

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Serious History in Comic Vein

F. Jones Wins at Water Polo.

"You'll notice," said Show-Me Smith, director of history, somewhat preferred and mixed, "that we are sending over quite a little delegation to the ship line to see the coronation, but I don't see J. P. Jones among the lot."

"What Jones is that?" I asked, wondering what new brand Show-Me had turned up in the time.

"You are not very well posted on your Jones history or you'd know the gentleman referred to is John Paul, discoverer and founder of the Jones family, and the only man who ever made the Joneses more famous than the Smiths."

"Paul would have enjoyed making another little trip over there, only if he did he might make things lively enough to draw the crowds away from the big show."

"You see, he was the first man to beat the English at polo—only it was water polo and they played it with cannon balls."

"I understand," said Paul, "that they think they can play the game over there. I will show them how to make the Spanish Armada retreat, look like a tank play and old Admiral Duck, or Drake, or whatever his name is like a Battery boatman."

"So he picked his team from a bunch of good swimmers at the nearest athletic club and they went over in a tug. The All-England team met them in the offing, wherever that is, and, being up, began to make goals with solid shot through the window of Paul's cabin. When they judged they had run up a score that would scare J. P. Jones to death they pulled."

"We've got you beat. Do you give in?" "Run away, little boys," said Paul, poking his head out of the cabin of the tug. "I haven't begun my dinner yet, but when I finish it I will come back at you."

"And did J. P. Jones come back?" "He did. When he got good and ready he jumped in with his team and played a game of water polo that crippled everything in sight, from the stakeboard to the



"RUN AWAY, LITTLE BOYS."

Jones's launch. Then he looked around for more.

"He not only lifted the international cup and saucer, but he lifted the international lid, and it's been pretty well hoisted ever since."

"When he came back home he had a string of prizes that made him look like a winner at a church fair, and the people were so grateful they gave him the freedom of the city, which exempted him from jury duty and allowed him a seat in the subway."

"They sometimes get peevish over there and call him a pirate. I don't know whether Paul ever played on the Pittsburgh team or not, but I know he could always pitch a ball right where it would do the National league the most good."

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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END



Rev. M. W. Halverson, Pastor, Norwegian Danish Lutheran Church.

Text of Timothy 2:10—"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

There are many voices in our day that seek to separate us from simple child-like faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That view of Christianity that consists and flows out of faith in the Lord Jesus as our only sufficient Savior in this world and the next is deemed insufficient by many. One need not become very old before one meets the most widely different views as to what Christianity is. Especially in large cities does one need a strong foothold, a rock for one's faith to rest on, if he would not be shaken by the many voices one hears, each of them claiming to be an answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" After all that is the one enduring question, and has been throughout all time. The world has been and is full of questions. They may change their form and appearance according as to time and its demands change. But this question has never changed. It was put up before our eyes that day the gates of Paradise closed on our first parents, as it was on that day so it is to this day the same unchanged question.

It has not its equal in importance. It is a question of life and death; yes eternal life and eternal death. It lies at the bottom of all human longings. It cannot be torn out of the soul except the soul suffers and dies and if that question remains unsolved or unanswered in a man's soul that soul will perish.

When does this question first demand an answer? You say, Oh, when one grows up and has begun to look upon life seriously. No, even before that. The crying of a child shows its acquaintance with it, a yearning to answer it shows itself in young growing up people, though not so clearly as in grown up people experienced in life's conflicts; but it appears most clearly when death calls "What shall I do to be saved?"

Who can answer it? So that the answer really is an answer that satisfies the deepest yearning. Whoever or wherever we are this question, the greatest of all questions, will one day confront us. Oh, when will we learn the answer? Who can answer it but the Lord, our God and Maker; Thou art our life's Author, the Beginner and Finisher of our salvation, of Whom and through Whom all things are; Who earnestly desires that all men shall be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth; Who hath created us all to be saved and blessed. In this is found the beginning of all life. In Thy light we shall see light. We find it in that light of the word of God in the text. The apostle Paul points out the answer to his disciple and fellow worker, Timothy. He points out to him the light of the word of God that he, Timothy, has received from him and then admonishes him earnestly to cling to that only and shun all other teaching, as the final and only answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Christ Jesus and Him who comes to us through prayer and diligent searching and hearing it. Through this and by the Holy Spirit creates a living faith which grasps that salvation which is rooted only and alive in Jesus Christ's person and atoning work for repentant sinners. This we call the gospel and constitutes the main things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life in His Name. This was in the apostle's mind the highest wisdom. He says that this wisdom is profitable for doctrine. Which doctrine? In the apostle's mind there is only one doctrine that deserves that name. It is that one that teaches us the way to salvation; that teaches us the way through Him who said: "I am the way, the truth and the life, no one cometh to the Father, but by Me. To believe in Jesus is your only Savior from sin and death, your only hope of salvation and that alone by grace, without any merit in us, and that for the simple reason that God so loved the world—that the apostle calls the greatest wisdom and doctrine and this is taught by the Holy Scriptures alone. He that has been taught this doctrine with prayer to God for the enlightenment of His Holy Spirit, with him there will not be the slightest doubt as to the correct answer to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?"

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



VIOLA HELEN RHEIM, 302 Fowler Avenue.

June 10, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Elizabeth Ackerman, 1139 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1902
Molly Bernstein, 2216 Charles St.	Kellom	1900
Jacob Bernstein, 808 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1900
Veron Bovel, 2807 Wirt St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Kenneth Bunnell, 2205 Fowler Ave.	Saratoga	1903
Pauline Boon, 2701 Brown St.	Miller Park	1901
Elizabeth Barnes, 3881 North Twenty-second St.	Lethrop	1903
Helen M. Burnham, 1053 Park Ave.	Park	1888
Kenneth Craig, 5216 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1895
Persis Olga Davis, 1523 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1899
Janita Diers, 1608 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1898
Wyril V. Eaton, 2802 Seward St.	Long	1903
Milton F. Eggen, Fourth and Haskell Sts.	High	1895
Helen Falk, 1941 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1900
Minerva Fuller, 1115 South Thirty-second St.	High	1894
Elina Garth, 207 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1902
Ralph Gilson, 2623 North Fourteenth St.	Lake	1897
Myra Givler, 4741 North Thirty-seventh St.	High	1895
Thomas Gurte, 3519 Burt St.	Webster	1895
Irene E. Gibbons, 4212 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1900
Edward Gropp, 136 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1902
Louis Henderson, 3026 Chicago St.	Farnam	1904
Irvin C. Howlett, 3216 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1903
Theron Hall, 964 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1900
Marie Hampton, 2603 Ames Ave.	High	1894
Blanch Johnson, 118 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1899
Norma Koph, 2520 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1902
Mary Kyrle, 107 North Twelfth St.	Cass	1905
Aloysine Kristenbrink, 2438 South Twentieth St.	St. Joseph	1898
Agnes Lobeck, Third and Boulevard.	Bancroft	1899
Robert K. Laurie, 1718 William St.	Comenius	1897
Majorie Menold, 202 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1897
Rose Minkin, 1912 Paul St.	Kellom	1903
Rose Murray, 1115 North Thirty-eighth St.	Franklin	1904
Isaac Margohn, 1712 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1904
Helen McDonald, 619 North Forty-fifth St.	Saunders	1904
Emma Marek, 406 Walnut St.	Train	1904
Mildred Nelson, 2410 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1898
Emily M. Philips, 2907 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
M. Norman Peterson, Forty-second and Sprague Sts.	Central Park	1905
Irene Peterson, 3022 Franklin St.	Long	1905
Edward Perkins, 2023 Manderson St.	High	1894
Grace B. Robinson, 2003 North Forty-fifth St.	High	1894
Albert Ridemour, 1411 North Thirtieth St.	Long	1893
John H. Rable, Fifty-fourth St. and Poppleton Ave.	Beals	1903
Antone Rotolo, 721 Pierce St.	Pacific	1896
Julia Radinsky, 3716 North Nineteenth St.	Lothrop	1895
Anna A. Rasch, 3022 Sprague St.	Monmouth Park	1897
Elsie Stephens, 2015 Center St.	Castellar	1900
Albert Sheard, 2121 Webster St.	Central	1902
Florence Strandgaard, 2538 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1899
Vera Streets, 1622 William St.	Comenius	1898
Lucile Slack, 3311 California St.	Webster	1902
Ramond Sebron, 1407 South Fourth St.	Train	1903
Richard W. Spencer, 5344 North Twenty-eighth St.	Monmouth Park	1899
Julius Slunoko, 1208 Castellar St.	Vinton	1896
Louis Smetans, 2010 South Central Boulevard.	Vinton	1896
Adolph Stulik, 1714 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1901
Harry Smith, 1104 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1904
Madaline Thurman, 2433 Franklin St.	Long	1894
Viola Valenta, 1237 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Pauline Vorel, 4624 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1900
Mary Wintroub, 2212 Cass St.	Central	1900
Anna White, 1019 Farnam St.	Pacific	1904
George Welch, 2414 Jones St.	Mason	1896
Godfrey B. Ward, 824 Locust St.	Cass	1896
George West, 2215 Seward St.	Kellom	1900
John Walsh, 1913 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1900

Who's Who in the Home

"Do you know that tomorrow is the 11th of June?" asked the Hopeful Housewife with suppressed eagerness.

The Confirmed Comsumer gave a guilty start. Had he forgotten her birthday again—or was it by any chance their wedding anniversary?

"Remember it? Of course, I remember it! Do you think I'm the sort of duffer that would forget a thing like that?" he temporized.

His wife laughed. "Oh, you fraud!" she exclaimed. "It's not a sentimental occasion at all, and you don't know what you're talking about! Put down that paper while I explain it to you."

The Confirmed Comsumer laid down the base ball edition with a sigh. "Three months ago tomorrow," she began dramatically, "we had a little talk about economy—or, to be accurate, you delivered a monologue on the subject. You said we ought to save more money, that it was a shame that persons with our income should live in such a hand-to-mouth fashion, and you intimated that it was all my fault."

"Oh, no," disclaimed the Economist quickly. "I merely called your attention to the fact that your women are apt to dissipate money away in buying a lot of things that you don't need. You spend \$10 or \$15 and haven't a thing to show for it. You actually don't know where it went. Now, a man knows what he does with his money."

"Yes, dear, I remember what you said," his wife interrupted hurriedly. "Why, if I hadn't taken what you said so much to heart I never would have proposed our little scheme that we each save what we could from our pocket money and at the end of three months compare the results. I've got my bank-book all ready. Have you?"

The Confirmed Comsumer smiled his most tolerant smile. She seemed so happy, so confident, that it was a pity to have to overwhelm her with the evidence of his superior prudence and economy.

For, notwithstanding her eagerness to compare her hoarded wealth with his, he knew that her savings must be pitifully small. Why, she had paid \$2 for a second spring hat and he had smiled secretly at the hole the purchase must have made in her savings and good intentions. Then there was that silly high priced parasol.

"I'll bet she isn't \$10 ahead of the game," he had said to himself when she made the purchase.

The Confirmed Comsumer felt in the inner pocket of his coat and drew forth the unpretentious record of what he regarded as three months of strong, resolute, masculine self-denial.

"Never mind, baby," he said consolingly. "You've got a nice hat and the giddiest parasol in Mountaineville, even if you haven't much money left."

"That's so," agreed the Hopeful Housewife, with unaccustomed meekness; "I haven't saved as much money as I hoped to, but you know, women's clothes cost an awful lot more than men's. And there were some things I really had to have."

The Confirmed Comsumer laughed good naturedly—unprofitably.



"SHE HAD THE GIDDIEST PARASOL IN MOUNTAINVILLE."

"Of course, dear, I understand," he said. "I was thinking the other day when I was figuring how much money I had saved up that you'd probably want to borrow it all. I never really expected you to save any money," he added magnanimously. "I just wanted to prove to you that it's the women that spend recklessly."

The Hopeful Housewife looked at him with a bland and infantile stare. "Yes," she said, "I know, but now let's compare our bank-books."

As she spoke she held a little leather book open before her, like a hand at poker.

"What have you got?" she asked. The Confirmed Comsumer opened his own bank book and stared at the figures written therein with the discreetly muffled triumph of one about to lay down four aces. "I have \$2.36," he said proudly. "And you, dear?"

Once more his wife gazed cryptically into her bank book. "It's a woman that spend recklessly," she quoted slowly—"\$148.30," she added.

The Confirmed Comsumer gaped, stared, picked up her bank book and looked at it. Deaf, dumb, and dumb, admiration, wonder, were written on his face.

"That's good," was all he said. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The Wife that Helps Her Husband



Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to a Saponaceous Sponger



You need not throw up your hands and trot out your excuses. With malice aforethought, with vigorous intent to roast, to singe and burn, this linguistic holocaust is lighted.

You are the chairman of the entertainment committee of the club. You are working hard and well—and chest-to have a more brilliant set of programs to your credit than the woman who did your kind of gorgeous grafting last year.

You belong to that Sisterhood of Saponaceous Spongers who exist in the very heart of the clubs which claim to benefit women and advance their interests. But you invalidate the claim. You are a peevish that gulps all you can get and cares little for those who go without.

And your pet food is the work and time of aspiring artists who want to get a foothold and a meal ticket in the community. You ask them to play or sing or recite for your club.

And you offer—advertisement. You have a party and still hunt for your victims. You catch them young and ambitious. You quote them the names of certain successful artists who "made their debuts" at your club. You do not say that the "debuts" were all they made. Nothing more filling or liquidating was forthcoming. And, of course, you do not add that the date of their beginning to succeed, arrived only when they refused to appear on grab-bag programs for nothing before—nobodies.

But it's the truth. When a girl came to the conclusion that she might as well starve in her hall bedroom as in the corridor of a great hotel waiting for her turn to delight the fat and sponged females in the audience room and with nothing more sustaining than the smell of the gasoline on her gloves, for which she had paid out an ill-fortuned 10 cents—then she began to succeed.

The artist who is singing for advertisement has lunched off of crackers and cold water. She delights the velvet-clad, ermine-harassed, pincushion-figured women with her singing.

They pay for their tea. And then congratulate you on your delightful program. But the poor artist, the going caught with the promise of a paying engagement as a result of her efforts, gets only the vapid, lardaceous flattery that issues in semi-liquidity from plumped brains through quibbling lips.

And she gets nothing else. You, with your misrepresentations of the benefit of such advertisement, ought to be arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses. You know none of the Grafting Sisterhood ever was known to hire a singer and pay a real fee for a performance.

"Who?" "Who?" It makes one long to be a nondetachable bulldog. A permanent position on the legs of the lady-donkeys who make such a noise and raise such a dust, while they gobble the oats, would have its compensations!

And just then he moved.

BY HECK! JUST MISSED ME!

I WON'T MOVE OFF THIS SPOT B'GOSH!

AND JUST THEN HE MOVED.

Tabloid History of the Presidents

William H. Taft, the twenty-seventh and present president of the United States, was born at Cincinnati, O., on September 15, 1857.

Taft is his alma mater. Immediately after graduation Mr. Taft took the first work available—a newspaper and law reporter—while studying law. He then practiced law with that thoroughness that marked everything he did, and held several political positions in Cincinnati before he went to Washington as solicitor general during the Harrison administration. He then became United States circuit judge at Cincinnati.

In 1900 President McKinley chose him to administer affairs in the Philippines, where his work attracted universal praise and commendation. He was secretary of war during the second administration of his friend Theodore Roosevelt, whom he succeeded in the presidency. His nomination was unanimous and his election equally emphatic.

President Taft is a big, wholesome American, with an inexhaustible fund of vitality, vigorous mentality and a laugh that is unique around the world.

American history finds him one of its best subjects. When he called Secretary Root from the Philippines that he had



WILLIAM H. TAFT

ridden forty miles that day on horseback. Root called back, "Fine, but how is the horse?" Taft is credited with frequently giving up his seat in a car to two ladies.

Visitors to Washington like to say that they stayed in the capital long enough to walk around Taft.

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He Wouldn't Move



Queer Oak Grove

In Champaign county, Illinois, exists an isolated oak grove, about three miles long by one mile broad, which Dr. H. A. Gleason of the University of Michigan regards as a peculiar phenomenon. It is known as Bur Oak Grove. It is surrounded on all sides by open prairie, and is situated at a considerable distance from the nearest stream, whereas all the other forest tracts in central Illinois lie along the larger watercourses. Dr. Gleason believes, from the character of the trees in the grove, that it "migrated" into its present position from the northeast. It lies on a large glacial moraine, formerly, it is believed, covered with similar trees, and has been

Nubs of Knowledge

A bee can carry twice its own weight in honey.

Forests cover one-quarter of the acre of the kingdom of Saxony.

For every ton of gold in circulation there are fifteen tons of silver.

A building made of compressed paper houses a large restaurant in Hamburg.

Four languages are in general use in Switzerland—German, French, Italian and Romanche.

Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk Country School

BY BOBBIE HABLE

From the wholesome country places. Fresh and sweet as country flowers, Schoolmarmes coming with smiling faces To this crowded town of ours. By their local paper's bounty They were set upon their way. Prettiest schoolmarmes in the county— Most attractive teachers, they.

And the local paper proudly Prints their pictures, 'way back home, Sings their charms and virtues loudly As around the world they roam. For in content they, surpassing, Were a European trip— They just stop in town while passing On their way to take the ship.

"Gracious goodness!" says one winner. "In the building 'bove that store I am told folks eat their dinner On the seventy-seventh floor! I prefer a lower story— Seems if I should get so high I would be too near to Glory To eat beef, or beans, or pie!"

"Seems to me," exclaims another, "That they speak so strangely here. One boy said, 'Your hostess, mother, But you should drink soda, my dear!' Said a man, 'Say, you're the only Mirror for my mantlepiece— Honey, if you're ever lonely



Tell me! I'll call the perlice! "When we get across the ocean Into Italy and Spain, And such places I've a notion We will find the language plain. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)