

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Who's Who in the Home

THE CONFIRMED COMMUTER GRINNED AS HE HUNG UP THE RECEIVER. That perversion of hospitality which invites the shivering suburbanite to invite his steam-heated city friends to visit him in January also prompts the New Yorker in the spring time to invite his country acquaintances to leave their flowering lilacs and budding roses and partake of a delicious lunch in town.

Courtesy on both sides compels an occasional acceptance of such unreasonable invitations. In the case of the Confirmed Commuter there was no doubt—at least in his own mind—that the Hopeful Housewife was to blame.

"I knew when you told Mrs. Brown we'd go up there Saturday evening that one of these hot spells would come along," he remarked amiably. "Don't you think you could manage to beg off in some way? Invent some sort of excuse—you know what I mean."

The Hopeful Housewife glared as all housewives do at any calm suggestion of duplicity.

"You know very well there's nothing more sacred than a dinner engagement," she observed icily. "It's much more pardonable to break a commitment," she added.

"Yes, but I'm not feeling very well just now," her husband plaintively observed. "I don't know what's the matter with me, but I feel very queer—besides we're not invited to dinner—she said supper—I heard her! Don't you think that makes some difference?"

"Dinner or supper," pronounced the Hopeful Housewife firmly, "we've accepted and we've got to go!"

"And here I've been looking forward to a quiet Saturday afternoon in the country!" the Confirmed Commuter remarked sadly. "I had thought of the fine time we would have watering the flowers, pruning the rose bushes—and perhaps having dinner served in the summer house—with some cooling gin rickey—foriced tea—to give us an appetite!"

His wife's eyes sparkled. "That would be great," she said. "That's just what I'd love to do, but—"

The shadow of duty crossed her face once more.

"Instead we are going to a Dutch supper in Harlem," she continued.

The Confirmed Commuter knew finally when he heard it and said no more. But all week he sought vainly for some way of escape.

The day of the party dawned. The air



was as warm and moist and thick as a Yorkshire pudding.

"It's bad enough to have to go to town at all on a day like this," grumbled the Confirmed Commuter, "and I have to work hard till 2 or 3 o'clock, come back to Jersey to dress and drag you up to town again to keep that engagement! It's too much."

Nevertheless when his telephone rang soon after he reached his office he recognized the cooing voice of Mrs. Brown long before she spoke her name.

"You know me! Why, how clever of you!" Of course I would recognize your voice anywhere! It's so strong, and deep and manly, you know! I just called up to remind you of this evening. You can get away in time for the party? Oh, I'm so glad! I've been looking forward all week to seeing you—and your wife, of course."

The Confirmed Commuter was grinning fatuously when he hung up the receiver. He hurried through his work and, reaching home an hour earlier than he had promised, found his wife working over her flower beds.

"Isn't it lovely out here!" she said. "I've been thinking, dear, that if you're really set on staying at home tonight I might telephone and beg off from the party after all."

"And disappoint that poor little woman who's had all the trouble of getting ready for us?" the Confirmed Commuter exclaimed indignantly. "Who ever heard of such a thing!"

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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

The Life of Holiness.

Text—1 Thess. 2:12:13: "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we also do toward you, to the end He may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before our God and Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus with all His saints."

Christ is the conqueror of all our foes. He is the perfect Saviour from all sin. To restore in us the image of God, which is true holiness, and present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, is the mission of the Christ. For this purpose Christ died for our sins, arose for our justification, sent the Holy Spirit for our sanctification and empowerment of power for service, and is seated at the right hand of God interceding in our behalf.

We can become "more than conquerors," but not before Christ has conquered in us. He cannot conquer in us until we have fully surrendered ourselves to Him. "Fullness" is the low-water mark of the Christian life; "overflowing" is the glorious privilege. Christ came not only to give life, but life more abundant. The salvation He brings shall be in us not only a fountain springing up unto everlasting life, but out from our lives shall flow rivers of living water. Such life shall be ours without a complete consecration and a full assurance of faith. God demands a holy church because He is holy. He has made all provision necessary to make and keep us holy here and forever. Death is not the saviour, but the wages of sin and the last enemy that shall be destroyed, but Christ is able to save unto the uttermost.



Rev. Robert P. Peterson, Pastor of Norwegian-Danish Methodist Church.

power. There is a phrase much in use these days—"power for service." But let us remember that the Holy Spirit will not dwell in unclean hearts. True holiness, without fanaticism, is the greatest power in the church of God today. Christ demands a holy church without spot or wrinkle. In such a church He will abide in divine power. The church must be separated from, though not taken out of, the world. Christ promised the church that the unbelieving world would hate it, because it hated Him. But if Christ is in all in the church and the church keeps His

commitments, then Christ will love it and will manifest Himself to it in great power. The church will not win the unbelieving world by joining hands with the world. But by being out and out for Christ and Christ being all in all for the church the Holy Spirit will, through the church, convict the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, and sinners will be saved through the almighty power of God and saints will be sanctified through the same power.

The true holy life is filled with the love of Christ and the mind of Christ. Such a life can not be inactive for when it becomes inactive it ceases to be holy. It is the will of God that His people should have their hearts established unblamable in holiness before Him. Man is not the standard nor the judge in regards holiness, but God over our Father. Men with unclean eyes may say we have a devil for they did so with Christ, but if our hearts condemn us not then have we confidence towards God. This is the satisfying life for the individual as well as the church. This is the life with the deep settled peace of God that passeth all understanding. It is the life that rejoices with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is the life that stands firm even in the most severe tempest and storm, because it is firmly cemented to the "Rock of Ages."

The true holy life is looking and waiting with joy for the second coming of Christ. The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ is a scene of judgment for some, of joy and glory for others.

Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who Makes a Man Jealous



It's a time-honored-by-girls—custom. And surely one of the fifty-seven or more varieties of making a man fonder—or more der—more honored in the breach than in the observance.

It is all very nice and grand for some superior girl to say that "she certainly would not want a man's love if she had to work for it!" It sounds well. But there is not one girl in 10,000 who would not, under the spell of a real attraction toward a man, consider that ways and means by which his interest might be deepened. Personally, I think every girl has a right to use any legitimate means to win what is the best of the world holds for her, a good man's love. Men can do all in their power to win the girls they love. And, though the ways are so different, so ought girls. But this jealousy method is a bad one.

Just now I have proof of its ineffectiveness. It is a letter, between the lines of which I can read a tragedy.

"My dear Loretta: What can I do to win back the man I love? He seemed to think that I belonged to him, so I thought I would show him that he was not the only one. I had done it before; and it had worked well. So, I encouraged the attentions of a gentleman who has liked me for a long time, before I knew the man I love. It made the man I wanted to hold more

excitement and flattery that a man's jealousy gives some girls, may have shown him that you had no taste for the calmer variety which peacefully mirrors the perfect trust on which it rests.

As I said, I don't know what you should do. Perhaps you have done enough. It may be the best thing for you to do is just to keep quiet now. If he loves you, he will come back. But, obviously, he is the kind who will not be yanked around and emotionally mauled by any girl. I am like you; I, too, feel attracted to the man. I wish your experience with him would show other girls the result of illegitimate ways of love-winning. A man must be a great lover of a great fool to stand such treatment. Great loves and great follies are not a part of our common-sense age. At least, they are not frequent. It behooves a girl to act as if the man has a limit to his loving as well as his looliness.

Not a Real Weapon. "You are charged with carrying a razor," said the magistrate; "what have you to say?" "But hit's a safety razor," pleaded Rastus. "What difference does that make?" the court asked. "Well, Yo' Honor, a safety razor am carried only fo' de moral effect."—Lippontott's.

Serious History in Comic Vein

The Pipe of Sir W. Raleigh.

"Whenever I light my fragrant Havana or take a small sample of fine cut," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "I always think of that pipe of Sir Walter Raleigh."

"That is, unless I'm in Pittsburgh, I'll bet Walter never was in Pittsburgh," he'd sworn off after trying it out there.

"I'll say one thing for him, though. As near as I can find out he never smoked cigarettes. He was a good fellow, was Sir Walter, if he was the first press agent in America."

"You were it was this way. Walter had been laying a sidewalk for a queen or somebody over there on the other side and whenever he ran short of material he pierced out with an old overcoat or something, which was all right to keep the queen's feet out of the mud once or twice, maybe, but wasn't calculated to last."

"There's nothing in that old sidewalk contracting business," said Sir Walter. "I'll run over to America and form a trust."

"When he landed on the dock over here the first thing he sees is a Cherokee stevedore with a clay pipe in his teeth giving an imitation of a second hand machine car. Walter wanted to shoot first and investigate afterward. Then his better judgment prevailed and he turned in a still alarm. The Big Chief of the fire department, when he arrived, explained to Walter that the stevedore person was acting well within his legal rights and was only carrying out a pretty general custom prevailing among stevedores and in even higher circles of society on this side. To clutch the matter the Chief gave Sir Walter a memorandum and a paper of shag and told him to smoke up. Walter asked for a match and later asked for a doctor, though he wasn't quite sure but one that undertaker would do just as well.

"What brand is it?" he gasps to the



Chief as soon as he could speak.

"Kinnikinnick," says the Chief.

"Oh," says Walter, "I thought maybe it was Mocha and Java."

"When he got out of the hospital he said: 'This is great. I am the original Tobacco Trust. File the papers right away.' He invented the Saturday Evening Smoker and introduced heavy caliber repeating pipes in all the colleges.

"At last he filled his pockets with cigars and booked in the first cabin. The first perfectos he passed out in Piccadilly the Johnnies over there wanted to eat. He restrained them and bade them smoke. Then he was sorry they hadn't eaten them. It would have been quicker."

"Finally he was arrested on an old indictment for being imperfect sidewalker and the next thing they knew over here the original Tobacco Trust had lost its head."

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Staid Matron to Isaac of Ash Creek Line

Editor of The Bee Magazine Page: So glad to see the Bachelor of Ash Creek Line has in his composition that which amounts to "as thou wilt," for "I's a saving element in the staid way."

Now what I said about the crisis-cross in his eyes was not a far-off thing, after all, since he himself tells us that he rides behind a cross-eyed mule. Astigmatism may or may not be a communicable affliction, but whether it is considered or not, we know that it is one that sometimes plays on one's sympathetic nerves—and there you are!

The Bachelor's gallant bow to the harem's a feather in his cap (that Scotch one he

speaks of) and shows his youthful in-breathing of Tarkio manners.

He wears three pairs, yet declares that he is not a monopolist. Oh, well.

The school teacher is right about the pronunciation, but never mind that; it doesn't cut much of a figure, not nearly so much as the garment itself.

That the Bachelor went to church and listened to a good sermon, in Norwegian, which tongue is almost an unknown one to him, is proof of his patience. But all those faces at the windows; now, really?

The first stanza looks good. I'm not much of a judge of things poetical, though my thees and thous might lead one to think differently. They are Quakerisms, for though I sometimes

Put on my old gray bonnet, To take my pen and scrawl, The writing of a sonnet Is not my line at all (at all).

The Bachelor, in his three pairs, sweater and bonnie Scotch cap, with the new feather, should find it easy to make a favorable impression on the sensible young woman, eleven miles distant.

Hope he does; we, pappy and I, hope he does.

A STAID MATRON.

Boy Was Loaded.

"May I ask, sir," said the old professor, breaking off in the midst of a lecture and addressing a listless young man, "whether you hope to pass this course?" "I have hopes, sir," answered the student.

"Perhaps you can also inform me what you will do for notes on these lectures?"

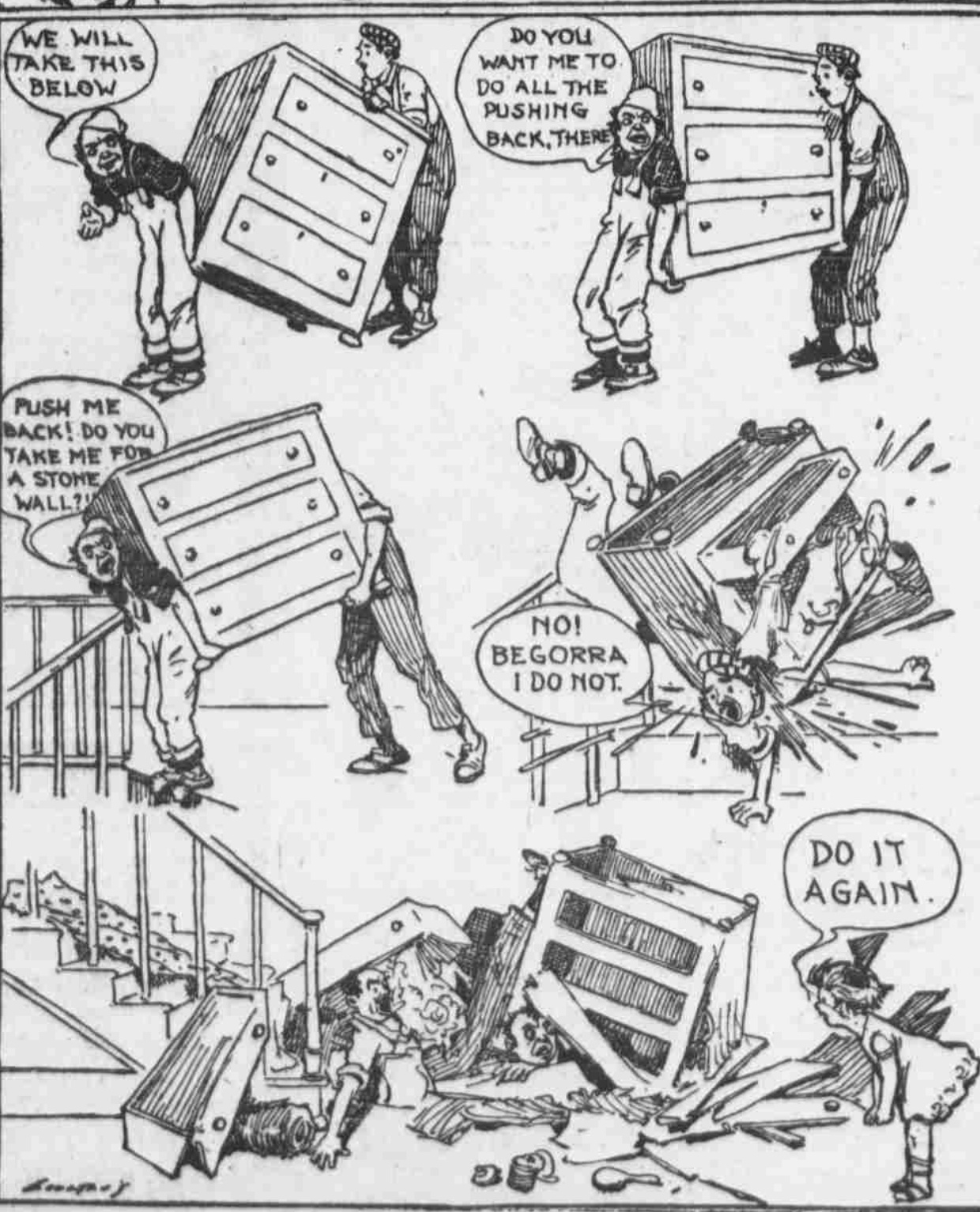
"I will kill myself!" shouted the half-crazed man, struggling in the arms of the officers of the law.

"No, you won't!" said one of the policemen.

"I will, I will! I'll commit suicide, or die in the attempt!"—Judge.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge.

DO IT AGAIN!



WE WILL TAKE THIS BELOW

DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ALL THE PUSHING BACK THERE

PUSH ME BACK! DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A STONE WALL?

NO! BEGORRA I DO NOT.

DO IT AGAIN.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



HOWARD STONE, 211 Mason St.

May 20, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Nels Anderson, 423 Dorcas St.	Train	1901
Howard Armstrong, 3873 Decatur St.	Franklin	1905
Jake Berzman, 623 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1904
Clara Baker, 2518 Webster Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Clyde R. Breyer, 2621 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1903
Viola M. Butt, 2815 Hamilton St.	Long	1902
Helen T. Bell, 3821 Maple St.	Farnam	1903
Alice Baker, 2218 Paul St.	Kellom	1904
Florence Cavender, 2312 Spring St.	Vinton	1898
Marjorie Cole, 2602 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1901
Charles Dalley, 3621 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1903
John Fiala, 2314 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1895
Joseph Gillette, 2020 Pierce St.	Mason	1897
John E. Gillam, 3311 Sprague St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Leota Gardner, 4218 1/2 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1903
Ludwig Hornis, 2737 South Ninth St.	Bancroft	1899
Mamie R. Havlicek, 1241 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1896
Helen T. Iten, 136 North Forty-second St.	Saunders	1901
Earl Kuchera, 1242 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Emma Larsen, 4609 Hamilton St.	Wainut Hill	1901
Maudie M. McClaren, 1209 Dorcas St.	Lincoln	1897
Cecil Murphy, 1620 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1904
Ellis Nelson, 4120 Wirt St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Elizabeth Nelson, 2717 Erskine St.	Long	1903
Irma Podolak, 1437 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1897
Nellie Pickett, 2620 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1900
Mildred Pope, 4707 North Fortieth Ave.	Central Park	1904
Charles Partridge, 123 South Thirty-second Ave.	Farnam	1899
Clarys Rohrs, 2112 Lecust St.	Lothrop	1903
Elizabeth Read, 3415 Jones St.	Columbian	1900
Edwin N. Solomon, 3010 Dodge St.	Farnam	1900
Louis Strabuckner, 5621 North Fourteenth St.	High	1895
Gladya Sehnner, 1311 Canton St.	Edward Rosewater	1900
Herbert E. Storey, 3846 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1899
Howard Stovel, 3112 Mason St.	Park	1899
Helen Stites, 2014 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1903
Ruby Timmons, 949 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1900
Cora Thernes, 2626 Decatur St.	Long	1904
Henry Thode, 930 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1903
Ivan Wilcox, 1314 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1901
Elmer Walker, 1810 Corby St.	Lake	1901
Asa Whited, 2715 North Twenty-sixth St.	High	1894

Tabloid History of the Presidents

Upon the sudden death of Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, the vice president, became the seventeenth president of the United States. He was born in North Carolina on December 28, 1808. He died in Tennessee in 1875. Johnson was a poor boy and in his youth was a tailor's apprentice. At is he went to Greenville, Tenn., where he married Eliza McCordie, a woman of refinement, who used to read to him while he was at work, and who taught him to write. He became a congressman, then a United States senator and vice president for Lincoln's second administration. He was sworn in as president on April 14, 1865.



ANDREW JOHNSON.

Later in the month the new president issued a proclamation removing restrictions on commerce in the south. Before another month had passed he addressed a proclamation of amnesty to all those who had been concerned in the war against the union, except fourteen specified classes of citizens. By a resolution of congress an amendment to the constitution abolishing slavery was duly proposed. When this was approved by three-fourths of the states slavery was declared constitutionally abolished on December 18.

The president's next important act was the veto, on March 2, 1867, of the reconstruction act, which was passed by congress notwithstanding. This, with two supplementary construction acts, which were passed in a similar manner, brought all the states which had recently been at war with the general government back to their positions in the union.

The president was impeached for his removal of Edwin M. Stanton from the post of secretary of war, and after a long and tedious trial was acquitted, with only one vote missing to complete the two-thirds majority to convict him.

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Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

Diamonds for Dimes.

With his beautiful sombrero from the west, Which was never farther west than West Broadway,
With his frock coat, which is yawning for a vest,
With his trousers, that were black and now are gray,
With his hair arranged to rival Buffalo Bill's,
With more eloquence than Chancy M. De Pew,
Just listen to the lengthy yarn he spills To sell his stock of diamonds brand new.



"Fair ladies," thus his honeyed language flows,
"Get a Rocky mountain diamond sun-burst now!
It will draw attention from your shabby clo's
When you wear the glittering jewels on your brow.
If a sunburst is too costly, don't despair,
Let two pretty earrings answer for a time;
But if you really can't afford a pair,
Buy on Rocky mountain d'mond for a dime!"

"With a Rocky mountain sparkler of your own,
You can gaze upon it when you're feeling blue;
It will cheer you till your gloom is fled and flown,
It will make a darkened world shine up anew.
You can feel like Mrs. Cholly Astor-Gullit
In her opera box with happiness sublime;
You can make your envious neighbors wroop and wail
With a Rocky mountain d'mond for a dime!"

Where she fastens on that pretty little curb (Which she bought last week—and it was very dear).
But this is cheap—it sparkles like a blaze,
When I look upon these glittering jewels, I'm
So blinded by their light, I'm in a daze—
Come, buy a Rocky d'mond for a dime!
"Step up! Step up! Come, buy before they go!
Step up and spend a dime to give her joy! She thinks you are the finest kind of boy! She'll smile on you and call you 'Honey Boy!'
She'll think of you as generous and grand, She'll love you and she'll never more be fickle;
The man who buys her d'monds, wins her hand—
Aw, be a sport and buy one—for a nickel!"
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LIBERAL.

"She is very liberal in her charities."

"Yes; but not always practical. She wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers from the sleeping sickness."