

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Loretta's Looking Glass Help Up to a Correspondent's Suggestion.



"My Dear Loretta—Why don't you start a matrimonial bureau? You are the best 'rooter' for the institution of marriage I have ever known. You seem to look upon the experience gained in that way as an essential to the full development of a woman. Maybe you are right. Something is obviously wrong with the present way of looking at woman's place in the world. I am a business woman, and I am also 22 years old. I get 35¢ a week. And I am not happy. Looking ahead does not seem attractive. And when one gets out of humor with the future, the present seems a poor excuse for living.

"I only know one man I could marry. He makes no more than I, and I know so much about what it costs to live that I should be afraid to try it with him. I used to feel like burning your effigy as I read your remarks. Now, I begin to see that you have lined up on the side of nature and are advocating a journey in which the advantages of current and wind are with you instead of against the woman. If you know any nice man comfortably well-off and as lonely as I am, please let me know. Sincerely, JOSEPHINE M."

Dear thirty-two-year-old-thirty-five-dollar-a-week-but-not-happy-Josephine M., thanks for your suggestion. But I work a matrimonial bureau now. Its work shows in you. You are going to stop listening to people who tell you you are a great success because you make such a very good weekly salary. You are going to honestly face that empty future where the only attractions are the possible augmentation of your pay to \$6 and the finding of some congenial woman companion with whom you have a little apartment.

And instead of thinking that you must go to the theater every week and have a bit to eat at some rather expensive place, you

A Little Sermon for the Week End

Universe Empty Without God.
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."—Exodus 20:3.

It is said of a certain infidel who used to sneer at the Bible that he determined to read the Bible in order to be able to refute its arguments. After he came to the ten commandments, he said to a friend: "I will tell you what I used to think: I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti, that having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people, and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fireworks to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined that the exhibition was supernatural. I have been looking into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see whether I could add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is perfect. I have been thinking, where did Moses get that law? I have read history. The Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and the Romans, and the wisest and the best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this.

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REV. G. M. ROHRBOUGH, Pastor First Reformed Church, Twenty-Third Street and Central Boulevard.

A travesty. And social lights, tramping, law under foot, have the effrontery to pose in the limelight of publicity without a sign of a blush of shame. The greed for gold has warped the conscience of men, so that there is no fear of God, nor devil, nor judgment to come, and human life is regarded with contempt. There is an effort through organized society and its institutions to correct these evils. But the root of the whole situation lies in the first commandment. The stream never rises higher than its source.

There are various contributing causes which aggravate the present indifference towards worship of God. A very pronounced cause is the fact that for the last hundred years or more our educational system has magnified laws and left in the minds of men a universe governed wholly by laws without a personal law-giver, which is a fundamental error and is prejudicing the youth of our land against true religion, and leaves them without God and without hope. Our schools fail to think to a "conclusion." A little reflection will convince most men that a law has no power in itself. It requires a living personal back of the law to give it effect. Yet multitudes of men look out on God's vast creations and see no farther than a universe of law. To look upon the earth and the heavens and eliminate a personal God from them makes them terribly empty. It leaves man as God-self-sufficient, a law unto himself. Yet it is more rational to think of the rushing express train without a guiding hand on the throttle, than to think of the universe without God.

The purpose of the law is not to destroy but to save. It is our tutor to bring us to Christ. It reveals our imperfections. It shows us the perfection and righteousness of God. It also convicts us at the bar of judgment. It takes away every hope of self-righteousness and prepares the way for a great Mediator. The most beautiful morality will pale in the fierce light of Mount Sinai. The most wicked sinner need not despair if he will turn and come to Mount Calvary. For there the law was fulfilled and the forgiveness of sin made a fact.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



ARTHUR LAWLER, 233 North Twentieth Street.

September 9, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ardon Adwers, 3712 North Twenty-third St.	Lotrop	1904
Carl W. Bilger, 2526 Sprague St.	Saratoga	1896
Earle Bilsky, 1733 Davenport St.	Central	1905
Fred Bird, 307 Bancroft St.	Train	1895
Elise E. Bloom, 4321 California St.	Saunders	1895
Dorothy Bruce, 2802 Franklin St.	Long	1903
Carl E. Carlson, 3209 Seward St.	Franklin	1896
Helen M. Carrier, 1514 South Twenty-ninth St.	High	1895
Nellie R. Cruickshank, 2850 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
Mary C. Dalton, 1516 Paul St.	Holy Family	1899
Harro Eaton, 974 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1904
Bessie Farach, 1407 South Thirtieth St.	St. Philomena	1896
Frank Florida, 1706 North Thirtieth St.	High	1896
Frank Gilcrest, 4809 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1901
Leota Graham, 1204 Gust St.	Sherman	1901
Vernon Grim, 2622 Davenport St.	Webster	1905
Edna B. Guermey, 1736 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1901
Marion Hansen, 2817 Nicholas St.	Webster	1904
Eugene Harold, 2214 South Twenty-eighth St.	Franklin	1905
Hazel Heinsteid, 1512 Spencer St.	Lotrop	1900
Frank Hunton, 2138 South Thirtieth St.	Windors	1901
Elvera Karsh, 2504 Patrick Ave.	Long	1900
William Lisle Keys, 4023 Charles St.	High	1894
Clara Louise Klara, 2575 North Thirty-first St.	Dupont	1903
Jennie Krestul, 509 South Thirtieth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Frank Kroff, 2917 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Palma Larsen, 2622 Taylor St.	Saratoga	1894
Willard C. Latex, 4526 North Thirtieth St.	Central Park	1902
Arthur Lawler, 233 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1896
George William McNeice, 2608 Charles St.	Long	1904
Jessie Menzies, 2714 North Twenty-fifth St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Margaret Menzies, 2714 North Twenty-fifth St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Rudolph Mesger, 2202 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1900
Margaret Moore, 848 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1896
Georgia Nelson, 3436 Curtis Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Eugene Neville, 1309 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1898
Frank Novak, 1717 South First St.	Train	1898
Winifred Owen, 207 South Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1899
Mildred Petersen, 1720 South Sixth St.	Long	1900
William Plager, 5403 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1896
Grace A. Poland, 3723 Lake St.	Clifton Hill	1897
Violet Porter, 1516 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1901
Arthur Rasmussen, 1318 South Fifth St.	Train	1902
Harry F. Shepherd, 2309 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Long	1903
Anna Sroka, 2809 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1898
Roy Stromberg, 712 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1901
Rachel S. Wriff, 5904 North Thirty-third Ave.	Central Park	1902

"Having a Good Time"—on Paper

Am staying with the Brewsters. Eleanor is as good looking and wicked as ever. She has some new clothes, and it's positively heartrending to see her in the same room with a woman that looks as she does in them. When I am with her I feel as though I might just as well go out and recline on a mud heap.

Now, when I'm with Elsie Baxter I feel as though I were a goddess. Eleanor looks so clean. Expensively clean, you know. French maid and perfumed bath clean. I'm clean myself, as far as that goes, but only just plain soap and bath towel clean.

She has a new maid this year, who is frightfully supercilious. She makes me terribly nervous. I can see from her manner that she doesn't think I am a real lady, and it is becoming an awful strain to try to deceive her into thinking I am one. If I'd only order cocktails sent up to my room or throw the furniture at her I know I'd always been crazy as a loon. She is putting away some of my clothes as I am writing, and regards them with a cold and calculating eye. She can hardly speak any English, but I wouldn't try to talk French to her for anything. I don't mind speaking it to Eleanor in private. She thinks I know a little, but Marie wouldn't. It is always safe to say "Out" if pronounced enough like a very young pig killed, so I confine myself to that.

I don't see that Swedish masseuse around who was here last year. She burst into my room on one occasion, and insisted on giving me a treatment that made me ill for a week.

Jimmy Brewster is just the same. I cannot see how they let him go around without a keeper. Eleanor says she simply adores her Jimmy, and would brain any one who said anything about him, but that he's always been crazy as a loon.

His sister was sort of queer, too. Don't you remember, she always gave such lovely parties that it seemed much more tactful to say she had an artistic temperament. I'll never forget how frightened Jack Tompkins was that time we were all going to a big outdoor affair they gave and she looked over a hedge and made faces at us. She used to stare at me for hours, and I always felt that she wanted to bite me.

It's awfully gay and attractive here. Eleanor believes in doing something every minute, and as you generally happen to want to do just what she does, you have a marvelous time. Handsome young men arrive in droves. They come over for tennis



I FELT SHE WANTED TO BITE ME. Eleanor always has a lot of beaux hanging around, of all nationalities. She gives them tea and drinks in her shaded old rose drawing room, and if one of them gets at all beyond control she rings the bell and Watts appears to remove the tea tray. That is, of course, beyond doubt, the perfect way to have things.

Alice Boyd said after she married Tom Atkins, who didn't have a cent, she never dreamed of having young men around. If they became too sentimental and she rang a bell, the one maid wouldn't have answered it under any circumstances. She said she had that adorable Castleton man, who is so stylish, to tea once, and she was rather hoping she was making an impression on him, when the maid of all work appeared unexpectedly and said that she had found there wasn't enough beef left over to make hash for dinner. Castleton had mentioned asking her to a coaching party, but after he had fallen into the baby carriage in the hall and broken his hat that he never said anything more about it. Alice says, contrary to what some people imagine, she thinks poverty makes you very moral.

Eleanor's latest foreigner is a Russian. I wouldn't trust him with the tennis balls myself, but she thinks he is charming. Eleanor has presented me with a pair of brown slippers that are too large for her. Of course, they have to be too small for me, but I shall wear them if I have to be carried. As ever, BESS. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

"Flannels" for Women

Dr. Maud Glasgow, an English woman, is quoted by the London papers as being an advocate of men's "flannels" for women's wear. She insists that flannel trousers and coat form "the ideal costume for the woman clerk or secretary; also for the housemaid, and indeed for the mistress of the house when engaged in domestic duties."

Dr. Glasgow is likewise of the opinion that there will be found not only many women willing but eager to wear the summer garb of the rich and frivolous youth. She argues that the cool flannel trousers are far better than skirts, even from the standpoint of maidenly modesty, and that as the man's coat has already practically been adopted by up-to-the-minute women, they should go a step farther and appropriate the trousers.

All of which attracted the attention of the Bachelor on the Claim, who writes: "Let 'em have the trousers, say I, because out here in the 'soddies' we have been commending with some favor on Mrs. Belmont's farm for women, where the workers all wear the bifurcated garment. They seem to be doing good work, and there be women in this section who insist they could not do all the hard work involved in holding down a claim and making

it pay unless they could suspend Mrs. Grundy's rules and go about in overalls and jumpers. Of course, we do not have out here on the free prairie the same conventional surroundings as you have in the city, but the morality of the settlers is of

A Fishing Frolic

We went to fish in a mountain stream. Billy and Bob and I. Where waters murmur and catch the gleam Of the sun as they race by. We took new tackle and bright tin cans Filled full of juicy worms; We had dug them gayly with our hands, And little we cared for squirms! All day we angled with happy glee Where the rocks had made a pool. The fish were happy and so were we. When shadows lengthened and sun had set We gathered up our spoils; We were bedraggled and dirty and wet But paid for all our toils! And what were the spoils, you wish to know? Too many for us to tell— We had baked quite brown in the sun-seams' glow And joyed ourselves as well! —Philadelphia Record.

a high type, and no one has been found bold enough to suggest that he would not dance with a girl in skirts who a few hours previously was doing a man's work in trousers.

There is just one objection that I can see, from this distance. How could a fellow tell a "sissy" boy from a husky, upstanding girl? It might be easy in a ball room, or in the home, but where the lights are uncertain a girl with a man's hat and suit on would be likely to butt into some unpleasant situations. And unsophisticated men, too, in a good many instances would be likely to find themselves in position to be withered with scornful glances, or winning a looking from a male friend dressed just like his girl.

"One old-fashioned woman on a claim not far from mine was told of the proposed reform in woman's dress, and when she was made to understand it was no joke, she said: 'Well, I have always admired a Scotchman in kilts, when he has nice calves, and maybe the world will be happier when skirts are shorter and the women can throw off their physical hobbies. Nature undressed was once thought to be decent and modest, and the female form partially adorned would be more useful, even if not as ornamental as it is now.'

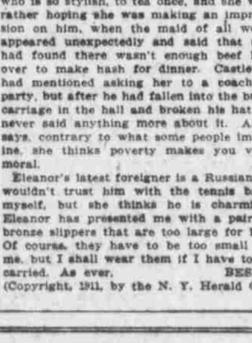
Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

To and fro all day he paces. Stealing on his stooping back. Trunks, valises, dress suit cases; Big and little bags, brown or black. Camp kits, rods, golf sticks, umbrellas, Bags for guns and bags for hats. Bags from Halifax and Hellas. Bags for dogs and bags for cats.

Thousands start to leave the city. Thousands more are coming back; Dull or witty, clean or gritty. All have bag, or kit, or pack. And the baggage man, complaining, Carries them continually. Be the weather clear or raining, Meanwhile pocketing his fee.

Here's Dame Fashion, cool, unburied. Lighting from her limousine. While her maids, excited, hurried, Move 'round the changing scene. Slowly all her trunks are carted. Pile on pile to the express. There's the whistle! She's departed! Did she tip him? Well, I guess!

Now he waits to rest a minute. "Porter" calls a voice in rage. Anger and despair are in it. "I've been waiting here an age. Take these things to track eleven. Careful now! Don't let them fall. Here they are—these here! Great heaven! They are not my things!"



Then more scurrying, rushing, lurching In and out among the crowd. Till at last, by dint of searching, He "snags a new pile is bowed. When they're checked, he yells, "Hey! sorter. Look out, Jim, for things 'round here!" Folks are looking for the porter, And he's looking for a beer. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

Panel 1: A man in a suit looks at a woman. "HI! NO SUSIE, I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!"

Panel 2: The woman looks at the man. "FOR ME?"

Panel 3: The man holds a small box. "SMITH'S WIFE TRIED SOME, AND IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM."

Panel 4: The woman looks at the man. "AN' THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HARMFUL ABOUT IT!"

Panel 5: The man looks at the woman. "ANTI-FAT!!"

Panel 6: The woman looks at the man. "YES, SIR, MRS. SMITH LOST EIGHT POUNDS IN THREE DAYS!"

Panel 7: The man looks at the woman. "WHY YOU MISERABLE WRETCH, HOW DARE YOU?"

Panel 8: The woman looks at the man. "NIX ON TH' MUSSY STUFF NOW, WIFE. NIX, NIX."

Panel 9: The man looks at the woman. "OH! IF FATHER WAS ONLY HERE—"

Panel 10: The woman looks at the man. "I WISH FATHER WAS HERE TO GET THIS!"

How to Train a Wife

For weeks the Hopeful Housewife had worn an air of great importance, solemnity and secrecy. For a corresponding period there had been a marked falling off in the quantity and quality of the feed served in the Confirmed Commuter's home. If the Commuter had been highly skilled in the reading of domestic signs he might have inferred from the conjunction of the two phenomena that the Hopeful Housewife was trying to save money. One morning when the breakfast was more meagre than usual an air of serene triumph prevailed his wife and her surroundings.

"I'm going into town with you this morning," she announced.

"Shopping?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Shopping," his wife answered. And that was every word she said.

The Commuter could not account for it. Ordinarily his monosyllabic inquiry would have launched the Hopeful Housewife into a minute description of everything she intended to buy, with a running commentary on the comparative merits of the various department stores.

"What is a masher?" inquired his wife suddenly when they were halfway to town. "I don't mean men, you know, but something that goes with a golf bag."

"A masher!" laughed the Commuter, who, like all golf players, considered a knowledge of his favorite game as a part of the A B C of life. "Why do you want to know?" he asked, unobtrusively.

"Just because Mrs. Brown came in to town yesterday afternoon, and she said something about only five clubs being really necessary to the game, and they had such funny names that I remember them—at least I think I do—a driver, a lofter, a putter, an iron and a masher."

"Masher," corrected the Commuter again.

"Well, it's the same thing," she replied. "And it's really so, that those are the five necessary clubs."

"Yes," the Commuter answered. "When this sudden interest in golf?"

She made no reply and a quick, sharp glancing shot through him. He had neither the time nor the courage to voice it, however, for just then his wife had reached her destination.

Late that afternoon his fears were realized. Looking up from his desk in a room where by good fortune he was momentarily alone, he perceived a very small messenger boy staggering toward him under the load of the largest, flossiest, newest golf bag he had ever beheld.

In color it was the brightest possible yellow. It had brass trimmings. Also the same were faced in the fanciest of designs with things of white leather. It was so hopelessly, so gorgeously pretty, so very loud that the Commuter felt sure that a penny dropped inside the bag would cause it to play a variety of Scotch tunes.

He grabbed a dozen big sheets of manila paper and in a moment the once glorious golf bag was wrapped up in a long, shapeless, non-committal bundle.

It was by this narrow margin that the Commuter escaped a public shame!

Great was his relief, and when from the window of the 5:45 train he saw his wife waiting with Wolf-Wool, his pet colts, at the Mountaineer station, genuine gratitude welled in his heart.

The Hopeful Housewife's first glance was for the shrouded bag.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you've got it all wrapped up! How do you think it pretty?"



HE PERCEIVED A VERY SMALL MESSENGER BOY.

Feminine Progress

"I consider trousers for women to be not only desirable from a hygienic and sanitary point of view, but distinctly desirable in the way of economy and simplicity," said Dr. Sargent of the Hamilton Gymnasium, Harvard. "They give freedom of movement, do away with the injurious corset, and are less immodest than some of the latest gowns. They are in every way more desirable for the girl who works for her living."

"Trousers are not a bit more immodest than any other costume."

Jaures, Mex., is believed to be the only city in the world in which the direction and control of the city parks have been turned over completely to women.

The parks in Ciudad Jaures still will be cared for by men, but above the men will be a board of eight lady managers, composed of four "dames" and four "senoritas," who have exclusive control and direction of all parks.

Miss Kate Sanborn, the authoress, formerly a professor in Smith college, whose literary name is Katherine Abbott Sanborn, expresses the belief that the daughters of the rich, tired of being pampered, tired of living the empty life of society with men who are often weaklings and seldom more than mere puppets, are deliberately giving up many of their advantages and are turning to men whose physical makeup is more nearly the elementary.

The elopement of Julia Esterle French, niece of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt, with a chauffeur, inspired the statement.

The Writing on the Map.

"There is some lettering to be done on this map of Alaska, is there not?" said the draftsman.

"Yes," replied the eminent geographer. "Just mark it hands off and let it go at that."—Washington Star