

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Told by the Troubled Tourist

"I took a tour down to one of the beaches the other day," remarked the Troubled Tourist, "and I've hardly been able to get up and take my meals regularly since."

"Why is it we never know when we're comfortable or when we're not?" asked the Tourist. "It seems to be a chronic affliction around here. Here I was, comfortable and cool, and not desiring anything specially, except another long, cold drink, when my friend Blinks drifts in and insists that it is a very hot day, that the water is near by and that there is only one way to keep cool on a hot day, and that is to go in bathing in the surf."

"I didn't want to go in bathing in the surf. I hardly felt equal to making the effort to go in bathing in a bath tub, but Blinks was insistent, and before I could frame up a real good excuse he had me half way to the train that was to take us down. The train, of course, was crowded. Trains always are. So we stood up for an hour or so."

"The further I got from my comfortable hotel the more I wished I hadn't come. But Blinks was determined to give me a treat, so he walked me three-quarters of a mile in the blissing hot sun to the bathing beach after we got off the train, and we finally arrived at the bath house, looking like we had done a hard day's work. Blinks secured bath houses and bathing suits for us. He got a perfect fit of course, in the suit line, something nifty in the athletic slub style, and I got a suit built for a man three times my size."

"In fact, there was so much of that suit hanging around doing nothing at all, it ought to have been run in for laundering. I looked like a Turk in reduced circumstances."

"But Blinks, who was simply an Apollo in his outfit, insisted that my suit was nice and roomy, and I could swim in it without being hampered. It was roomy enough. I could turn around in it twice without crowding it any."

"We entered the breakers. I think I got a cheer from the beach. I know I



"JUST HANGING AROUND"

did later on when I was knocked flat by the first roller that came my way.

"When I got up my suit was so filled up with water I looked like a balloon. Then Blinks came and dragged me out to where he said the water was better. It wasn't any better. It was only deeper and had more cans and lunch baskets floating in it. After I had swallowed a quart or so of this highly seasoned water, Blinks said we'd go out and lie on the nice, white sand to get warm. We did. We lay right in the nice, hot sun, and although I had enough on for three bathes, I wasn't satisfied with a regular half portion sunburn. I was paralyzed and when I got back at night to my comfortable hotel I had to go to bed for two days. Blinks came up to see me, slapped me on my best dose shoulder and said there was nothing like sea baths for real coolness."

"The only coolness I got out of it is the one I entertain toward Blinks."

"We entered the breakers. I think I got a cheer from the beach. I know I

## A Little Sermon for the Week End

### Voices from the Mulberry Tree.

"And let it be when thou nearest the sound of marshing in the tops of the mulberry trees, that thou shalt bear thyself"—J. Sam. 2:34.

When we contemplate the how wonderful is a voice, and its influence upon the life within. All life speaks through a voice. All animals have their signal codes. Lions in Africa hunt in concert, and signal to each other as they tighten the cordon about their game. Birds woo each other by means, with soft tender voices and scream with alarm when an enemy approaches.

But vastly above these is the human voice. It is true that it has come to its present form of partial perfection during the long cycles of time because of a growing consciousness within for the need of a better medium of communication? In the process of its development we cannot say how far the struggling soul shaped its organs of expression, or if the perfection of the organ gave new capacity to the soul. Spencer says:



REV. D. O. O. SMITH, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Council Bluffs.

"Of soul the body form doth take For soul, is form and doth the body make."

If these striking words be true, what a vast field for reflection they furnish. How wonderful it is to think, that at any moment our intellect, our emotions, our will, can establish themselves at our vocal chords and without the slightest hesitation strike the exact combination they want, and set them vibrating to precisely the needed pitch, and thus bring the complex of our inmost soul into the soul of another. When we meditate on this wonderful fact, is it any wonder that harmony of sound, or music, the soul's most perfect mode of expression, has played such an important part in human life.

Even as far back as the days of Plato the philosophers recognized how mightily harmony, with which the human voice has ever been closely associated, influenced the soul life for good or ill.

breaks upon the ear a voice, every note of which is surcharged with the overtones of the great overworld. How quickly the doors fly open and souls long sleeping bound forth to meet this thrill of light from the overworld.

Wonderful and awe-inspiring are the effects when the soul thus comes into human speech, still more wonderful are the effects when the voice of the great overworld speaks into the silence of the soul, when gone but the soul itself can hear. It was this voice which came to David through the whisperings of the mulberry trees and changed his whole life and plans. Friend, is your soul weary of the chatter of the commonplace and of the twaddle of the world of society? Then come away into a quiet place where God can discover to you your own soul and send you back into life with a new note in your voice because you have in the hours of communion with God in the vastness of his solitude for the first time discovered the capacity, power and value of the soul.

### Quaint Superstitions

People of antiquity thought that earthquakes were produced by dead warriors fighting with one another under ground and so shaking the earth.

Germans of the middle ages would not point their fingers at the stars because they thought by so doing they would put the eyes of the angels.

To keep wolves from their beasts old Roman farmers used to catch a wolf, break his legs, sprinkle its blood around the farm and bury the carcass in the middle of it.

Women accused of being witches were in the middle ages flung into a river. If they floated without any appearance of swimming they were adjudged guilty—while if they sank they were acquitted.

Indians on the northwest coast of America suppose that the earth rests upon a pillar that is guarded by a woman. When the gods fight with her for the possession of the prop, in order that they may destroy the earth and its inhabitants, the pillar shakes, and this produces an earthquake.

It is considered to be unlucky to kill a cricket, such act being a breach of hospitality, as this insect takes refuge in houses.

If an ancient Greek met an ugly old woman at the door he would not go out, fearing that misfortune would befall him if he left his home that day.

In the event of fire in Kwongai, China, the gods of the people who have lost their homes are refused shelter by their friends and neighbors until the god of fire has been driven away. It being the belief that if they acted otherwise disaster would also come to them.

Unlucky days were marked by the Romans with a piece of charcoal and lucky ones with a bit of white chalk; hence the expression "black letter days," meaning days of misfortune.

African tribes have charms, spells, omens, lucky and unlucky days. They make fetiches of serpents, elephants' teeth and tiger's claws, and they believe that wooden images are imbued with peculiar power from their divinites to protect them against danger, disease and witchcraft.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who Loves to Juarrel

So you are one of the quarrelsome girls? Is it your plan to fuse with your sweetheart for the "fun of making up?" You have observed that is a fad of the quarrelsome maid.

You cannot quarrel with me. I am no lover, and I will not let you make me miserable just to delight yourself. I am just another woman, you know. And I am going to put your whole letter into the paper though it is long.

"Dear Loretta: You needn't feel that you must be pleasant to me in the beginning just to make your quarrel more exciting in the end. May I give you a taste of your own pudding? But first, let me thank you for your timely criticism of the window case. I had acquired the habit and am now trying to break myself." (Wise little girl! you'd have had to pay damages if you had broken the glass!) "Do you realize that I mean to hold your hand and tell you how brave you are while I pull a large mental tooth for you?" (I knew something bad was coming the way you began!) "I saw plainly from your impolite and unkindly letter to Eugenia that you were not brave enough to have it out alone. Has it oc-

curred to you that as many men as women read your section?" (Thank you, my dear, it had not, but I am certainly glad to be told of the elevating literary taste of the male sex!) I know many who do, and every time you hit one of your sex, they glow over it and are so glad that some woman knows that her sex is superior to that of theirs. Nice picture, isn't it? Mind, I do not mean that women have no faults, but why not just relieve the monotony? Do as Eugenia asked and direct some of your sarcasm at the men, at least, once a month. They are as vain as women, and it makes me tired to see them strutting around thinking they are the only pebbles on the beach. As to their breaking your glass, I don't think they could. They would see such appalling pictures there that they would get as far away as their souls—and stay! I dearly love to quarrel, as you have probably seen, and if this is too long to print, I should like your opinion by letter if you have time and inclination. Yours sincerely, "MARGUERITE."

Listen to me, quarrelsome girl. The faults of humanity are common to both sexes. Each manifests them in the way

that the shape of his body or the trend of her mind dictates. But the reason that the faults of women are of so much more vital importance is because she stands more definitely for the ideal than the instinctual than do men. Her faults affect the race more than do the faults of men. I believe positively that the power of woman is greater than the power of men, because she works more delicate tools and carves more directly upon the living flesh of humanity. My dear girl, if I had no other purpose in these talks of mine than "knocking" my sex, I should be ashamed of myself.

And listen again: If you think the men would take one glance at themselves and run away and stay, I simply could not hold it up to their faults. You girls have been courageous and remained close to me, taking the medicine I have administered with splendid nerve. If you do truly think the men are too cowardly to do it, I am fearful that I have done wrong, for I have held the glass up to them. I don't want them to run away and leave us, for, after all, we were made to stand or fall together, and nothing that separates the sexes is in harmony with the big scheme of God and nature.

Miss Quarrelsome, the strutting of those "very pebble men" is tiring them a good deal more than it is you. They will some day wear out with their senseless exercise and settle down to a more becoming and comfortable deportment.

## Autumn Fashion Hints

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Straws which show the way the winds of fashion blow. The excessively narrow skirt is doomed. It was tried on the American public and was found to be a misfit. Fortunately, we can always count on the good sense and good taste of the American woman to rise superior to temporary whimsical and ex-



per for holding it up, at once becoming and sensible.

The little fall coats are medium length in half-fitted effects that make all wearers look "cute." High waists and big showy revers, cuffs and patch-pockets are still in vogue with marked loyalty to the sailor collar. Sometimes a belt effect of girlish on empire lines is seen on the new jackets.

Frings is the latest craze in Paris and we have witnessed here at a lost art. Wherever it is possible to use a trimming, fringes are used in all depths and weights, and in chenille, silk and marabout. Fringes is unquestionably the newest and smartest innovation.

In the choice of a two-piece frock for afternoon, nothing could be prettier than the one shown in the illustration. It was fashioned of white-and-black foulard, with the upper part of waist and trimming-band of white messaline.

Overblouses and overskirts are still fashionable, the latest cut being in the shape of a tunic. While the waist part appears to be extremely loose and the overdress cut straight and gathered slightly all around the high waist, even accentuating the idea of looseness, be very sure, if you attempt reproducing such gowns, to have your underlining or slip most carefully cut and perfectly fitted, both waist and skirt, and leave the loose classic folds to be effected by the diaphanous voile, marquisette or messaline.

Luckily there are many fine patterns accessible to the novice, and the gowns of today are truly very easy to make. The most useful of the tunic costumes are black chiffon, net or voile over some lovely color in soft satin, crepe de Chine or hand-some brocade.

The fall waists all show the most freshish one-sided effects, with one-sided jabot. There are no shoulder seams. The bell sleeve-in-one with the waist set off with a Charlotte Cordy flou is very fetching, especially if the wearer's head is enveloped in a dainty mob-cap. Though the elbow sleeves have had a long run it is still in high favor, because it is cunning. Though loosely hung, the sleeve also has its tight-fitting lining which serves as foundation for lace undersleeves or fussy little lace frills showing beneath a huge severe simple cuff.

The richest costumes show touches of Persian or Egyptian decoration supplemented with rare fringes.

As to color, cerise and white has completely supplanted the black-and-white scheme. While in London, cerise and red is much in evidence, independents are partial to empire green and royal blue.

For him the pageant of the hours Moves forward with its changing scenes. He marks the stirring life of ours And meditates on what it means. His limitations seem to fade And wide horizons stretch for him; A glory seems to pierce the shade; He finds a light where all was dim.

These thoughts are for his graver mood And moments when he waits alone. But sometimes, when old friends and good Pause for a chat, his face has shone With kindness as he essayed A little passing pleasantry. And, to some casual statement made,

### Nubs of Knowledge

- The term politician was first used in France in 1599.
- Stone builders were first erected in Britain in 670.
- The first recorded instance of suicide was that of Samson in 1130 B. C.

## What's on Your Mind?

WE WANT A PLACE WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF FISHING. I WANT TO HOOK SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

THIS IS THE VERY PLACE! IT'S A LOVELY PLACE! RIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

WHY OF COURSE WE NEED TWO TRUNKS! MY DRESSES ARE IN ONE, AND OUR CLOTHES IN THE OTHER.

WHY HENRY! HOW COULD I! IT WOULD BE RIGHT TO WEAR THE SAME DRESS TWICE WHEN WE ARE ONLY GOING TO BE HERE TWO WEEKS!

ON YOUR NET GOING OUT ARE YOU? I NEED YOU TO HOOK MY DRESS.

WHY COULDN'T YOU WEAR THE SAME ONE YOU WORE AT BREAKFAST?

HENRY! I NEED YOU TO UNHOOK ME!

WHY HENRY! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HOPE I HOOK SOMETHING.

I SAID I CAME UP HERE TO HOOK A FEW FISH, NOT PEACOCK!

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



MARGARET CUSICK, 392 Meredith Avenue.

JOHN MORRISSEY, 2308 Corby Street.

SATURDAY, August 19, 1911.

Eva Alpine, 404 North Twenty-second St.	Central	1896
Anna M. Anderson, 1327 South Thirty-fifth St.	Mason	1903
Harry Anderson, 127 Cedar St.	Train	1899
Ida Heubon, 1443 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Louis H. Bianchi, 4704 North Thirty-seventh St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Fred Borghoff, 3417 Burt St.	Webster	1895
Clark W. Canaby, 2117 Maple St.	High	1892
Lola L. Clark, 4711 Erskine St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Ralph Crawford, 2907 Webster St.	Webster	1903
Carl Christensen, 1618 Canton St.	Edw. Rosewater	1899
Fred P. Curtis, 821 Park Ave.	Park	1895
Margaret Cusick, 392 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1901
Arthur Deature, 2420 Lake St.	St. Joseph	1903
Winnie Drake, 2210 Capitol Ave.	Central	1901
Ruth Edwards, 1206 South Sixth St.	Central	1901
Charles W. Easley, 4020 Nicholas St.	Cass	1903
Myrtle Elliott, 521 North Fifteenth St.	Bancroft	1899
Eugene D. Fisher, 2525 South Tenth St.	Comenius	1896
Mary Frances Curtis, 1251 South Thirtieth St.	Lake	1901
Lillie Freeman, 2203 North Twentieth St.	Mason	1902
Phillip Handler, 2250 Pierce St.	High	1894
Evelyn T. Hansen, 2302 South Thirty-first St.	High	1895
Fay Harrow, 3717 Meredith Ave.	Holy Family	1901
William Hinkie, 2207 Capitol Ave.	St. Philomena	1901
John D. Hoei, 110 South Thirty-fourth St.	Farnam	1904
Harriet L. Inlow, 1102 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1845
Lilly Krepek, 715 Hickory St.	Train	1905
Carl Larson, 2523 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1901
Florence Liver, 829 Park Ave.	High	1902
Mabel McCurdy Miller Park Pavilion	Miller Park	1901
Miriam Masher, 2504 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1901
Edwin R. Mayer, 2803 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1911
John Mitchell, 1806 Ohio St.	Lake	1902
Mary Morrow, 2802 Ogdan St.	Sacred Heart	1896
William Moss, 3811 Castellar St.	Windsor	1900
Ether Nelson, 1007 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1896
Fred Nimerickter, 214 Center St.	Train	1901
Frank Redden, 1522 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1905
Howard K. Robling, 4411 North Thirty-first Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Lucy A. Rupp, 3106 South Thirtieth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1893
Forrest Shickly, 2102 Maple St.	Lake	1898
Dorothy Sunfield, 2215 Davenport St.	High	1895
Willard B. Sweeney, 1716 Charles St.	Kellom	1895
Leo Pendifrit, 1942 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1904
Mildred Preacher, 1417 Ohio St.	Lake	1904
Maurice Urban, 2618 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1847
Margaret L. Whopperman, 3045 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
Margaret Wichert, 2220 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1901
Lillie Vanovsky, 1249 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1900

## Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

Through sightless eyes he seems to peer Across the surges of Broadway. He sees naught, yet his listening ear Takes more impressions in a day Than many a man with eyesight keen Who walks abstracted o'er the stones And cannot tell what he has seen. With half the power the blind man owns.

Across his listening face there flits A gentle, evanescent smile. As though his dim, unseeing eyes Looked inward for a little while And saw a light we may not see. And understood as we may not The great eternal mystery That underlies our human lot.

For him the pageant of the hours Moves forward with its changing scenes. He marks the stirring life of ours And meditates on what it means. His limitations seem to fade And wide horizons stretch for him; A glory seems to pierce the shade; He finds a light where all was dim.

These thoughts are for his graver mood And moments when he waits alone. But sometimes, when old friends and good Pause for a chat, his face has shone With kindness as he essayed A little passing pleasantry. And, to some casual statement made,



Has answered, smilingly, "Yes, I see!"

But they who stop to talk awhile In spite of his alluring smile. He has two little weaknesses. He's proud that, though his eyes are blind, No customer can be forgot. And though he gives folks change—now mind!— He has not made one error yet! (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Men Who Helped to Make America

It is an old fable, frequently expressed, that the name of Christopher Columbus has not been honored in the title of the new continent he discovered and named New Spain.

That distinction fell, however, to Americo Vesputi—or, in its Latin form, Americus Vesputius—a Florence explorer, who was born on March 9, 1491.

His father was an Italian merchant and Americo Vesputius was trained for mercantile life. In the pursuit of it he traveled in Spain and other European countries. He became interested in the discoveries which his fellow countryman, Columbus, had made.

In 1499, Alonso de Ojeda, who had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, fitted out an expedition of his own to explore the New World. When his four ships sailed for the West Indies, on May 30 of that year, Vesputi accompanied him.

A voyage of twenty-six days brought them to South America. They sailed along the coast until they reached the site of the present city of Maracaibo, which they called Venesia, and from which the name of Venezuela was evolved.

In 1500, Vesputi published a book in which he described this and his three subsequent voyages. It was the first publication on the subject, and in it he claimed to be the first European who had landed on the western continent. Consequently the new country was called America.



It is said that on the first voyage Vesputi and his fellow explorers reached a country which the natives called Amaraca. It was this country, now Venezuela, that really gave its name to two continents, Vesputi having taken advantage of the fact that his own name resembled one already existing in the new world.

Vesputi's death is placed by some authorities at Seville, in Spain, February 22, 1512. Others date it two years later, on the Island of Terceira.

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Pick up a pin that lies across your path and you will have good fortune.