

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

"If the Hessians introduced the noble game of pinchle into America, as I was telling you the other day," said Show-Me Smith, plain and fancy historian, "you've not to give it to the Dutch for organizing the first bowling team and starting a string of alleys from Third avenue to the Barbary coast."



"All the town meetings were held in Pete's alleys and at conventions Pete led the rest of the crowd bowing while he fixed up the slate. He was elected head constable so often the Bowling Club forgot to keep track of the number of times."

"Pete was leader in his own district, which was up in the Bowery somewhere, and all the chowder parties always went down to Pete's bowling alleys. They were afraid not to for Pete had a fierce temper. He was captain of his team and he didn't believe the team lived that could beat 'em."

"Pete's team taught the Indians to bowl and then won everything they had, including the Williamsburg and parts of Flatbush. None of the Harlem clubs could beat 'em and Pete had it all his own way until one day an English team shows up at the alleys and challenged all comers for the championship of Manhattan."

"Pete is tickled to death at the chance of showing up the chummy invaders and arranges a fine tournament with the whole town out to look 'em up."

"After they had bowled a few frames and the Englishmen appeared to be having the best of it, Pete grows suspicious, says the pin boy is careless and allows that he'll set up the pins himself in order to avoid trouble. So Peter proceeds to set

First Bowling Tournament

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

the Larger Liberty. Galations, "For ye brethren were called for freedom; only use not freedom for an occasion to the flesh; but through love be servants one to another." (Revised version.)



Rev. Edward Kislip, Superintendent Omaha District Methodist Church.

In the summer of 1896 a boy was riding a bicycle on a country road. The bicycle came as it might. The boy had not owned a wheel very long at that time. As he was spinning along he met a man with a team. The horses, not being used to bicycles, showed great alarm. The driver called to the boy to dismount until he could get past. The boy, who thought he knew his rights, called back that he would do nothing of the sort, as he was giving half the road and would ride past. The results for both were far from satisfactory."

"The difficulty in this instance was that a complete adjustment to a new situation had not been made. 'Yes' some will say. 'The horse should have known better than to shy.' True, but the horse had not had much experience with bicycles at that time. Certainly the boy on the wheel had a right to half the road, and there was no law compelling him to get off and give all of it. But in the new situation caused by a new and strange vehicle it would have been better for all concerned if the horse had dismounted and given the road. It was the boy that needed adjustment to a new situation. In our progressive civilization this readjustment must go on all the time or we come to hopeless confusion."

"A northern man asked a Cracker if he thought he could get a new pair of suspenders at the ferry store. After he had ridden on the half-grown son of the Cracker asked, 'Pap, what's them?' 'I reckon they be galluses,' was the reply."

"But, Pap, what's he goin' for to get a pair of? D'ye reckon he's got two pair of briches?" -Lippincott's.

to adjust ourselves? Our relations to our fellows are constantly changing and we can change to meet the conditions or we can greatly embarrass ourselves and our friends by refusing to adjust ourselves. What a cry went up a few years ago against women in business. It was claimed women were taking the work that belonged to men. But the protest eventually subsided; women went right on working, and soon it was discovered that any man who really wanted to work could still find a job. The same outcry has gone up against labor-saving machinery, scientific management of great business by consolidation and a dozen other seemingly revolutionary changes. But here is manifest the tremendous vitality of our Christian faith. It should be and is the handmaid of progress. Standing serene and beautiful in the midst of all, is the age-old beacon, the cross of Christ. It is the emblem of the highest sacrifice and the highest liberty. By its light every adjustment can be made, every new relationship sweetened and made a ministry of love. That is why Christian nations have led the world in the conquest of nature's forces and in the development of institutions of civilization. It is only the Christ mind and the Christ heart that can readily adjust itself to new conditions and be nearly or quite fair to his fellow men under all circumstances. The boy on the bicycle did not know it, but his episode is merely representative of a long list of problems of civilization. As fast as the conditions of life change and a new feature is added there appears a whole swarm of vexing questions that must be decided. New definitions of rights have to be made and the whole scheme of human responsibility revised accordingly. What a lot of questions the automobile now at our disposition has raised. It is far better for automobile drivers to learn that others have some rights on the highway, and for the farmer boy to learn that malicious destruction of property is not the way to settle a grievance. The wireless telegraph is here, offering great possibilities. But these are broad ethical problems. In the midst of an important government dispatch from Charleston navy yard to a government station on Cape Cod a high school boy with his amateur plant broke in and hopelessly delayed important government business. When told to get out he retorted, 'Who owns the air, anyway?' His answer was entirely logical. What a problem for the government and for science and for society to work on! All sorts of craft are beginning to navigate the air. The long dream of ages has come true and the machine has arrived. It will not be long, in commerce and military values will emerge and the flying machine business will be permanently established. A look ahead reveals the possibility of the question arising again. 'Who owns the air?' Laws will not settle these questions. Laws slip, but after the laws are broken out the wisdom man interprets larger brotherly charity in obeying them. Individual self-control and brotherliness—that is the secret of any solution that will be thorough and permanent. Here is where Christianity solves the problem. 'For ye brethren were called to freedom' through love be servants one to another. Have we not been called into large liberty? What liberty of the earth? What liberty of the sea? What liberty of the air? It looks as if God had just been waiting for men to manifest sufficient interest in his powers and mysteries of the universe so that one by one He could reveal them. During the last fifty years they have been disclosed with amazing rapidity. Every disclosure has made freedom of the individual. But it is a freedom that has brought responsibility. Might it not be that God has withheld His mighty secrets, waiting for man to grow strong enough for the responsibility? Can He trust us now? Can He trust us with engines of destruction for warfare that would make a few hours' battle wholesale carnage? Can He trust us with air craft able to carry sufficient explosives to destroy a whole army or city? Can He trust us with the mighty secrets of science, chemistry and electricity? Surely not, unless the love of Christ so permeates society that men will no longer desire to use these forces against each other. Surely not, unless brotherliness puts an end to greed and selfishness, hate, ungenerous men. Through love become servants one to another."

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



JOHN WOOTAN, 4102 Lafayette.



JACK BEACON, 258 Jones.

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

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl in the Old Hat



It was after church on Easter Sunday. The girl in the winter hat had sat right in front of us. And we myself and a man. I bowed as we all started out of the edifice. And the man asked with some eagerness: "Do you know her?"

"I don't make a habit of speaking to people I do not know," I answered, wondering at his enthusiasm. He kept watching the girl while a perfect procession of pleased faces under new Easter hats moved unnoticed all around him.

"Now, why were you so interested in that girl in the old hat?" I asked when he had watched her out of sight. "As a delight to the eye she could not compare with a number of others. To you know, the man turned on me with a gentlemanly ferocity! 'It's a pity girls never can get over the notion that all men like to be pleased through their eyes or their stomachs!' 'Perhaps I am like the other girls. And, if there is another route to a man's heart, I should be glad to have it mapped out!' I snapped cynically. 'It's through a man's brain!'

And, possessed with that spirit of doubt which comes to all women—and stays with some—I demanded to be shown what he meant. 'I'll bet that girl had an Easter hat at home, but she had too much principle to wear it. She didn't want to be one to reduce a day that ought to have another meaning to a mere vanity carouse!' he cried. 'Suppose she had no other hat. I reckon she had. She had courage enough to come in the old one, then! Lots of girls would have stayed at home!' Remembering a violent fit in which I had seen a girl late the night before because her milliner had not sent the promised hat, I said nothing. 'You see, it's up to the girls to decide how they want men to regard them. The man who has some ideals and has to work knows that it takes money to live, and it takes nerve to make the money in the right way. If he is a fool he marries one of the girls who spends most of her time and all the cash she can get in making a stylish appearance. If he isn't a fool he marries a girl who presents some evidence that she isn't. That young lady in the winter hat showed a symptom of common-sense.'

"I happen to know she has it," I retorted. "But I wasn't so sure there was a main creature who could detect it."

"You don't give us credit for as much sense as we have. Men have got to look sharp. Of course, they look sharp to like a dandy girl, but they are not to be caught with fine clothes and a frivolous manner. They know how clothes and frills cost. They may play with girls like that, but they have too much sense to want to assume the responsibility and expense permanently. They will not marry them. Now that young lady in the winter hat can put a curb on her love for fashionable trappings. She uses her brains. A man cannot help admiring."

"We will go to call if you like," I interrupted.

All the Doctor's Fault

I am strictly on a diet—for the doctor made it plain That my stomach was rebelling at the gastronomic strain Which my palate put upon it (I am prone to eat with zest A lot of fancy dishes which don't easily digest.)

The doctor told me sharply that I mustn't eat so much. That I'd have to quit the rabbits and the cakes and the bread, and that there was certain to agree With my broken down condition—it was merely toast and tea!

Yet my stomach isn't better, and I suffer just the same, And I think the doctor's faking—spite of all his fees and fame; I've been truly very faithful to his dietary wish.

Though I've varied it a little with some steak and chops and fish, With some nicely fried potatoes, and some doughnuts fresh and hot, And a fine old English pudding that was smothered from the pot, Yet my chronic indigestion is as bad as it can be.

And I've lost all faith in diets such as simple toast and tea! In fact, I think it harmful, for last night I nearly died! My pains were something terrible, I moaned and groaned and cried! I had the fiercest nightmare that a mortal ever knew, Yet toast and tea was all I ate—except a clam or two.

A link or so of sausage and a glass or two of wine, A nicely roasted pigeon, and a lobster that was fine. Now I know the other items never yet troubled me, And I think he's the lobster, so it must have been the tea! -Mark Kronen in Puck.

Who's Who in the Home

"How's the garden?" inquired the Confirmed Commuter as he entered his suburban home. The Hopeful Housewife smiled rather wearily. For several weeks a fury of planting had possessed her and in every available corner of the broken ground of their yard, slips, bulbs and newly risen seedlings bore testimony to her horticultural zeal.



But something evidently had pricked the balloon of her hopes. "I don't believe I can work in the garden any more," she said dejectedly. "What's the use of having flowers if you have to look at them behind a net? Just see my face and arms. They don't have mosquitoes out here! All the natives are quite right when they tell you so! They have flying prehistoric mammoths! When I saw the herd that attacked me when I went out to water the rose bushes I wondered the colle didn't try to round them up! Why, the very smallest were as big as sheep!"

returned her husband easily. "What I tell you about mosquitos is absolutely true! Pay no attention to them! Go about your work as if they didn't exist and they'll return the compliment—they won't kill you're alive! Just try it tomorrow!" "But my flowers need watering tonight!" protested his wife plaintively. "And I'm afraid to go out! I simply can't do it! Why, I believe I'd cry if I got one more mosquito bite!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Confirmed Commuter with noticeable emphasis. "You've been reading too many cool storage jokes! The mosquito is a perfectly harmless insect unless it is attacked, or thinks it is about to be attacked. Like the bee, the hornet or the wasp, it attends strictly to its own business if let alone."

"That's all very well as a theory," rejoined the Hopeful Housewife, "but what is the mosquito's business except to bite people? Besides I've been bitten! I went out to water the flowers after the sun went down, but they drove me into the house in five minutes. My face is a sight. I had heard about the swiftness of Jersey Justice and Jersey lightning before we moved down here, but the Jersey mosquito travels faster than light. I believe that is a streak of lightning and one of those mosquitos in our yard started for the same person at the same time, the person would have ample time to scratch himself before he died!"

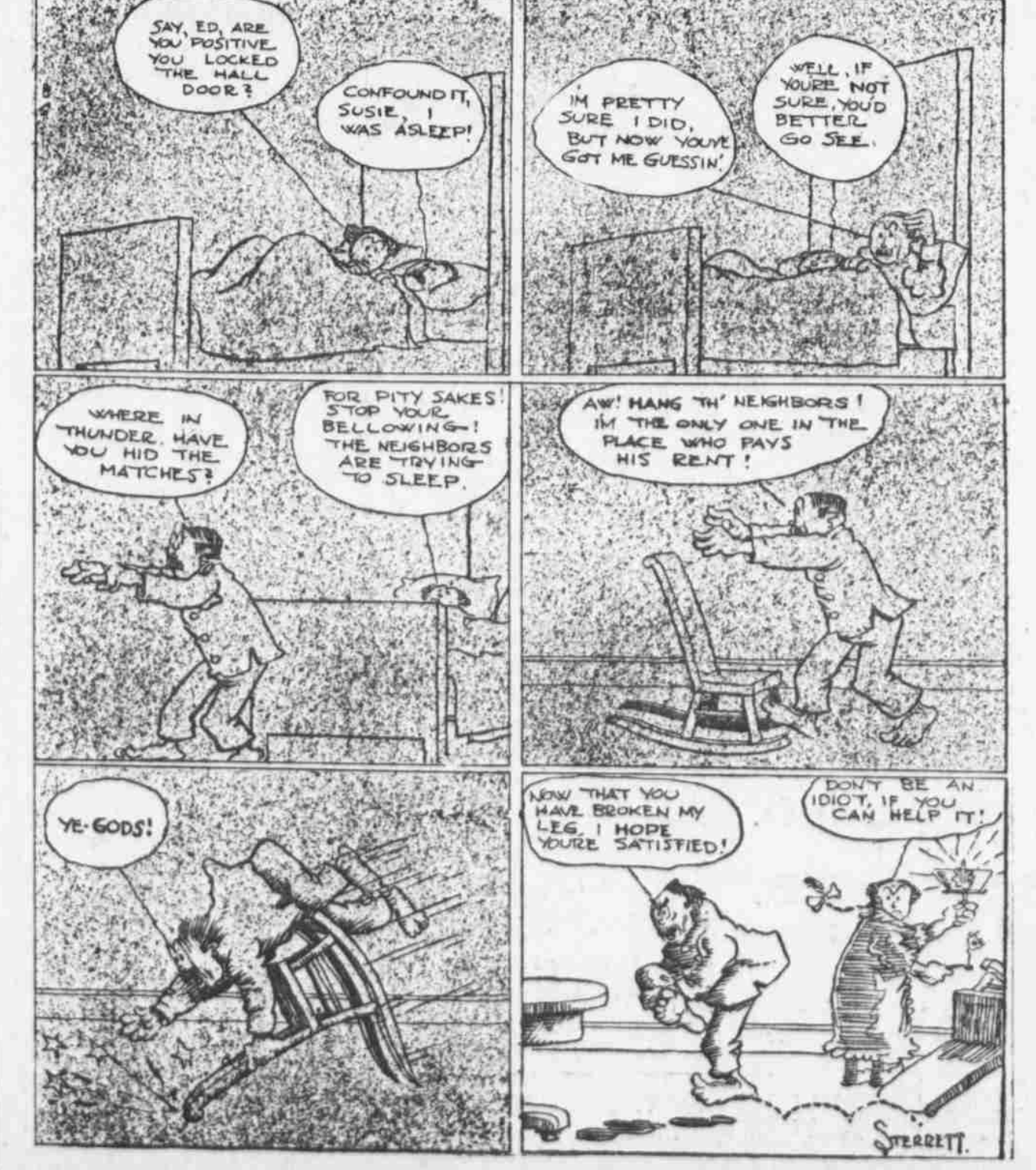
"Oh, come now!" protested the Confirmed Commuter mildly. "A mosquito is an exceptional thing down here. All the oldest inhabitants say so."

"Of course they say so," his wife scornfully rejoined. "Don't they all own property around here and don't many of them want to sell? But I met one of the neighbors today and he told me he was going to move. He seemed so pleased; I asked why, and he said: 'Because it's the hottest place on earth in summer and there are a million mosquitos to the square inch!'"

"Oh, well, he had a grouch, I suppose," returned her husband easily. "What I tell you about mosquitos is absolutely true! Pay no attention to them! Go about your work as if they didn't exist and they'll return the compliment—they won't kill you're alive! Just try it tomorrow!" "But my flowers need watering tonight!" protested his wife plaintively. "And I'm afraid to go out! I simply can't do it! Why, I believe I'd cry if I got one more mosquito bite!"

"The Confirmed Commuter, touched by her doleful demeanor, fell plump into the snare. "All right," he said, "I'll water 'em for you and at the same time I'll prove my theory about mosquitos—that is, if there are any." Right valiantly he strode from the house into the garden, and his wife from the carefully screened porch gleefully observed his toil. He was compelled to carry water, pail at a time, from the kitchen sink to the flower beds. And on each trip a buzzing, swarming halo of mosquitos encircled him, smothered his head, his face and the back of his neck, but to no purpose. At the end of five minutes he stopped work and lighted a cigarette. He puffed furiously, blowing the smoke here and there. Suddenly he threw down the watering can and ran towards the house. His wife opened the door hastily. "Get the arnica, or the witch hazel, or the whisky—anything you have!" he gasped. "I've been stung!" (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk The Last Memorial Day

Now that their course is nearly run, Ancient and battle scarred, Here sit the veterans on the sun Of one small city yard. 'Say, Joe,' says Bill, 'they cheered for us. They made the big band play. But did it seem as loud as 'twas On last Memorial Day?'



I guess so, Bill," responds old Joe; "Perhaps we're gettin' deaf, And kinder peterin' out and slow. Say, ain't it past belief That you and me, with lots o' schemes, Two youngsters, marched away More'n fifty years ago? It seems Like it was yesterday!" "Our men were near a thousand strong The day we started out. Say, can't you see the crowds along The street and hear 'em shout? How many fell in row and wrack Of battles far away? We only brought four hundred back— There's twenty left today!"

"Well, Bill, there's just one battle more That's fixed for me an' you. An' we allons will hear the roar An' see the boys run through. We'll keep the standard floatin' free, The smoke will clear away— Who knows? The one just last may be Our last Memorial Day!" (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Odious Taxation

One of the most absurd and tyrannical measures of taxation ever imposed upon a people was that ordered by the duke of Alva, prominent in the history of Spain up to 1582, when he died. For six years he was governor general of the Netherlands, and levied a tax called the "tenth penny," or 10 per cent, upon every article of merchandise, to be paid as often as it should be sold. He assessed the real and personal property 1 per cent, to be paid instantly; he collected one, and on every transfer of realty he exacted 1 per cent. Every one in the land, excepting Alva himself, perceived how utterly ridiculous a scheme it would prove, but he persisted, and examples by dozens were made of refractory subjects, who were tortured to death, but to no purpose. Finally, Philip II, the Spanish king, was petitioned, and a temporary compromise was effected, by which the towns were to pay \$2,000,000 annually for the two succeeding years—until August, 1571.

Thoughtful Child. Bertie—I've had such a fine game, Auntie. I've taken a letter to every house in the street. Auntie—How nice. Where did you get the letters? Bertie—I found a big bundle tied up with pink ribbon, in your desk—Punch.