

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Her Husband's Voice

Why Men Take to the Cup that Inebriates and Free Lunch that Sustains  
BY AMERE MAN.

She did not resemble a Practical Person. And yet undoubtedly she was one when weighed in the same scale of appraisal with the Amateur Wife.

The Post Graduate Husband admired her common sense, which he regarded as the rarest and most desirable quality of sisters-in-law. She was pretty besides, and everyone will admit that common sense is an altogether superfluous asset in a young woman with claims to beauty.

In the very first week of her arrival she perceived that her Amateur sister's household was run with the absolute disregard of probabilities which distinguishes an impressionist painting or the meter of a taxicab. And her criticism became so outspoken that finally, with inward rejoicing, but with an awkward appearance of laying aside the scepter, the Amateur Wife resigned her housewifely functions.

"You give the orders to Mary," she said one morning to the Practical Person. "My imagination is exhausted! If I were to choose the dinner for another week I'm sure I would fall a victim of brain fog!"

"That's because you haven't any system," explained the Practical Person frankly. "And because you run everything on the great American plan of stretching your income to fit your expenses instead of adjusting your expenses to your income. It's a whole lot of theories about the way a home should be run and I'll be glad of the opportunity of testing them. And think of all the money you'll save!"

The Amateur Wife's eyes sparkled delightedly. "Think of it!" she exclaimed. "At least \$10 a week. I'm sure! What shall we spend it on?"

And much to the Post Graduate Husband's amusement both His Wife and the Practical Person fell forthwith into serious discussion of how to spend the money to be saved on the housekeeping.

Mary, the Helpful Handmaiden, was duly informed of the change in the household and later, with an air of exaggerated solemnity, went to her new mistress for orders for the day.

"We'll have something cheap tonight, Mary," said the Practical Person with cheerful vagueness, "something in a casserole. I'll tell you what you do. Order a pound of stewing beef and cook it very slowly with onions and carrots and potatoes and we'll have the finest dish you ever tasted!"

"That's an Irish stew," commented Mary, her patriotism struggling with the national contempt for economy and all its makeshifts.

"Stewing beef, you said? That's the kind we generally order for Woof-Woof! Do you think a pound will be enough?" she added boldly.

The Practical Person flashed a masterful eye.

"Certainly," with all the vegetables, she said, and Mary retreated, her expression telling with silent eloquence that the stories of her house had departed.

"Dinner ready?" was the customary fond greeting of Her Husband when His Wife opened the door for him that evening. "Stew," he added, dubiously, scanning the delicacy afar.

"Yes, dear," said the Amateur Wife, soothingly. "You wore your blue tie this morning, didn't you? Blue is so becoming to you. You ought to wear it all the time."

But these blandishments were without avail. Hunger and its inseparable gloom possessed Her Husband.



THESE WASN'T ENOUGH LIVER TO FEED THE CAT.

He did not speak until Mary announced dinner and, removing the cover of the casserole revealed its stingy contents.

"Did you keep anything for yourself, Mary?" he inquired.

"No, sir. That's every scrap in the house," replied the Helpful Handmaiden, apologetically.

And with a sigh of resignation the hungry host apportioned the dinner, bestowing with conscientious gallantry the largest plateau upon the guest and Household Economist.

"This dinner cost only 45 cents altogether," announced the Practical Person after she had waited a proper interval for praise.

"Do you think it was worth it?" inquired the Post Graduate Husband sourly.

But a glance from the Amateur Wife suppressed further hostilities.

Now did he reopen the subject when he was alone with his Wife. As the high priest and preacher of Economy he was not yet ready to become an apostate to his creed.

"We have liver and bacon for breakfast," said the Practical Person the next morning.

"Fine," exclaimed the Post Graduate Husband. "Just what I want."

"But you can't have any. You know you never eat any breakfast. I only told Mary to use up the scraps from yesterday morning," hurriedly expostulated the volunteer housekeeper.

"You know you never eat any breakfast, dear," interposed His Wife.

"Not when I've had any dinner the night before," rejoined Her Husband resentfully.

"But I don't want any of that mess," he added. "Why there's hardly enough for the cat. Mary, bring me four poshées each."

Then he turned to the Practical Person. "You're a crackerjack economist and your theories are all right," he commented graciously. "But suppose you let me order the dinner for tonight."

He beamed beguilement upon his smiling wife and said:

"Let's have a five-pound porterhouse steak, with lots of mushrooms. Your sister has saved so much money we can afford to have a regular meal."

## Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"Billboard Artists and Others,"  
Argued by Father vs. Son.

"I went to an auction of paintings and objects of art last night and I was amazed at the large sums paid for various articles," begins Mr. Uplift, attempting to instill a love for the beautiful in young Mr. Uplift.

"My notion of no good way to squander coin is to buy up a bunch of junk like that," socratically says Son.

"One painting called 'The Old Mill' brought \$200,000," Father relates.

"Is there that much real mazuma in one lump?" vaguely queries Son, contentedly chinking together a couple of two bits. "That lists like a phony sale to me and I'd have to see the kelt passed to believe that dope."

"Ah, but it was a rarely beautiful painting of a tumble down old structure," describes Father, who prides himself on being a bit of an art connoisseur.

"Holly gee!" exclaims Son, "a guy ought to get a fine new fireproof mill for that stack of simonies."

"There was a touch of realism about the old mill stream in the picture," continues Father, "that took me back to my boyhood days."

"Talk about the real thing," declares Son, "did you ever see that play called 'The Old Mill'?"

Father was forced regrettably to admit that he had not had that pleasure.

"Well, they've got a mill scene in that piece that I'll bet will put rings around this picture you may sold for half a million books," enthusiastically asserts Son. "The mill is painted on a back drop a hundred feet long and the mill stream is real water. That's what I call going some when it comes to art with a capital A. And there's a rattling good show, the villain meeting the girl with the papers at the old mill stream at midnight, these pushing her into the drink and getting away with the swag."

"Of course," impudently Father, "the difficulty of the work of art of which I speak is chiefly the cause for its high price. Another picture that recently sold for \$500,000 was Valenque's famous portrait of Philip IV," adds Father, showing to Son a newspaper copy of the painting in question.

"Looks like the original bonehead to me," comments Son, after glancing at the reproduction. "I'll put up even money that this guy never saw \$500 together in all his life, and now somebody comes across with that many thousand bones for only a picture of His Nibs. Can you beat it?" demands Son, in a tone of deep disgust.

This particular painting is noted for its rapid brush work and strong characterization," points out Father like a professional art booster swinging a bunch of robes through the Metropolitan Art museum.

"When it comes to rapid brush work," puts in Son, "believe me, this guy Vanisse, or whatever his name is, didn't have anything on some of our classy little bill board artists that splash the stuff up and down Broadway for the theaters, famous Scotch whiskies, cornets and other bric-a-brac."

"Vanisse's art of portraiture stands unrivaled. To have a great artist like him



THE ARTIST PROBABLY GOT A COUPLE OF DOLLARS FOR IT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

"He probably got a couple dollars apiece for 'em in those good old days," remarks Son. Most folks nowadays, especially the skirts, would rather take the two bones and get a dozen cabinet photographs. Or go down to Coney Island and get a bunch of tintypes showing the whole family togged out in bathing suits."

"I regret to admit," mourns Father "that among the masses there is small appreciation for true art. I dare say there are a great many persons who would rather have a dollar chrome to hang on the wall than a genuine Velasquez worth half a million dollars."

"As for me," concludes Son, "your little Willie puts his O. K. on the chrome at one buck and slips the other 45,000 beans into his inside pocket to be used for the encouragement of other forms of art."

## Telling It Straight

"Gluggings, I've just read that magazine story of yours; it's rotten."

"Mrs. McGuire, you're about seven years older than your husband, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. I've got a match, but not to light that nasty thing with."

"Motstab, if you want anybody to go your security on that note you'll have to ask some chap who doesn't know you."

"I guess I'll have to marry you. Alight!"

"You're my last chance."

The editor of the Bogs hereby acknowledges a serenade by the boys of the silver cornet band last night. They tortured us for more than an hour. We suggest that they sell their horns and quit. They can't play for shucks."

"I didn't expect you to buy this book minister. I was only practicing my piece on you."—Chicago Tribune.

## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK ENDS

Shall I Meet the Judgment?  
We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written: "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Romans 14:9-12.

"God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!"—Ecclesiastes 12:14.

The glory of the Christian religion is its insistence on the fact of the resurrection of the dead; that at the second coming of Christ all men will rise with the bodies with which they lived on the earth. "The hour is coming when in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice (the voice of the Son of Man) and shall come forth."—St. John 5:28-29. St. Paul, in his defense of himself before Felix, expressed his hope toward God: "I...that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." (Acts 24:15.) At another place he wrote to the Corinthians: "If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; then your preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."—1 Cor. 15:14.

The language of holy scripture concerning the resurrection is not metaphorical, even though we try to twist it to meet that claim. At the last trumpet the bodies of the dead will come forth. And they shall be changed. "We know that the bodies of the saints will be raised and changed because of Christ's resurrection and by the quickening principle imparted to them through their union with the body of Christ in holy baptism. Now this quickening principle gradually transforms the physical body from within so that it becomes a spiritual body, and the spiritual body is nourished by the body and blood of Christ in the holy eucharist." "Whoso eateth of my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so is that meat which came down from heaven. ... He that eateth of the bread shall live forever."—John 6:54-58.

Not only the bodies of saints will be raised and changed, but the bodies of the wicked will be raised and changed. No doubt there will be a different process of change, but there will be a change of some kind. All the bodies shall come forth; "they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Following close upon the resurrection there will be the final judgment. Of this fact no one versed in holy scripture can entertain the least doubt. To go no farther, there are the parables of the judgment spoken by our blessed Lord Himself—the wheat and tares, the net with the fishes, the sheep and goats. Each of these enforces the fact of a judgment and a separation. Moreover, there is the parable of the talents, which portrays the fearful judgment of those who misuse or fail to make use of their opportunities to serve the Master.

And the judge will be Jesus Christ, whom we praise in the Te Deum. "We Believe that Thou Shalt Come to Be Our Judge." The judge of the quick and the dead. "Thou most worthy Judge eternal," perfect God



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and perfect man, and because perfect God and perfect man a most righteous judge; a most merciful judge; for, having lived in the flesh and having been tempted, though without sin, like as we are tempted. He knows the frailty of our mortal nature. "He will have mercy." He will be very just.

All men shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, the small and the great, the ignorant and the wise, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad. The judgment will be made on the basis of all our thoughts and words and actions, in their relation to the light of Christian knowledge under which we live, and the opportunities which we have either used or wasted. "God shall bring every work into judgment." Every deed done in the body, good and bad; every thought, good and bad; every word uttered. "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account in the day of judgment." The judgment will reach everything. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be made known, neither hid that shall not be made

known." Sooner or later sins, sins of omission, sins of commission, sins of thought, "word and deed."

For all these sins and all the good we may have done in the days of the flesh we must give account to the Judge; and when we think of what God is we may then perceive what the account must be; for God is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. Our account will not be rendered to Him by our fears or our sensitiveness or our bad memories or our dullness of conscience or our false and artificial views of truth and duty, much as we try to employ these makeshifts in our dealings with our neighbors or enter them into the excuses for not answering to our Christian calling as church men and church women. A great flood of light will pass across the whole course of our lives and penetrate every crevice of our souls and characters. Whatever the verdict of the Righteous Judge upon us may be, our consciences will have to affirm its justice; for we will see ourselves by that great light as God sees us, and as we have never seen ourselves; and we shall know what He meant to be, what we might have been. And, oh, the thought of what we might have been!

Go out into the sunlight of this day, beloved, but are you going to ask God to temper your wills that you will think more and more of that great account which you must one day render, of the judgment which you must one day meet. Every passing minute brings you nearer to it, nearer to the end of your probation. We poor human beings have a habit of trying to console ourselves with the vague idea that we shall be given opportunities in the next world to right mistakes which we have done in this world. Make the best use of it that you know how. Day by day, hour by hour, you face the solemn reality, the dreadful reality, that you are powerless to turn time back and so undo the deeds of yesterday. But the past can teach you to make better use of the present, and the present is always abundant in opportunities by which you may lay up for yourselves treasure for the future.

## Pointer for Reformers

No racier political story has been heard in Europe for years than the tale now being related in Paris about the preposterous election hoax which has fallen to the lot of the unsuspecting people of the town of Dijon. The town has been recently in the throes of the movement for reform, a movement which a certain group of wags failed to take seriously. They nominated a "municipal reformer" a local celebrity named Rome, of irregular and uncertain occupations, the chief of which, however, was the collection of discarded cigar and cigarette ends.

There was issued in M. Rome's name a remarkable election proclamation which promised the voters among other things a great reduction in the price of wine and beer, a municipal retreat for husbands returning home late, the equipment of the town hall with pianos and billiard tables as a free municipal club, and so far as possible, the abolition of all work between meals.

Like many ambitious reformers, M. Rome

was taken seriously by the public and was returned triumphantly at the head of the poll. The council are now faced with the perplexing problem of what to do with their latest member, elected by the sacred suffrage of the sovereign people. He, in his turn, is faced with the still knottier problem of how he is to carry into effect his attractive and sweeping scheme to reform.

## Profit and Loss.

An old artisan who prided himself on his ability to drive a close bargain contracted to paint a huge banner in the neighborhood for the small sum of \$2.

"Why on earth did you agree to do it for so little?" his brother inquired.

"Well," said the old painter, "you see, the owner is a mighty unreliable man. If I said I'd charge him \$5, likely he'd have only paid me \$2. And if I charge him \$2, he may not pay me but nine. So I thought it over and decided to paint it for \$2, so I wouldn't lose so much."—Lippincott's.

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

This is the Day We Celebrate



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