

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

Witchcraft of Long Ago

That was quite a neat arrangement they used to have for the dedication of witchcraft...

body ever got three months. "If you had a good invention and somebody else had happened to invent the same thing...

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

The Christian's Legacy.

John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."



Rev. W. A. Pollock, United Presbyterian Church, South Omaha.

before the crucifixion that Christ offered this legacy. (Text.) John 16:33. Passing through the dark shades of Gethsemane and the terrible scenes of Calvary, we come near to the tomb after Christ had

rise and we hear Him cheer the troubled women by the words, "Be not afraid." Again on that dark Easter eve, when the disciples were filled with fear, He calmed them by the abrupt announcement, "Peace be unto you."

Christ's gifts enrich the soul for eternity. Christ gives freely and leaves His peace. "The world's peace begins in ignorance, consists with sin and ends in endless trouble."

This legacy should also make us thankful in trial. A Christian sailor who lost one limb in battle said that he could very often measure the faith of those who remained with him by the way in which they referred to his misfortune.

A beautiful Easter legend tells us of the following: A Hindoo woman lost her only child. While she wept she explored the prophet to give back her little one.

She was quite carried away with the dangerous pastime of acting "smart." It is altogether probable that she failed to realize that she was making herself despised and hated by the other passengers.

Suddenly the unexpected happened. A young boy of 15 or 16 stood up in the aisle. "If you were a boy, I'd smash your face!" he bared, his young face red with the struggle he was having with his natural politeness and his indignation at the girl's treatment of an old woman.

How are legacies generally received? In one of two ways: either through ties of blood or by legal adoption. We were once the children of God, but we have sinned away the day of grace.

Let us make sure that this blood-bought privilege is ours. James K. Polk, our eleventh president, was born in North Carolina in 1795, and died in 1846. He was descended from Robert Polk of Pollock, an Irishman who emigrated to America in early Colonial times.

He was inaugurated on March 4, 1845, and the subsequent administration was an eventful one. On the Fourth of July, that same year, the legislature of Texas approved the "Annexation Bill," passed by the congress of the United States, and by this act of approval Texas became one of the United States.

President Polk immediately ordered General Taylor to proceed with his army to the Rio Grande for the protection of the new state. The Mexicans crossed the river, and the war with Mexico ensued. This lasted until February of 1848, when a treaty of peace was signed by which the territory north of the Rio Grande, together with the whole of New Mexico and California, was relinquished to the United States.

President Polk proclaimed peace on the nation's birthday—the Fourth of July, 1848. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



RICHARD HENRIE HOLMES, 1716 Lodge Street.

May 6, 1911.

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names of children and their schools and graduation years.

Things Germans Miss.

Germany had to be educated to like bananas. Ten years ago a banana was a rarity in the interior cities of Germany...

The pineapple is another fruit making slow headway. It is as yet used only for flavoring "cookies," a concoction of different wines and fruit juices.

A great demand might be created for crackers, as Germans have nothing of the kind for their daily soup except occasionally browned bread cubes or noodles.

The American pie is another product not known in the hinterland of Germany which might readily be introduced. It is some maker of pie machinery would undertake to do missionary work.

The Bachelors' Sale

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers. And as faint as I dreamed I was coiled into numbers; My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metres.

The bachelors grumbled, and said 't was no use. 'T was cruel injustice and horrid abuse— And declared that to save their own hearts blood from spilling, Of such a vile tax they would never pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue. So they set all the bachelors up at vendue. A crier was sent through the town to and fro, To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow, And to haul out to all he might meet on his way, "Ho! forty old bachelors sold here today— And presently all the old maids of the

Some Peculiarities of Unwritten Law

There is a class of unwritten law which does not and cannot become written law, says Case and Comment, because it approaches so near the danger line that man dare not recognize it to the extent of publishing it and declaring it as a part of the positive law.

ditions to oppose the established government of his own land and join in an effort to establish another in his place. The law justifying one person in the killing of another has required the serious consideration of every country. Every criminal code provides certain punishments for homicide, and many of them graduate the punishment with minute particularity, according to the circumstances of the killing, so that any one of six crimes may be involved in a single tragedy.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to Girl Who Criticizes



What peculiar kink it is in some girls that makes them enjoy torturing others? The dreadful propensity always manifests itself when two of them are together, and when one is a kind of satellite, or a less courageous individual. The other seems to think she is doing something clever when she becomes positively obnoxious with the negative approval and support of the quiet one to egg her on.

But the hat was on straight. Every hair of the well dressed, iron gray coiffure was in place under the face veil. There was nothing to provoke the stare with which the girl regarded her friend. Her face flushed as she appreciated the impudence

of the girl's look. "But the girl was immune to reproving glances. And her negative companion was too wishy-washy to do more than submit to acting as her silent support. It was not long before the side remarks—which no one could hear, but which could have produced no more discomfort if they had been carefully enunciated—the giggles of the negative girl and the efforts at appearing unconscious which the girl made, had attracted the attention of the passengers. And the girl seemed to like the effect she was producing.

She was quite carried away with the dangerous pastime of acting "smart." It is altogether probable that she failed to realize that she was making herself despised and hated by the other passengers. She was flattered by the giggling approval of her companion into forgetfulness of everything else. If she thought at all, it was that her youth excused her "high spirits," which made a jest of one of her own sex who was so plainly a lady.

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DO IT AGAIN!



Tabloid History of the Presidents

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Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

When the fire whistle bellows - And the brazen fire bell rings. Clear the streets, you lazy fellows— Here the fire engine swings. Beaching smoky clouds and gritty, Down the bustling, crowded ways— Coolest man in all the city! Guides it safely through the maze!



There he sits, the gallant driver, Perched on a precarious throne. Some one scoffs, "I'll bet a fiver He's a chap can't hold his own!" Now he turns a sudden corner, Does not even turn a hair, "Gosh!" exclaims the would-be scooner, "He knows how to ride for fair!"