

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Serious History in Comic Vein

When the Bolters Bolted.

"Seeing they're organizing a bread and cake combination around here reminds me that something like that was done a couple of hundred years ago," said Show-Me Smith.

"They once passed a law in New York that nobody could make any flour outside the city limits. And when you come to consider that the city limits in those days were down around Canal street somewhere it looked pretty soft for the city. No matter how far out of town you raised your grain you couldn't get it into New York village. Naturally the town folks got all the dough.

"Must have been a little bit awkward if anybody wanted hot waffles for breakfast to have to hike for town to get your grain around so you could have breakfast the same day.

"No wonder they called it the Bolting Act. I suppose they did that because you had to bolt the waffles after you made 'em on account of losing so much time.

"They must have passed that law especially for commuters, knowin' how fond they were of buckwheat cakes and hot blent and doughnuts and things like that. Any commuter wants to be sure of his hot cakes in their days had to grab his little sack of wheat or corn or oats and beat it to the mill so he could get into town and get his grain ground up into flour before going to the office.

"Instead of 'Bring me a spool of No. 30 sky blue scarlet silk,' or 'Be sure to carry one of the six-gallon churns home with you tonight,' it was 'Don't forget to go to the mill or you won't get any angel cake to-morrow.'

"And every time a commuter tried to do a little flour bolting on his own account he was yanked up before the Squire and given at least three months. But the folks in town got the trade all right.



"THE BOLTING ACT."

"Commuters going out on the trains in the evening used to play seven up and shuffle for their bags of flour, and the loser, of course, went without his muffins in the morning. They used to try to smash each other's flour sacks, which made quite a picture and muzzed up the cars and their clothes considerable.

"Finally the commuters got busy and put up a few candidates of their own who ran on a flour sack platform, and when they got elected they just took hold of the city limits and bulged 'em out to the very last cornfield.

"That was the last of the Bolting Act, though not the last of the bolted breakfasts." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END



Rev. K. J. Kirschstein, Pastor North Side Christian Church.

"I have seen violence, and strife in the city \* \* \* mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it. Wickedness is in the midst thereof; dece and guile depart not from her street."—(Ps. 58-33).

This is the picture which David gives us of the city of twenty-nine centuries ago, and it is not a bad representation of the city of the twentieth century of the Christian era; but it is not the city that should be, or that is to be. In the apocalyptic vision, the man of God sees a city, "descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God \* \* \* And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever maketh abomination, or maketh a lie." The first is a city that has been given over to the abominations of this world. The second is a city evangelized by the gospel of Christ, redeemed from the thraldom of sin.

As the city is the problem in politics with respect to local self-government, we the city is the problem in Christianity with respect to the church, and the triumph of the kingdom of God. The city is the center of our civilization. It throws its light far beyond its own borders, and gives color and character to conduct without, as its influence for good or evil extends through the state and the nation. The city is always "set on a hill," and is a beacon light, at which are kindled the torches of our boys and girls. The eyes of future generations are upon us, and we will be held responsible for the character of the city of to-morrow.

The growth of the city is so rapid, and the means of reaching the masses so abundant, that the city is the most fruitful missionary field in the world. One hundred years ago we had in the United States but six cities that had a population of 5,000 or more. Today it requires four figures to number our cities of a like population.

The census of 1900 gives New York City a population of 4,766,883, an increase in ten years of 1,232,981, or more than the present population of any American city except Chicago and Philadelphia; yet many of our cities far outstrip New York in proportionate increase of population.

What are we as Christians doing to evangelize these masses as they flock to our cities? Are we lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes? Are we

building churches and keeping pace with this increase of population? It is well known that the churches are inclined to leave the masses, and go to the classes. Do you ask why these churches move out as the masses come in? They move up-town with the classes that they may have their support. In Omaha our churches have begun the same "up-town" movement. The downtown church is not always the most prosperous, but when it is true to its mission and when its work is properly prosecuted it is the most profitable. For here the ends of the earth are met and here one has a foreign as well as a home missionary field at the very door of the church.

The withdrawal of Christian influences and training from the masses opens the floodgates of a hundred perils of the city. As the church goes out the saloon, the brothel and the gambling den, with all their attendant evils, come in. Evangelize and Christianize the cities and you will have made the kingdoms of this world, the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. If the city is not saved the state is doomed and the church of Christ will go on struggling through the wilderness of sin, until God shall raise up a purer and a braver generation that will heed His commandments and

will go into the city and possess the land. The apostles understood the importance of the city and its evangelization. They did not begin their work in the country, or villages, but by the command of Jesus and under the direction of the holy spirit they began in the city of Jerusalem, and the future record of their acts is a history of city evangelization. They established churches in the great centers of commercial and intellectual influences, whence the truth would radiate to the villages and country beyond.

Take a map and follow Paul in his missionary tours, and you have the cities of Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Athens and Rome; and from these cities have gone out the influences that are determining the destinies of the world. Yet there are those who question the need and advisability of this work. Nevertheless it is God's plan, and therein lies our only hope. No less an authority than Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has said that reformation by law is futile, and that "the average grade of city politician is a serious menace to good government." And the Hon. W. M. Everts, as chairman of a committee reporting on the debt of New York City, said: "In truth, the larger part of the city debt represents a vast aggregate of moneys wasted, embezzled or misapplied." Certainly it would pay to have honest men in office, and it is a mistaken idea that the way to bring about good times is to put the toughs and the lawless into the saddle of administration and run a "wide-open city." The thing does not work that way. Stop licensing crime and stop putting a premium on unrighteousness and we will have better times and our taxes will be lessened.

A woman member of one of our downtown churches expressed the opinion the other day that a church member ought not to be expected to go into the "low lands" and do the work of the Salvation Army. And, judging from our inaction, there are many who share the same opinion. But did not Christ come to this fallen world and live among wicked men that he might save them? And if you are a true disciple of Christ, is not this the very work you ought to do, and must do? "The whole need not the physician, but the sick." The boys and the girls, the men and the women in these abandoned localities are the ones who need our help and our sympathies. Said a judge of the supreme court a few years ago: "There is a large class—I was about to say a majority—of the population of New York and Brooklyn who just live, and to whom the raising of two or more children means the brothel!" Who has foreordained that these helpless children should live in a "reservation" or that they should be surrounded with an atmosphere of vice and crime that can but bring death and destruction. As long as there are children, and men and women thus situated, justice and humanity will demand that Christian men and women do their duty, or the very stones of the street will cry out against them.

To solve the city problem we need a fearless and aggressive ministry. The hearty support of the public press, more religious literature in the Christian homes and a united and dynamic church. But there is no agency that will take the place of the consecrated Christian worker. What we need is more personal work. There is a great lack in the church today of men workers. In the city competition is so sharp and the demands of business are so pressing that the one thing men find hardest to give is time. They must have time for relaxation, I believe, however, that this could be had in the Lord's business, and, if faithfully tried, this church work would be found pleasurable, and, above all, delightfully restful. We need men to evangelize men! With a redeemed manhood, there will come the redeemed city.

## Who's Who in the Home

"I see," observed the Confirmed Com-muter, looking up from his evening paper, "that a woman has started a discussion as to what proportion of a husband's income belongs to his wife."

"But that's so easy," retorted the Hopeful Housewife. "She's entitled to all she can get."

The Confirmed Com-muter frowned. "It's not easy—it's sordid," he answered curtly. "Life is not a matter of dollars and cents."

"That's why so few persons get value received for it," she replied. "You know my own idea of a happy adjustment of the pocket book problem is to form a partnership agreement at the start. Either split the family purse half and half or forty and sixty per cent, or even seventy-five per cent to the winner and twenty-five per cent to the loser. Under the present system the winner takes all—and that isn't fair."

"Oh, I see!" jeered the Confirmed Com-muter. "Draw up articles of agreement as if the man and woman were a couple of prize fighters! You must have been reading the sporting pages lately," he added.

"Oh, yes, I read them," his wife admitted. "Women in certain aspects are singularly devoid of ideas," he continued. "Now the author of this article says that a young man and woman should settle the question of the wife's weekly allowance before they are married. How could a young couple in love bring themselves to the discussion of anything so sordid?"

"Why not?" his wife asked quickly. "Isn't it better to settle it beforehand than to quarrel about it afterward? Women don't expect so very much, you know—of course,

pay it, dear," she added, smiling sweetly at her husband. "It's \$24.90—I'll owe it to you until next week." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Girl Who Prinks



A medieval fortress never resisted the battering rams that were hurled against it by an attacking party more persistently than the door to the dressing room in the Pullman had withstood the knocking of angry and kimono-clad women.

At last the porter was besought to lend his aid. Someone of the lady travelers had seen a female figure disappear into the dressing room a half hour before. She had been waiting to see it emerge ever since. Her "rat" had ceased to be a thing to conceal beneath her garments, draped over her arm. She watched the familiar signs as the train sped on and announced to the waiting line of flurried females how many miles they were from Chicago.

Some of the travelers had scurried back to their berths and were painfully inserting themselves into daytime clothes in the restricted quarters. With bumping heads and wild plungings to catch up with the slits of mirrors that insufficiently decorate the side of the car, they were dressing and anathematizing the being who was confiscating the dressing room and its facilities.

"Maybe she has fainted," a timid walter breathed.

"Maybe she hasn't! I wish she had! There ought to be some excuse for her holding the fort while we all lose our hairpins and our temper! No, indeed; she is just prinking!"

Then, the door opened, and the Prinker emerged. Her done-to-a-turn appearance was a red rag to the disheveled women who had waited while she pinned and powdered and polished. Remarks as florid and speed breaking as women could deliver buzzed and whirled about her. But she did not wink.

Indeed, she was serenely indifferent to them. She could afford to be. The train was rushing through the suburbs. In ten minutes it would be at the station. And she was superbly ready to greet the man who would be waiting.

"The others had no time to stop and tell her what they thought. They were not ready. A mad scramble and four of them

## Nubs of Knowledge

On an average the weekly consumption of penny and halfpenny stamps in the United Kingdom is 400 reams.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in India, which rises 15,300 feet above the sea and falls 12,000 feet in 150 miles.

Probably the longest game of chess on record was that recently played at Vienna by Count Orsini and Herr Tennenbaum, which lasted thirty-seven hours.

Having been tossed about by the sea for more than eleven years, a life preserver from the steamer Portland, wrecked in 1886, was recently picked up in a fair state of preservation.

Far and away the greatest naval force in the world is the British home fleet, which comprises a total number of over 400 ships of every type that exists today.

In the festival empire landscape garden at the Crystal Palace, London, no fewer than 2,000,000 plants will be used.

Last year there were 11,317 permanent teachers in the elementary schools controlled by the London county council.

Electric carpets are the latest invention for the heating of rooms, the cost of one room being estimated at 1 cent an hour.

More than 67,000 motor vehicles have now been registered by the London county council, and in consequence another new index mark "L E"—has been adopted.

## WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



WELL, ED, I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT TO-MORROW IS.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ?

OH, YES. THE 4TH OF JULY!

WHY, IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, GIRLIE, SO IT IS.

I KNEW YOU WOULDNT REMEMBER YOU'RE LIKE ALL MEN!

NOW I KNOW YOU DONT LOVE ME, OH DEAR! O DEAR!

IT'S OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

LET ME SEE.

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

SATURDAY, June 24, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Cecelia Adolfsen, 2208 Seward St.	Franklin	1902
Dewey Alexander, 4224 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Lloyd Anderson, 616 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1897
Vilma Bartos, 2214 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Robert Baxter, 214 North Thirty-third St.	Farnam	1902
Russell W. Burns, 1931 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1905
Margaret M. Beal, 2825 Florence Boulevard	Sacred Heart	1898
Edmond Brader, 2940 Bristol St.	High	1894
Estella Barker, 2801 Woolworth St.	High	1894
Edwin Borgeson, 3217 Burt St.	Webster	1897
Wilber L. Cole, 2602 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1895
Mary Carollie, 2214 Pierce St.	Mason	1902
Clement Doherty, 2606 Dodge St.	Farnam	1897
Lyle Davis, 1806 Ohio St.	Lake	1904
Hymen Davis, Sixth and Clark Sts.	Cass	1904
Hymen Frank, 214 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1904
Eather Fricke, 324 North Twenty-fifth St.	High	1895
George Grush, 2419 South Twenty-fourth St.	Castellar	1904
Josephine Gavin, 1106 North Forty-seventh Ave.	Walnut Hill	1898
William James Houston, 3316 Ohio St.	Edw. Rosewater	1895
Cecelia Hodson, 1117 Blaine St.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Clara Hath, 2270 Brown St.	Saratoga	1898
Paul Edwin Hampton, 2142 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1901
Edward T. Hazen, 2724 Spalding St.	Lothrop	1898
Lucile Harmon, 3328 Sprague St.	Walnut Hill	1904
John Johaneck, 1414 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Raynor A. Jacobsen, 2744 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Lillian Kraljeck, 2718 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1905
John Kover, 705 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1895
Paul Kaunovsky, 3101 South Thirtieth St.	Windsor	1899
Etta Lehmann, 2503 Pierce St.	Mason	1900
Rudolph Larsen, 4609 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Alden F. Myers, 712 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1898
Miller Nicolas, 3319 Myrtle Ave.	High	1894
Jeanette Okie, 520 South Twenty-sixth St.	High	1896
Carl Peterson, 512 South Twentieth St.	Central	1898
Nedra O. Paulson, 1511 North Thirty-first St.	Long	1896
Hedwika Reznicek, 2982 Martha St.	Dupont	1902
James A. Rothwell, 4328 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1898
Margaret Robling, 4411 North Thirty-first Ave.	Monmouth Park	1896
Mabel Sandberg, 3850 Hamilton St.	High	1895
Cecilia Stachurski, 2721 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1901
Pauline Trout, 908 North Thirty-second St.	High	1895
Astly Thorn, 3302 Cass St.	Webster	1904
Katheryn Wilson, Twenty-fifth and Dodge Sts.	High	1895
Willie Wilt, 3218 California St.	Webster	1895
Shirley Williams, 2780 South Ninth St.	Bancroft	1895

## Fair Women of the White House

John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States, married Louisa Catherine Johnson. Although she was the daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, she was born and educated in London. She was petite, very brilliant in conversation, and had very lively manners.



LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS

During the eight years in which her husband was secretary of state Mrs. Adams made her home in Washington a center of social life, where the prominent men of the day were willing to meet and forget their differences for the time being. Mrs. Adams' kindness and liveliness were in marked contrast to her husband, who hid a naturally warm heart under a very cold exterior.

Her reign at the White House was so memorable that it was said afterward: "Society in Washington ought to give the tone to the whole country. It did so during Mrs. Adams' enchanting, elegant and intellectual regime. For elegance, refinement, taste, purity, talent, beauty and worth the fashionable circle Mrs. Adams drew about her was far superior to that which has appeared since."

After the arduous duties as the lady of the White House Mrs. Adams retired with her husband to his native Quincy, in Massachusetts. Only for one year was this retirement granted her, for she returned to Washington when her husband was elected to congress, where he remained until his death, fifteen years later.

Mrs. Adams survived him until May 14, 1821. She is buried beside him in the family burying ground at Quincy.

Her son, Charles Francis Adams, wrote of her in 1839: "The strongest literary taste has led her to read much, and a capacity for composition."

tion in prose and verse have been resources for her leisure moments, not with a view to that exhibition which renders such accomplishments too often fatal to the more delicate shades of feminine character, but for her own gratification and that of a few relatives and friends. The late President (John) Adams used to draw much amusement from the accurate delineation of Washington manners and character which was regularly transmitted for a considerable period in letters from her pen." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The Impression He Got. The Parson—And what impressed you most in the conditions of the German worker as compared with the English? The Workman (lately one of a political touring party to Germany)—Well, I don't think such a powerful lot of beer.—London Opinion.

## Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

BY BOBBIE BABBLE

When Sailor Jacky draws his pay, And wishes it was more, He gaily dons his best array, The pretty girls smile up to him. The smiling skies look down— His cup is filled right to the brim When Jacky comes to town.



He knows the roll of lonely seas, The stretch of lonely skies, The lonely watch, when night winds freeze His cap above his eyes— Those hours of loneliness are done; He smiles, though all men frown. All are his brothers, every one, When Jacky comes to town.

Sea folk, they say, are free folk—true, For Jacky's hand is free, He spends his time and money, too, Wherever he may be. And friends are near to help him spend Whenever he sits down; They're with him—to the money's end, When Jacky comes to town.

When Jacky goes to see a play He sometimes sits up high, Where, in the gallery, they say, He pines an eager eye. But if he wants to sit downstairs

With rich folks of renown, Some chaps object to have him there When Jacky comes to town. He serves us well; shall he not be Admitted with our best? New laws shall make him equal A welcome paying guest. Clad in his noble blue tux still— Though eads of snobs may frown— The lad shall sit just where he will, When Jacky comes to town. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Riled Roosevelt

"I never saw Mr. Roosevelt riled but once," said a New York banker. "It was over a twin story. Mr. Roosevelt, you know, regards twins, triplets and even quadruplets, as great and unimaged blessings, and he won't let any one poke fun at them. A schoolmaster told the twin story in the smoking room of a hotel out west without intending any offense to Mr. Roosevelt. He said that a pupil of his turned up

at school one morning nearly an hour late. "Tommy," the schoolmaster demanded, "what is the meaning of this?" "We got company at our house," Tommy replied. "What?" said the schoolmaster. "Two's company, ain't it?" said Tommy. "Well, it's two little sisters. They come early this mornin' with Dr. Smith, and pop looks awful worried." The banker smiled and shook his head. "But you should have heard," he said, "the lecture that Mr. Roosevelt read that schoolmaster on race suicide." "What kind of a bat is an acrobat?" "It's a hawl bat when he bumps nose."