

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"Well, the courts have ruled that a landlord can't hold a tenant to a lease if he has noisy neighbors," observed the Regular Fellow.

"That breaks all leases this," said the Innocent Bystander. "In all the marvelous advances of science the nuisance resulting from noise has been perfected. He may think he is, but we know better. As the rousing of an automobile bursts forth when you raise the bonnet, so with the neighborhood. It's a sort of matter of military, even, talking through your hat."

"The country is infested with flat hunters who must be eliminated here in the way they search in vain for other places."



"At such times one wishes all such things as neighbors were abolished. You can tell the noise from another neighborhood to chase yourself when he comes beneath your window yapping old dog, strutting his tail and such, or the post who sings beneath your window Sunday morn until you drop him a coin to depart, but you have to live right along with your neighbors. You have to meet them every day, and you can't speak the truth to them." Nothing in the commandment about covering the windows with cushions, or covering the ejection.

Washington Bullet-Proof

Dr. James Craik, who was Washington's family physician, was with the father of his country in the expedition against the French and Indians in 1754, and the next year he attended General Braddock in his fatal campaign.

Fifteen years later, while exploring wild lands in the western districts of Virginia, Dr. Craik encountered a band of Indians led by an aged chief, who had been the physician through an interpreter, that he had made a long journey to see Colonel Washington, at whom in the battle of Monongahela he had fired his rifle fifteen times and ordered all his young men to do the same.

In fact, Washington had two horses killed under him that day and his coat was pierced with four bullets, yet he left the battlefield unscathed.

The Irish giant, Patrick O'Brien, who lived from 1765 to 1866, was eight feet seven inches high and for many years exhibited himself in London and at fairs at Smithfield. His hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches long.

The possessor of a funny bone does not necessarily own a vein of humor.

What's On Your Mind?



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



July 10, 1911.

EVELYN M. WEMMER, 309 North Seventeenth Street.

| Name and Address. | School. | Year. |
|---|----------------|-------|
| Helien Adkisson, 2622 Manderson St. | High | 1894 |
| Edith H. Allen, 3491 North Fifteenth St. | Lake | 1904 |
| Bernice Adams, 2919 Seward St. | Long | 1905 |
| Arthur Moore, 981 North Twenty-fifth St. | Kellom | 1899 |
| Alta V. Byers, 809 North Forty-eighth St. | Walnut Hill | 1894 |
| Florence R. Booth, 2915 Spruce St. | Winslow | 1909 |
| Genevieve Bergers, 197 South Central Boulevard | Farnam | 1899 |
| Gertrude E. Banman, 4539 Maple St. | Clifton Hill | 1903 |
| Margaret L. Carlson, 2717 Chicago St. | Webster | 1898 |
| T. Earl Clark, 5136 North Twenty-third St. | High | 1903 |
| Dwight A. Chase, 2919 North Eighteenth St. | Lechrop | 1907 |
| George E. Fenner, Thirty-first and Martha Sts. | Dupont | 1901 |
| Irene Friederick, 3029 Emmet St. | Howard Kennedy | 1903 |
| Sadie Green, 1211 Pierce St. | Pacific | 1902 |
| Inna Guira, 312 North Twenty-second St. | High | 1894 |
| Ether Graf, 1302 South Thirtieth Ave. | Park | 1893 |
| Wilbur L. Givog, 5223 North Thirtieth St. | Sherman | 1894 |
| Arthur Hughes, 2194 Harnay St. | Mason | 1897 |
| Margaret Hamilton, 4719 North Fourteenth St. | Sherman | 1900 |
| Ether Holsten, 3341 Fowler Ave. | Munmouth Park | 1902 |
| Mildred Hansen, 5127 North Eighteenth St. | Sherman | 1898 |
| Fred Harper, 809 South Eighteenth St. | Leavenworth | 1901 |
| Augusta Hissard, 2821 South Twenty-fifth St. | Germ. Lutheran | 1902 |
| Jaluis Houtinger, 2929 Dupont St. | Dupont | 1904 |
| Adolphe H. Jensen, 4315 Pacific St. | Beals | 1903 |
| Lester Kahn, 2215 Willis Ave. | Lake | 1904 |
| Anna Krupa, 2517 Walnut St. | Im. Conception | 1901 |
| Cleve H. Macklin, 2615 Patrick Ave. | Long | 1903 |
| Frederic Marley, 1809 Lincoln Ave. | Castellar | 1902 |
| Edwin Nelson, 3019 Frederick St. | Winslow | 1899 |
| Mildred B. Nissen, 3223 Parker St. | Franklin | 1904 |
| Mary Odenwald, 1448 South Sixteenth St. | Comenius | 1895 |
| Austin O'Leary, 1819 Dodge St. | Cass | 1901 |
| Catherine Patterson, 1402 North Twenty-fourth St. | Kellom | 1904 |
| George Pfenler, 1417 Pierce St. | Comenius | 1902 |
| Robert T. Payne, 2181 North Twenty-seventh St. | Long | 1904 |
| Ether Rowe, 3015 Webster St. | Webster | 1902 |
| Harold Ruby, 527 South Twenty-fifth Ave. | Mason | 1903 |
| Gladys Richeson, 1513 South Fifth St. | Train | 1901 |
| Henry T. Specka, 1902 South Tenth St. | Lincoln | 1901 |
| George F. Schlager, 3829 Parker St. | Franklin | 1899 |
| Frances Shanahan, 3351 South Seventeenth St. | Edw. Rosewater | 1899 |
| Rosie Vranek | Lincoln | 1903 |
| Phyllis Wietfong, 909 South Twenty-fifth Ave. | Mason | 1903 |
| Marie M. Wells, 2301 Pierce St. | Mason | 1903 |
| Ela Wirthsatter, 2522 Harnay St. | High | 1894 |
| Evelyn M. Wemmer, 309 North Seventeenth St. | Cass | 1904 |
| Ray Withkowski, 816 South Thirtieth St. | Leavenworth | 1904 |
| Paul H. Yocum, 3729 South Twentieth St. | St. Patrick | 1903 |

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Man Question



Again and again, and yet again, I have been asked, fared, fagged, nagged, pecked at, poked on, panned over, boosted, bullied, bothered, hectored, harangued, anaesthetized and besought to say something on the man question. So I say—the man question is the woman's question.

None of you want me to talk of the man in their relations, their treatment, their meaning to each other. It is always what and who and why they are or act toward girls. I have approached you girls for your disloyalty, your flagrant impositions, on each other, most of your shortcomings inspired by the presence of a masculine interest in the part you play. That is forever and always the man in every girl or woman's question.

I am positive in the conviction that men are singularly dependent upon women. Woman represents the ideal of man. Every time a girl falls short in her high vocation, she makes men less good, more unbelieving and prepares her breast one of the curses that come upon a man.

I do honestly believe that there can be, in the present state of our development, no very satisfactory accomplishment of either man or woman without each other. The unmarried woman who comes in very complete and brilliant gowns is the exception rather than the rule.

The average unmarried woman comes to a time when she gets unkindly man-crazy. If she is strong, she goes on a lonely, half-ecstatic way, reserving in her heart that she had put aside or missed the

broadening influence of love and marriage. And love and marriage have the one gateway—the man.

And yet you girls, in your hearts conscious that you too crave the best for yourselves, set up that silly, cheap, little barrier of sex-pride.

With the blithering bliss that makes one want to crack your silly head with a ruler to try to knock some breadth of comprehension into it, you do not prepare for the career which you all want. Yes, you do. Nature has some sense, if you have not. She makes you want what is good for her work. Then you, with your mother's help, learn the piano and painting and how to wear your clothes, all to appeal to the ears and the eyes of man. And, after you have caught him with the trap of your superficial attractions, you complain because you "have no time to keep up your accomplishments"! How can you have time to play the piano when, like a short-sighted child, you never learned to do the work without which no human can exist, with neatness, lack of worry and despatch.

It maddens me to see how women, the high priestesses of the place that is positively the only essential place to the welfare of humanity, the home, deliberately neglect to learn how to run the institution. If you girls would learn that thoroughly, applying and perfecting all the wonderful advantages of modern invention in your work, you would indeed have your hands upon the lever that moves the world. Rocking the cradle is merely one of the incidents of your possible power.

Girls, this man question is so certainly the woman question that it is time for you

Easy Route to Happiness

"Why am I always happy? Simplest thing in the world, my dear," declared a woman well known in public life for her radiant and unflinching gladness. "I began several years ago to commit to memory one good line, phrase or sentence every day. After a while I had laid up such a store of these good thoughts, clothed in the musical language of the world's great writers and thinkers, that there wasn't room for any other kind in the storehouse of the brain. Now you all know the mind is the storage battery for bodily action. When the thought supply is good the actions are bound to express this quality. It's so simple I wonder you haven't all discovered the system long ago."

Thought follows the line of least resistance. If we have made a well worn path into bright and happy fields, the natural trend will be in that direction. Memory is sharpened, reading becomes a joy because we meet so many familiar friends on every page, and our entire intellectual and spiritual atmosphere becomes clear and sunny.

Try committing such a passage every day for a week. Under circumstances skip a single day. Select any passage you like, from the poets, from the Bible, from the magazines, from the daily papers. Vary them as much as possible and let no one even hint at scepticism or sorrow. Set each one down in a little memory book as you learn it, and at the end of the week recite the seven callings without aid from your notes. If the practice is worth while, as you may be sure it will be, continue it with a glance of mingled condemnation and admiration as he heard a fellow passenger who had been abroad for several years, remark:

"By jove, the skyscrapers are higher than ever."
"So are the taxi fares," he answered grandly.
"To tell the truth, he had never ridden in a taxi over here. They were too expensive. Only in London and Paris could he indulge in such extravagances. But the remark sounded sophisticated and worldly-wise. He felt proud of it."
Then came the rush through the crowded harbor, the rapid docking, the ordeal of the customs inspection and then—the city itself.

"Why, even the newsboys in New York look like merchant princes," he said, remembering the picturesque, but poverty-stricken youngsters in the cities of southern Europe.
And then he was met by his old friend Brumide with the unexpected question: "Well, what do you think of Europe?" He remembered the cholera, the Camorra and other high C's, and replied enthusiastically: "I like it because it's so far away from America."
He pronounced every syllable in "America" with the utmost distinctness and in

European Tourist Don't Cut Much Ice

The Amateur Tourist had just returned from abroad.
"And I had broadened considerably in the meantime and he now referred to his baggage as "luggage," and spoke of his trunk as "box." By no possible chance would he refer to an elevator as anything but a "lift."
He eyed the distant skyline of the city with a glance of mingled condemnation and admiration as he heard a fellow passenger who had been abroad for several years, remark:

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Paron." And when he wanted you to know he was no stranger to "dear old London," he used the abbreviated English form, with the rising inflection, "O!"
A friend asked him if he had seen the coronation in London.
"No," he said, very loftily, "I dislike crowds."
He did not add that his slim, pocket-book had forbidden a longer stay in England's capital.
"The smartest thing in foreign travel

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English Revival of Belief in Faith Cure

Amazing cures have been witnessed at the meetings of the Pentecostal league at Sunderland, Eng., the last few weeks. Faith curing has been a prominent topic among the "missionaries" delegates, and so carried away the hearts of the audience been they have burst into strange speech and hysterical cries.

Pastor Paul of Berlin testified he cured a varicose disease in his left leg by laying on of hands. Similar testimony was given by Mrs. Fygon, wife of a Dutch pastor; Miss Boddie, wife of a Sunderland steward; and South Cityborn, a relative by marriage of General Booth.

Pastor Fritzel of Clagen, Prussia, said just before being called on to speak he saw a vision. The heavens opened and one of the angels of God brimmed on the earth. It looked just like a usual cloud, and there it poured out brilliant rays. He asked the Lord the meaning, and He replied:

"I have not given the order that the heavenly messenger should come down to my children who have pure hearts. I will descend heavenly rays upon them."

Another time he said, a woman fainted in the street, and he and two other men tried to carry her to her home, which was on the third story of a building. The stairs were very narrow, the lady was very heavy, and the task was exceedingly difficult. After an arduous struggle they got

the unconscious lady to the first story, and then, trusting in God for strength, he carried her up the remaining flights of narrow stairs himself. It was not he, however, but his faith, that carried her up the stairs.

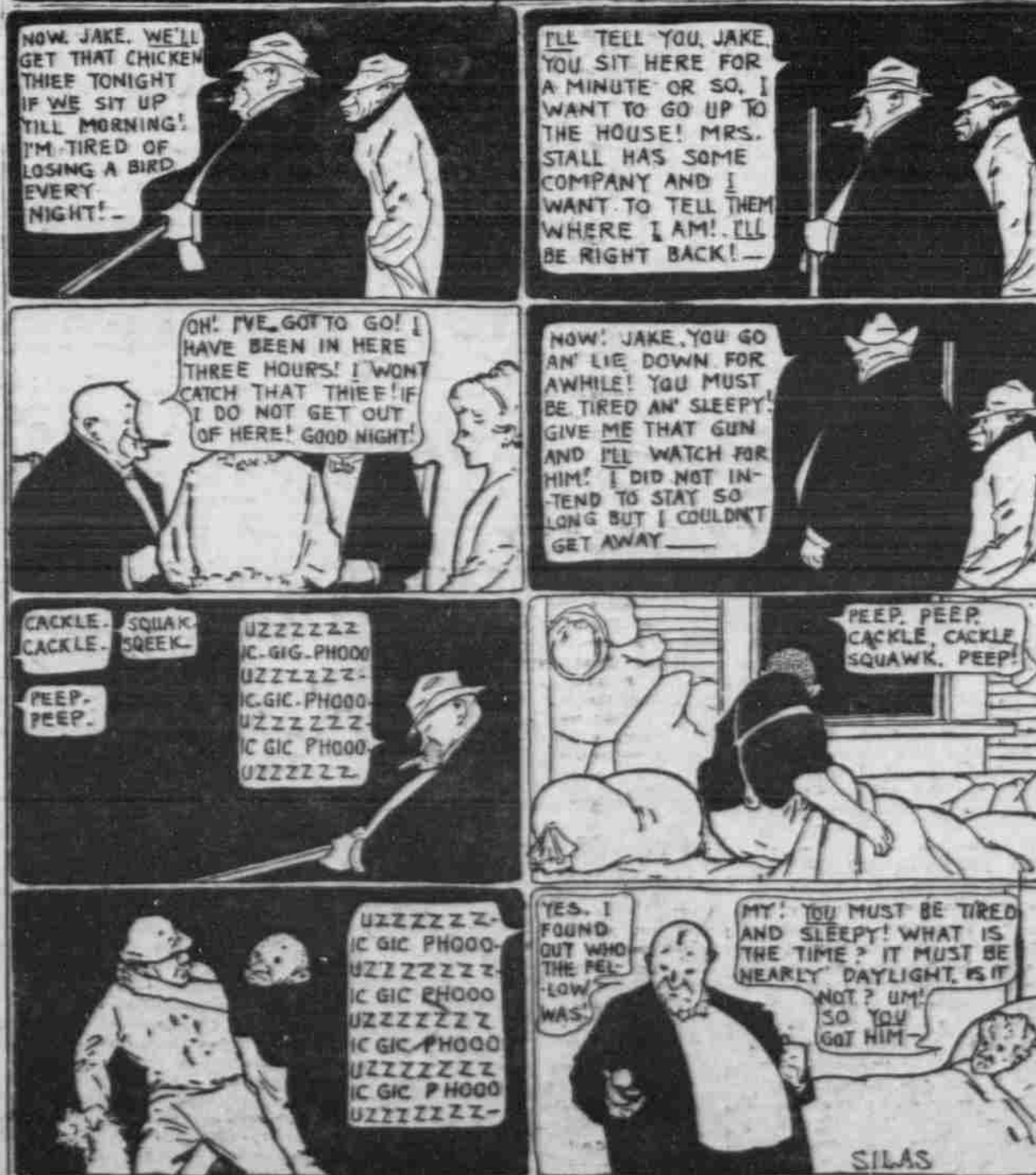
The third instant had relation to the site of his chapel at Glogau. There was a large fortification mound on the site, and the municipal body from whom they proposed to purchase it would not remove the obstruction, but the Lord told him to purchase the site, and he laid his congregation to trust in the Lord, and buy the site. They did buy it, and one morning the mound was removed.

An Edinburgh man declared he had forced the devil of insanity out of his wife by faith, so that she had been able to leave an asylum.

These testimonies were frequently interrupted by delegates jumping up and dancing, singing or talking in weird sounds, under the influence of their nervous emotion.

The famous Goliath, whose gigantic height and swagging air so frightened the troops of King Saul, and who was slain by the stripling David with pebbles from the brook, was eight feet six inches high. He was a native of Gath, and lived

POOR JAKE



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