



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Handing somebody a lemon may not be so foolish as it looks if we are to believe the latest returns from some sections of the country," remarked the Troubled Tourist. "I observe, for instance, that a tourist with a pronounced southern accent, who had been riding on a train through Illinois, alighted at St. Louis and handed the conductor a lemon."

"The conductor thought he saw the joke and put the lemon in his pocket, but a short time afterward he became aware that the lemon was leaking. He investigated and perceived that there was an unmistakable odor of whisky about that lemon, and closer inspection disclosed that sure enough, real double distilled corn juice was oozing from a hole in the lemon skin."



"HERE'S BOW!"

"It appears that since the Illinois legislature passed a law making it a misdemeanor for any one to take a drink of liquor on a train, even from his own bottle, the conductor had had the power to arrest said drinker. Hence the lemon substitute."

"Reminds me of the happy days in Maine when we wined one eye in ordering chocolate soda, or down in old North Carolina when we laid a dollar on a stone by the roadside, and the fellow so up the road, and came back to find a jug where the dollar had been. And there was something in the jug, too."

"The handy bunch of rubber grapes is also strong in memory. You could carry a bunch of those to the theater with you and not have to go out between the acts, though it was a little awkward if any of them burst."

"About this train law, though, it looks as though dry times were ahead when you can't drink water because there aren't any cups, and you can't use your own, particularly in the case of the dry drummers eating lemons ought to be quite a sight."

"However, the train prohibition so far

only exists in certain states, so that if the genial traveler only restrains his thirst until the state line is passed he will not have to resort to the lemon or any other subtle device.

"Some states are so big, though, a man might perish before he got through the desert."

"A road with plenty of tunnels ought to be a popular one in a dry state like that, only a car would have to be exercised in order to avoid the little mistake of Forty Rod Jones, who was traveling next a veterinarian in a dry state. In the first long tunnel the train came to Forty and made a dive for his overcoat pocket and, extracting a bottle, took a long pull at it. The next moment there was a riot in the car and Forty Rod was the center of it. He had dived into the veterinarian's overcoat by mistake and seized a bottle of horse liniment."

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Mr. Woodpecker is a Wise Bird.

Many birds show very great intelligence, but the wisdom of the woodpecker is certainly well worth a little careful study.

Some persons are of the opinion that reason is no more than instinct; but there is a difference when we come to study some of the habits of a few of the more intelligent birds.

The woodpeckers that inhabit some of the western wooded districts show a wonderful reasoning power. They actually plan for months ahead for what they consider a very delicate morsel of food. They provide certain food for a season when that particular kind is very scarce, and they make the work of securing it quite easy, too.

While acorns are falling in the autumn months the woodpeckers climb all over the trunks of trees and peck hundreds of small holes in the wood. They carry acorns to these cavities and in some manner pound or push them into the holes they have made, with the point of the acorn in the hole, leaving exposed the larger end of the acorn.

Months after, when winter has passed and the spring has come, these woodpeckers return to the scene of their autumn labors, and there in each acorn they find a nice plump worm feeding on the kernel of the acorns they had placed in the holes in the trees.

The birds fit from one acorn to another, peck open the shell and extract the delicious morsel of food. The birds evidently knew the worms would be there.

Men who have watched the work of these birds while placing the acorns in the holes they made in the trees of trees declare the birds will carefully examine an acorn, and if it is found to be one that promises worm life in the months to follow it is carried to the cavity and deposited; but if the acorn is a perfectly sound one the birds will discard it and pick up another.

Most acorns, like chestnuts, are pollinated

with a germ in the earlier stages of the nut's life, and this germ hatches out and worms in the very flesh of the nut and soon makes its way to the kernel.

It is very evident the smart woodpeckers know all this, and much more, and they simply reason that it would be wise to secure a plentiful supply; and this is the reason they are so busy pecking the trees full of holes. Each hole will hold an acorn and each acorn will contain a worm.

It is said the food supply of these birds would be quite scarce at the spring season if they did not resort to this method of storing away a good supply of meat for that season.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Jealousy Age Limit.
Lady Duff-Gordon, at a dinner in New York, praised the beauty doctor.
"It has put back the clock at least fifteen years for woman," she said. "The woman of 50 years today, thanks to the beauty parlor, hardly looks 35 years old. In fact, I might almost say that there are no old women any more."

"Up to what age can woman still be called young?" a pretty grandmother asked pensively.

"No matter what her years," said Lady Duff-Gordon, "a woman is still young so long as she can make a man jealous."

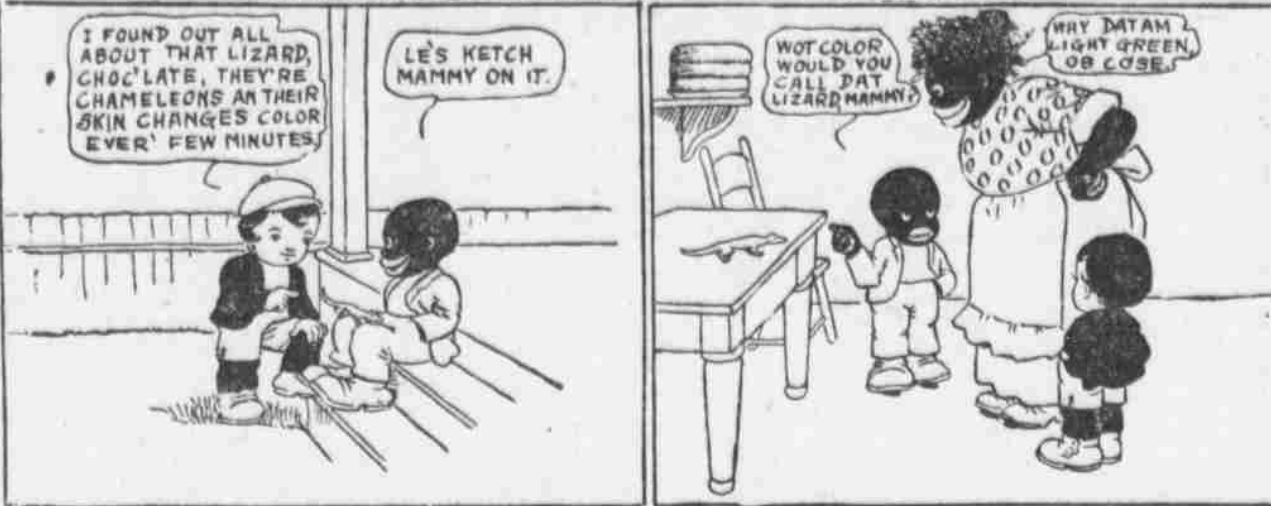
Why Baby Cried.
"Why is baby crying, John?" asked mother, coming into the room hastily.
"He doesn't want to get into the bath tub without his rubbers on," said John. "He's afraid he'll get his feet wet."—St. Louis Republic.

The kangaroo, which is noted for its enormous appetite, can eat in a given time as much grass as six sheep would consume in the same period.

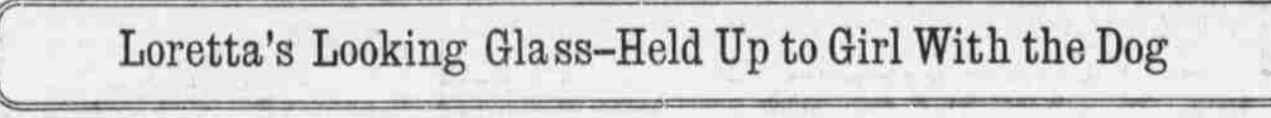
Sailing wax does not contain a particle of wax, but consists of asphalt, Venice turpentine and cinnabar.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

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Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl With the Dog



A dog on a string leading a married woman may be regarded as a misfortune. But when it is attached to the leash that drags a pretty young girl like you at the other end it is an abomination.

It's an object of ill omen. In the eyes of men I mean.

It makes no difference how you try to crawl under or endeavor to overlook the dog, the family by sending costly gifts. He may evidence his disapproval in all the silent ways by which men express their dislike; BUT he is instantly suspicious of a girl who shares his dislike for babies.

And here's the point—logical or not, it's a fact—a girl with a dog, especially one of the lap kind, summons into a man's mind a picture of a fat matron who hates babies and adores her poodle.

A delightful girl I know has three of these rakish, devoted, intelligent dogs with hair in their eyes. A man who recognizes the charm of the girl often plays with her and the dogs. The other morning he met the dog, with the girl on the string trotting along behind.

"By Jove! it's an inelegant to a decent dog!" he exclaimed with a look at the girl quite unlike any he had cast toward her before. "I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

The girl flamed into a becoming anger. "I thought you liked dogs!" she cried.

"I do, but not on strings!"

And the pretty girl is wondering at the inconsistency of men. She cannot see why a man will enjoy a girl's possession of three dogs at large on the lawn and resent her taking one out on a string.

You, with your canine wad of white wool rolling along in front of you, tugging up the legs of unwary pedestrians, behaving generally in a way that ought to embarrass you, but does not—just learn of me. You are running down the value of your own goods. You are disgusting the kind of men who make good husbands. You are putting yourself in the class with women who are fast, insolent dogs; I'd like to know how you expect anything masculine worth having to want you. You will have to hunt up one of the with-all-your-faults-he-loves-you-still kind of men. And they are scarier than hens' teeth. Men do not have to be tolerant. There are too many girls busy with all their energy at "sex-acty" sulking" them. I should cut the dog's string, if I were you!

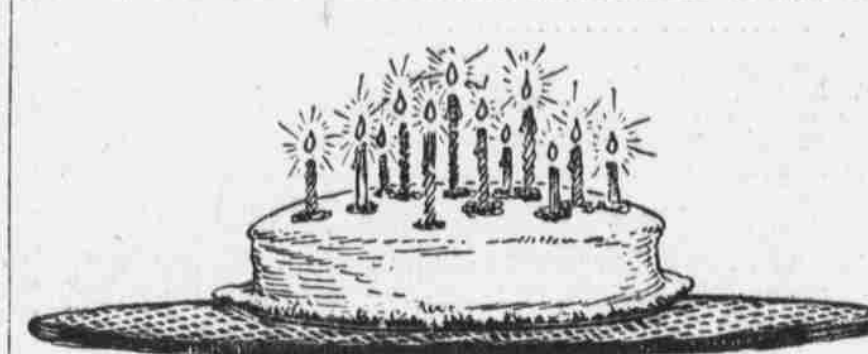
stands for the womanly tenderness, the special brand of affection that every man believes is essential to the character of a woman.

The man may positively fear the red and squirmy morsel that represents the future man. He may avoid the house where it appears as he would the plague. He may assuage his conscience for ceasing to visit the home of his dearest friends because of the new member of

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

WEDNESDAY, September 20, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Bertha Adams, 5111 North Twenty-third St.	Druid Hill	1905
Margaret Brookmiller, 2627 South Twelfth St.	Castellar	1896
Edwin H. Barnes, 3835 Franklin St.	Franklin	1902
Earl B. Brown, 2211 Douglas St.	Central	1903
Wainetta Bruner, 2722 Fort Omaha Ave.	Miller Park	1903
Lola E. Byrd, 1901 Dodge St.	High	1892
Myrtle Cain, 2616 Brown St.	Saratoga	1901
Milton A. Cole, 2602 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1904
Ethel J. Cook, 1614 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1899
Mable E. Corwin, 1212 South Seventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Helen E. Danielson, 2232 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1900
Eliza O. Donoghue, 2201 Cumby St.	Cass	1902
Stanford Ellidge, 2712 North Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1896
Carlton J. Endres, 2410 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1903
Sidney A. England, 2747 Cumby St.	Kellom	1894
Charles Francis, 1122 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1903
Goldie Finkelstein, 919 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1891
David P. Findley, 3602 Lincoln Blvd.	Franklin	1905
Bertha Forcht, Forty-fourth and Fort Sts.	Central Park	1903
Mary A. Fox, 15 Shelby Court.	High	1897
Roy Laton Gill, 211 North Eighteenth St.	Central	1897
Dorothy Guckert, 116 North Thirty-eighth Ave.	Saunders	1903
Chester F. Johnson, 2603 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1899
Viola Johnson, 974 North Twenty-seventh St.	High	1896
Jake Kattleman, 922 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1898
James M. Knooles, 4326 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Mike Kroupa, 1217 Spuh Fourth St.	Train	1896
Josephine Lambert, 3301 Pinkney St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Dorothy M. Littell, 3324 Fulton Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
John McLaughlin, 1831 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1900
Ruth Margohn, 1710 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1903
Annie Minkin, 1923 Paul St.	Kellom	1903
Marguerite Moore, 4328 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1899
Luther P. Noble, 2814 1/2 Webster St.	Webster	1901
Juliet M. O'Donnell, 1115 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1897
Adelheid Oldmann, 1716 Center St.	St. Joseph	1897
Gaynell Parker, 2004 Clark St.	Kellom	1898
Doris Peterson, 2553 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Charles Roberts, 2447 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1898
Thodaine Rountree, 1125 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1899
Robert Sackett, 2563 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1901
Roy Smith, 3204 Pinkney St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Oliver Snell, 3230 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Helen F. Stuhlreier, Twelfth and Kavan Sts.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Corra M. Tolstrup, Thirty-eighth and Arbor Sts.	Windsor	1902
Joseph Trummer, 912 Homer St.	Bancroft	1894
John Vasko, 1402 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Arthur Waack, 3323 South Twenty-fourth St.	Castellar	1897
Joe Wolf, 2324 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1899



Fights Between Town and Circus Men

"The recent death of Madame Emma-Lake recalls to me a most thrilling incident in that energetic lady's early career, when her circus was traveling overland in northeastern Missouri," remarked J. W. Murphy of Burlington, Ia., in a recent talk. "It was in 1867, when I was a lad of 10, the age when a boy thinks the manager of a circus is an infinitely superior being to the president of the country."

"The battle started at Luray, Clark county, where Madame Lake's circus gave a performance and a concert following the main show. It was this concert that caused the trouble. The round top was crowded at both afternoon and evening performances. The great civil war was just over and the land was full of impetuous youths. Something at the evening concert didn't set well on the spectators and they became turbulent. As the constabulary of the village was not large the circus people had to do their own fighting. A free-for-all scrap followed outside the tent in the darkness."

"The battle went on bravely until dawn and continued in the glare of day. It was conducted by companies, by squads and individual combats. It seemed that every fighting man carried a wound somewhere about him. In some of these personal encounters the spectators—there were great crowds attending the free show" after daylight—would form a ring around the fighters and cheer them on to the highest endeavor. Ah! That was a time of slugging that would have made light the heart of the prizefighter devotee.

"The boys from the army are game—the gamiest fighters I ever saw. They brought to bear all the experience and skill they had acquired in hand-to-hand fighting over breastworks and charging a battery. I doubt whether ever before the stake-drivers and fighting men of a circus had to go against a sterner proposition.

"Madam Lake was a prominent figure in a carriage drawn by eight white Arabian horses. With dozens of other boys I stood about on the roadside while the circus was evacuating under fire. I

saw Madam Lake, her fine eyes ablaze with indignation, stand up in her carriage and offer to divide \$5,000 in gold among her men if they would beat back the assailants. At last she was compelled to give the order to her driver to retreat to save herself from possible violence, and the way that fine equipment sailed down the highway was the most spectacular thing about the whole affair. No use for any Luray horseman to try to outrun those splendid Arabian animals. I doubt whether a motor could have overtaken them that day.

"The attacking party renewed the fight in the morning with axes, using their weapons to chop the spokes out of the wagon wheels. As the wagons were abandoned by the routed circus crew they were hauled along the road to Wayconda creek—then bank full—and thrown in. One of the showmen, who was badly beaten up, remained in his wagon and was never heard of afterward. We boys followed out to the creek and saw the gaudy vehicles dumped into the rushing tide and heard the cheers of the avengers. The destruction of the circus was complete.

"I think that was the last circus that ever visited Luray. Perhaps the town was blacklisted by shows. Anyhow, if Luray wants to see a circus now it has to travel far to do so.

"Something like two years ago I was driving along the road where the big fight took place and noted an old wagon hub half hidden in the weeds in a fence corner. Examination showed it was the final relic of Madam Lake's once popular overland circus—a mute landmark of Missouri in the wild and woolly days."

A Quick Cat.

The grayness of evening was creeping over the little suburb. Far away the shrill voices of newspaper boys could be heard calling the 9:30 editions, and the moon cast its pale beams on the worried woman who stood anxiously leaning over her garden gate.

"I can't make out where my husband has got to," she remarked to a neighbor. "He went out nearly three hours ago with our cat, a bag, two bricks and the clothesline. He was going to the river to drown the cat. Oh, what can have happened to him?"

"Don't worry, dear," said the sympathetic neighbor. "Cats take an awful time to drown, you know."

"But it can't be that 'keeping him,'" sobbed the distracted wife, "because the cat came back more than an hour ago."

—Tit-Bits.

Soap Bubbles.
Fill a quart bottle full of distilled water and add into it four-fifths of an ounce of ivory soap, which has been finely shaved. Allow time to dissolve, then shake and leave till all bubbles have disappeared. Add one third pint of glycerine and after thoroughly mixing the two pour into a basin or glass and give each child a clean glass or clear pipe. The glycerine makes the bubbles very strong and they will soap longer than others.

The Maid Who Never Married—and Why

Martha, isn't Dick Jamison the best fun?" tentatively asked the Best Chum, exchanging confidences over the teacups.

"You know, I think some artist should paint him to epitomize the popular idea of a good fellow. He is a good fellow, the very best fellow in the world, and I don't understand why you weren't perfectly mad about him."

"Goose," said the Maid Who Never Married, "a woman marries a man for his husbandly qualities, not for his good fellowship. You couldn't pick up a paper without reading of another panic, the noise of the crash of firms which had stood for years reverberated through the drawing rooms of the mighty. I knew Dick's firm was being squeezed with the rest. Besides, he talked economy and hinted at the prospect of a home uptown in case the hope of his life was realized. I was pretty certain the hope was myself and the odds were in favor of realization."

"Dick left me one evening early and went to the club 'o keep a business appointment. Hardly had he entered when he was grabbed by a fellow member and fairly pushed toward the card room."

"Come on, Dick, be a good fellow," called the players. "That settled it. Dick could not disregard the challenge to good-

I Should Say Not!

fellowship. I never found out how much Dick really lost that night, but it was enough to cripple him for two years at least.

"No further reference was made to the house uptown. By chance I discovered the cause of Dick's sudden ardor, and I gave him his conge. A man who will make love subservient to good fellowship is not eligible as a husband no matter what his personal charms may be."

"Eventually," continued the Maid with a sigh, "Dick married a dear, attractive little roush of a girl in her first season. She adored him, hung on his every word and was in a perfect ecstasy when he was particularly attentive. They took the house next to sister. For a while it was all billing and cooing. 'The Notes,' they were nicknamed.

"Just when Dick began to drift back into good fellowship no one seems to know, the return was so gradual. But drift he certainly did, as the lat-cabs and midnight lights told only too plainly. People began to notice that Mrs. Dick went about a great deal alone. How many times did I, returning in the wee small hours of the morning from dance-party, look across the dividing expanse of snowdrifted lawn and see Mrs. Dick, hunched up by the fire in her boucifer, gazing in the glowing coals to see the ashes of her dead hopes. How she ran to the window at the sound of every rattle cab or taxi, hoping it would disgorge the figure of her husband away on good fellow escapades. Night after night she sits there, fidgeting and waiting, alone.

"No, my dear, I have no desire to burn the midnight oil for a husband given to good fellowship. It means nerves, and nerves mean age and I have the greatest respect for youth and beauty."

"Inspiration."
Beranger is best known for his bacchanalian songs. One night he was at supper with Dumais the elder. The younger Dumais, who was present, was passing through his college course and at that period was exhibiting those characteristics which unfortunately developed later in life.

Noticing that Beranger had drunk only water, he somewhat indiscreetly asked: "Where do you obtain, M. Beranger, all the wine which we find in your songs?"

The poet's reply was: "From the fountains at the corner, my boy, and you would do well to make that the source of your inspirations."—London Globe.



"With Dick's renunciations ringing in my ears I was half sorry for my summary dismissal of him. Perhaps, after all, his good fellowship was but the natural outcropping of a merry nature, three-fourths generosity and one-fourth mischief. I determined to give Dick an opportunity to get a more favorable answer the moment he gave evidence of having been sobered by his desire to set the down.

"Certainly, I told myself, a man with hope of a home and the woman he loves will find no time for the card table, bachelor parties and other typical amusements beloved of man creatures."

"It seemed every one always counted on Dick. He'd fill a table at bridge, complete a dinner party, lead a cotillon and lead a hundred dollar bill at a moment's notice. He was the life of every party he graced and was known to have put the seal of friendship on more quarrels