.	Long	1897
Cora Jacobsen, 2624 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Ruth Knapp, 1905 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1894
Vivian O. Karis, 1638 North Twenty-second St.	Long	1901
Carl Krause, 1914 Oak St.	Vinton	1897
Irene Longini, 612 Marcy St.	St. Philomena	1904
Edward Mallory, 225 Francis St.	High	1895
Helen Miller, 953 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1902
Mabel Manley, 2014 Pinkney St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Inez Moore, 1542 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1902
Veronica Mortyn, 2016 Spruce St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Heleen G. McWilliams, 4134 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Mabel McCleer, Forty-fourth and Vinton Sts.	Windsor	1897
Ruth Phila. Nownes, 352 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1899
Howard L. Nelson, 3413 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Lena Naezle, 2451 South Seventeenth St.	Castellar	1900
Donaldson I. Osborn, 3118 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Lenore Ogden, 1817 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1899
Nona Peterson, 1719 Cuming St.	Cass	1899
Joseph Peck, 1914 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1893
Edmela Pottengill, 2807 Hickory St.	High	1892
Helma A. Provanik, 1514 William St.	High	1893
John R. Pavers, 1923 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1898
William Runney, 3126 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1901
Truman Redfield, 2004 Binney St.	Lothrop	1899
Irving Sorenson, 3201 Lincoln Boulevard	Franklin	1895
Harriet Sherman, 132 North Thirtieth St.	Saunders	1897
Henry Swogtek, 1409 South Fourteenth St.	Central	1905
Amelia Semerad, 1404 Elm St.	Bancroft	1897
Dorothy Scott, 117 South Thirti-sixth St.	High	1893
Mary Thomas, 511 South Thirti-fifth St.	Columbian	1904
Howard R. Turner, 2408 Cass St.	Central	1899
Belmont Thoma, 2223 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1905
Gladys L. Toy, 1443 Phelps St.	Forest	1901
Clifford Weston, 2820 South Fifty-second St.	Beals	1903
Frank Wolfbauer, 3410 South Thirtieth St.	St. Joseph	1899
Josephine Williams, 1314 South Thirti-fifth Ave.	Park	1900
Maude Whitefield, 534 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1900
Gleann E. Wallace, 708 North Twenty-seventh St.	High	1894
Mildred Wahlgren, 628 North Thirti-second St.	Webster	1895
Lava Weithoner, 2923 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1904

Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

By BOBBIE HASBLE



"It's cold and wet in this bitter win," Says Sergeant Foley to Corporal Flynn. "But I'm always happy on such a day. For it brings recruits to the U. S. A. The frost and cold and the mistling sleet drive them in from the comfortless street. How many have we? By all that's holy, Tell me the truth," says Sergeant Foley.

"Oh, Sergeant Foley," says Corporal Flynn. "Twenty min have been gathered in. Wan was a Dutchman, name of Kugel; I took him once he can play the bagge. An' though he's a little bit of a runt, It's him will earn forty dollars a mont; Wid Uncle Sam payin' his board an' keep, He's the boy will be livin' cheap!"

"Wan chap, tired of a heavy bod, Was glad to enter the awkward squad. Wan from the country, hale an' hearty, Was 'way an' beyant the most promisin' party. Wan little man who was too blame fat Wanted to fight whin I see to him. 'Scall'!"

"What see did you say to that roly-poly, Brave Corporal Flynn?" asks Sergeant Foley.

"I showed him Circular Sixty. Look! Here it is like a printed book. The words that count ye out are these, 'Unless the applicant be obese.' Whin I called him obese he got that mad That he wanted to kill me dead, bedad. How could I honestly call him thin, Oh, Sergeant Foley?" asks Corporal Flynn.

English Village Horrors

T. P. O'Connor's paper, M. A. P., prints some astonishing details touching conditions in many of the villages of England. The evidence was furnished by an inspector for the National Housing and Planning council. Some of the findings seem almost beyond belief.

Analysis made of water from wells supplying forty dwelling houses (mostly single cottages) in Thorne, Surrey. Not a single good result was obtained. Sir Edward Holden stated that he had, very early in the inquiry, draws water from one of these wells the color of yellow ochre.

Another cottage contains a fifth part of the population of over 200 people. Not one of these cottages contains more than two bedrooms.

In two of these houses the families consist of father, mother and seven children. In two cases there were six children, and in six cases four or more children in addition to the parents.

In four other cottages there is one bedroom. The general death rate for the year was 46 per 1,000, the infant mortality of 28 per 1,000.

"The tenants were afraid to let their cottages be inspected for fear of an increase in the present average rent of 28 per cent if repairs were ordered. The owners threatened one of the witnesses with legal proceedings for inspecting the property."