

HUMOR THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Not always is it the "sport of kings." It is occasionally the "sport of United States representatives." This which, nothing could be sportier. Referring, of course, to our time honored pastime—following the cases of course, every American is a king some better a little greater for face cards and a point on the edge for those whose specialty is looting and sequestering kings and other high sets.



When they are off at Phoenix, in Kansas, which grand and blue grassed state sends or rather lends to the buses of representatives the impressive bulk of Ollie James. Were James less kind in calling him forth to represent his proud state in the legislative halls he could amass a fortune as a one-man wire person. For invariably O. James has one under his hat to pick off the article or wherever ad-



For using them either ostentatiously or otherwise. Representative Francis Burton Harrison of New York has several automobiles. His thoroughness have received blue ribbons at local shows. But these spring days as rides are neither does he joy-ride. Any day he can be seen swinging his shoes briskly to and from the capitol in a professional manner. He belongs to those who may ride in their chassis, so he walks.

Brightside and His Boy

BY FAYETTE PARKER.
"I see that the moving man is in a combine and it will cost nearly twice as much to carry a valise this spring," begins Brightside, with a wild gleam in his usually mild eye, indicating that the annual hiatus fever has planted its germ in his system.

"A stink can load up in Broadway at the same old game," Son observes, with some indifference to the subject.
"What do they charge there?" interrogates Father, in perfectly good faith, on the alert for a possible transportation bargain.

"It all depends on the size of the load and the experience of the gentleman engaged in tucking away his gear," answers Son, with considerable deft evasion, regarding his respected parent's inno-
"Everybody seems to be going further 'down,'" continues Father, "so the cents there are going up, too."

"If that's the case we'll have to turn that 'Cheaper to move than pay rent' motto to the wall," declares Son. "They're selling a new line at most of the big stores now entitled 'Why pay rent when you can't afford it?' That about hits us, Pop."

"I'm in favor of going up in the Heights," Father goes on, "as the air up there will do us all good."
"Why go elsewhere to get done good?" queries Son. "They seem to be able to put 'em over on us right here without missing any deliveries. There's one good thing I like about the neighborhood. We've been here long enough so the storekeepers don't try to work off any of their lead quarters on us any more."

"The landlord won't paper the dining room to match your new rug, and she's given notice to move," explains Father.
"Last spring my bedroom paper didn't match my new vest," groans Son, "but although I'm in my kick early and often I failed to notice any wild rush to pack up the family trunks and skidoo."

"Your mother has been looking around," Father says, "and she thinks she has found a flat that will just suit us. She says it is a perfect jewel. While the rent is the same, there's much more room."
"I have to be a knacker," Son announces, raising the hammer, "but I'm willing to gamble that a gem expert would post a phony label on Mother's discovery. While my judgment has not been asked in this important matter, and as yet my little bright eyes have not had a peep at the joint, I am ready to bet real money there isn't any more room than we have here."

"I believe your mother said there is an extra closet," judges Father, cautiously.
"For one measly two-by-four closet my noble mother would leave this happy home," moans Son in mock grief. "Merely because the occupation of her dining room wall paper won't blanch at her bidding she goes miles out of her way to get stung. If we'd let the damns run things to suit themselves, all of us would soon be in the madhouse."
"Our landlord hasn't been very accom-

modating in the last few months," Father argues by way of extenuating circum-
"There are a lot of little things that need fixing."
"When a skirt gets the house hunting fever," reports Son, "she can find more trouble with the flat she lives in than a steamboat inspector can with an excursion boat when the captain refuses to 'come across' with the passes."
"There is one feature about this place that I like pretty well," Father says. "If I let the rent go by a week or so he never complains."
"Feature?" echoes Son, in amazement. "A landlord who don't hold out his mitt on rent day for the cash is worth putting in a cage and charging admission to see."
"There is a turn away the screw, if you beat it from here before a deputy sheriff serves a distress notice, you are no father of mine."

HE?
He—I love these strong breezes; they blow all the microbes away. She—Don't seem to!

French Epigrams.

Life is a riddle to which death holds the key.
Paris—The gate of hell and of Paradise wide open to all who want to enter.
A clever and witty remark brings a smile; a gross joke is hailed with riotous laughter.
The art of politics consists in promising everything and keeping nothing.
Good works are often a pretext for bad acquaintances.
How often it happens that we are far away from those nearest to us, and near to those who are far away!

When a man wants to keep a woman he shuts the door; when a woman wants to keep a man she sets it wide open.
A woman is like an army! She is just if she has no reserves.
We rule others much more by our faults than by our virtues, because the world here down before goodness; but wickedness impresses upon the world.
We often hesitate a long time in coming to a decision without suspecting that circumstances are deciding for us.
A fool may sometimes be cured; an imbecile never.
A man who does not lie when he is in love is worthy of the highest praise.
Happiness cannot be bought, but its possession often pays life very dearly for it.
Talent that has been put on the retired shelf is difficult to appreciate talent that is still in active service.

ALONE WITH HIMSELF.
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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK ENDS

The Coming Church.
Text: I Timothy, 2:14. "The Church of the Living God."
The living God! hence a living church! Mark that, you men, who are today "playing to the galleries," and talking people's ears with easy talk about "liberalism" and such like. The church, the church! Lending its power? Giving up the fight and the keys? Never! Not until the trumpet of judgment shall sound the Captain's orders to cease firing.

What of the "coming church?" I mean the church of the future. Is it to die? Is Christ to abdicate and be no longer the head? Shall the Lord of heaven and earth divorce His bride—whom He hath won by His blood? Hear the words: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Immortal lines!

Who's digging at the foundations today and trying to account the strength and durability of this invincible superstructure, this building of God, this institution that has marked the living note of the future? Why, the enemies of Christ and His church; people who want to "slim up some other way," who are not willing to pay the price; who are not willing to be Christ, short of the divine, marked and stamped with a modern brand. There are some ministers who are doing a lot of talking about the church losing its power and hold on the people. This is to be regretted. God knows who who compose this church of Christ are not perfect and make mistakes. But when we crucify the church



By Rev. Nathaniel McGiffin, D. D., Pastor of Lowe Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The Boss of the Establishment

BY AMBER MAN.
"When did the cyclone get here?" inquired the Boss of the Establishment, as he surveyed the living room of his apartment.
On the center table, where a green reading lamp usually casts its glow over the Boss' evening paper, reposed a headless upper section of the female form encased in tight fitting black. On the floor were innumerable scraps of filmy material, threads, pins, and queerly shaped bits of paper which, as a married man, the Boss had no difficulty in identifying as a dress pattern.



"Oh, dear, why did you come home so early?" plaintively ejaculated the lady. "I thought I'd have all these things out of my way before you got here."
"I can go back down town if I'm not wanted," the Boss replied bluffly. "But what is all this truck anyhow? What does it mean?"
"It means that I'm getting ready for our summer vacation," his wife answered, "and the cyclone you refer to is a dressmaker I've hired by the day. She's a terribly untidy person and I wouldn't have her if she wasn't such a good fitter. But just will tell you some of the gowns she's making for me. There's a white mull and a blue dimity and a rose orandy and—"

Not dismayed by his unresponsive silence the lady launched into a description of her future frocks far too elaborate and technical for any mere man to follow or comprehend.
The announcement of dinner adjourned the subject temporarily, and later, while partook of the repast, he let the waves of a fashion lecture break unresistingly over him.
Suddenly his wife paused for breath and he had a chance to reply to a remark she had made half an hour before, which, however, was the last he had remembered.

"Where have you decided we are to spend our vacation?" he asked. "Or don't you consider it necessary for me to know?"
"It was across the Boss' wife did not care to notice it.
"I've been thinking of the mountains," she rejoined simply. "Mrs. Jones was telling me today of a moderate priced but very exclusive hotel in the Catskills, and I'm planning to have twelve new dresses. I thought we might spend a few days

getting business was dead. It's only just beginning.
One of Colonel Roosevelt's first pilgrimages in Paris was to the tomb of Napoleon in the Palais des Invalides. Might be as well at odd moments to remember the graves of the Rough Riders who were led into ambush at La Quinas.
There are some persons so crazy for the limelight that if they saw a lynching they'd want to be at both ends of the rope.
Colonel Charles E. Braxton, Rhode Island republican national committee man, says if Senator Aldrich resigns his successor must be a man who will stand in the senate for the things which Aldrich stood for. Under those circumstances why not let Senator Aldrich appoint General Braxton to succeed him?
Must be awfully provoking to get married, receive congratulations and all that sort of thing and then find your partner hasn't been properly separated from the original party of the first part. So careless, too.
If you want to make an attempt at pronouncing Professor Zuehlke's name correctly say "Zueblin."—Albany Journal. Go on. If so, how does Huebner, patron saint of New Haven, Conn., get a pronunciation of Highblind.

A member has introduced a bill in the House of Commons to enable slotsters such as fishermen, sailors, engine drivers, guards and commercial travelers, whose calling demands their habitual absence from home, to record their votes by post. Bully idea. Ought to have the same thing here, and include editors and reporters. Might help their wives to believe some of the stories they are told regarding difficulties attendant on arrival home.

Daily Health Hint
We would do more work of better quality in from six to eight hours by devoting the balance of the time to national culture and recreation in the open air, says Woods Hutchinson, in Outlook.

POPULAR
"She reminds me of the North Pole."
"Why? Is she so stiff?"
"No, but she's so much sought after."

Things You Want to Know Bread and Bread Making

The press dispatches from Washington a few days ago announced that the Department of Agriculture had published, under the seal of its official approval, a treatise on bread and bread-making which controverted the popular notion that bread is unwholesome. Senator "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee is credited with originating the saying that the Mason and Dixon line marks the boundary between the land of hot biscuit and pure delight on the one side and cold "light bread" and disappear on the other. Certainly it is true that New Englanders have gasped in horror when they contemplated the southern diet of hot bread and fried meat three times a day. They would not admit "Bob" Taylor's classification of hot biscuit with pure delight, and they might not know that bread, simple bread, is known only as "light bread" in the south.

Southerners are convinced that all northerners are afflicted with physical and mental dyspepsia superinduced by the intemperate consumption of cold "light bread" three times a day, and of pie at breakfast. The Mason and Dixon line was run by the American people and crossed the Mississippi and therefore the division does not obtain west of the Father of Waters. On the whole, perhaps, hot biscuit and the frying pan have had the best of it in the west.

In view of this sectional warfare it is not the least significant fact concerning the recent official approval of hot bread that the author of the particular departmental bulletin containing the defense of hot biscuit and hot rolls was written by Miss Helen Atwater of Connecticut. This removes the last cause for bitterness and strife between the sections and the Mason and Dixon line may now be blotted from the memory of man.

As a matter of fact the different opinions held in the south and north as to the comparative merits of bread hot and bread cold are based, in the main, upon ignorance. Anyone who has traveled knows that in all but the exceptional instance bread in the south is an abomination because the southern cooks do not know how to make it, while hot bread in the north is an unthinkable desecration to him who has tasted of the best products of a negro kitchen. Notable exceptions are, of course, the Parker house rolls which are eaten hot in the north and the salt-rising bread which is eaten cold in the south. But on the whole it is unquestionably true that the average hot biscuit which boasts of a pedigree reaching back to the Mayflower is utterly unfit for human consumption, while a loaf of "light bread" descended from the cavaliers of Virginia is a sad and hopeless apology for food. Then the north does it not know how to make corn bread, and therefore it does not like corn bread.

The marked sectional divergence of views upon the matter of making bread probably had its origin in that "peculiar institution" which was responsible for a similar divergence of views upon all questions. The northern housewife, who did her own work, was induced to reverence the institution of a weekly bake day because of the saving of time and toil. In the south, where servants were plentiful the palace stove was consulted and the decision was made in favor of bread which came to the table smoking hot from the oven. An cornbread must be eaten hot if it is eaten at all, and as it entails a great amount of care when it is made properly, it became a more popular food in that section of the country where servants were scarce to be had.

Miss Atwater carefully avoids becoming involved in a sectional dispute. She says simply: "The fact that bread is hot or cold has little to do with the matter. New bread, especially that from a large loaf, may be readily compressed into more or less solidly masticated than crumbly, stale bread, and that, therefore, it might offer more resistance to the digestive juices of the stomach. However, when such hot bread as rolls, biscuit, or other forms is eaten, in which the crust is very large in proportion to the crumb, this objection has much less force. Little difficulty is then experienced in masticating the crumb."
What the Department of Agriculture is endeavoring to do is not to advocate hot bread or cold bread, but to bring the people of the country to a proper realization of the requirements for good bread, hot or cold. To accomplish this purpose the experiment stations have made careful tests of the food value of various grains, and of

flours and meals made from these grains, and this information is now available for the use of every citizen. Bread furnishes an important part of the diet of the people, although it is not so much depended upon in America as in European countries. The poorer classes in Europe live largely by bread alone, because they cannot afford other food. In the United States there is comparatively an abundance of other food available for nearly all of the people. The agricultural population in the United States is possessed of the largest and most varied food supply of any one large class of people in the world.

Bread is made from wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, millet, rice, sesame, and some other grains. But in the United States only wheat, rye and maize, or Indian corn, are used to a considerable extent. Wheat is the leading breadstuff in Europe and is by far the most used in the United States. It is the flour best suited to bread making, the aim of which is to produce an appetizing and nutritious loaf at the least expenditure of money and labor. Wheat contains gluten which, in the dough, acts as an elastic container for gases generated by yeast or other leaven and makes a light loaf. It has less gluten than wheat and therefore rye bread is heavier and more compact. Corn has no gluten and therefore cornbread will not rise.

The greatest amount of bread consumed in the cities and in the northern part of the United States is yeast bread, of the variety known in the south and west as "light bread." This bread is made of white flour. It usually is raised, or made light, by the addition of yeast in some form. The yeast, which is really a mass of microscopic plants, feeds on the material in the dough and sets up an alcoholic fermentation giving off a gas called carbon-dioxide. This gas puffs out the dough and makes the bread light. Yeast is used most generally in the United States in the form of compressed or dry yeast for sale in the markets. However, some housewives keep up the ancient practice of saving a lump from one batch of dough for leavening the next. This is the process which was used in ancient Egypt, forty centuries ago. It was this leaven which the Jews in their escape from Egypt were unable to use on account of their hurry, thereby establishing the precedent for the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

Bread eaten hot is usually made light by some other method than the use of yeast. According to the accepted doctrine of the best bread cooks in the south, a combination of soda and buttermilk produces the most delectable bread. Baking powders are formed by the mixture of an acid and an alkaline powder, which when mixed with dough, sets off carbon-dioxide gas so effectively as does yeast, producing a loaf that is not too thick and heavy. In ancient bread, which is very popular in England, but not used much in this country, the carbon-dioxide gas is forced into the dough directly by machinery. "Salt-rising" bread is a self-raised bread in which ferments acquired from the air puff the leavening gas. Breads baked in a form of bread very popular in the north and eaten both hot and cold, are made by vigorously beating the dough. This beating imparts countless tiny air bubbles in the dough, which in baking, expand, and thus leaven the biscuit. Many forms of unleavened bread are eaten in America. Crackers, or biscuit as the English call them, are nearly all unleavened. Cornbread, in its best forms of hoecakes and johnnycakes is unleavened and must be eaten when quite hot and fresh.

Bread is the oldest known form of artificially prepared food. The testimony of the Bible proves that the methods of bread baking in ancient Egypt were not essentially dissimilar from those in use today. Loaves of bread were just the same as those made in modern Italy. Nevertheless the people of the twentieth century enjoy better bread than ever has been known before, because of the advancement in the art of grinding the grain in preparing and handling the flour, and in the actual making and cooking of the bread. In America the greater portion of the bread is purchased from the bakers. England imports three-fourths of the wheat it uses, yet bread is to be bought from the English bakeries for less than half of what it sells for in the United States. This perhaps is sufficient proof of the greater economy of the European method of supplying the demand for bread.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
Tomorrow—"Electric Lights."

Types We Meet Every Day The Girl of the Wild West.

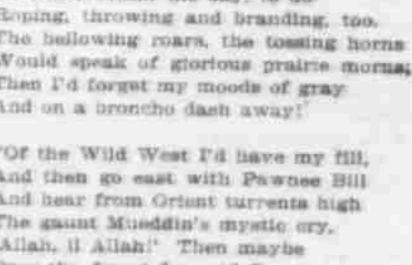
BY BOBBIE BARTLE.
Says Trivia, "Now that spring is here, And in the city parks appear Tulips and hyacinths in rows, A restless feeling in the girth."

"I'd very quickly learn to throw That graceful lariat or lasso; I'd learn within the day, to do Roping, throwing and branding, too. The following roars, the tossing horns; Then I'd forget my moods of gray And on a broncho dash away!"

"Of the Wild West I'd have my fill, And then go east with Pawnee Bill! And hear from Grant currents high The saint Mueddin's mystic cry. 'Allah, il Allah! Then maybe Over the desert I would flee With fancy still in wildcat play And on a camel dash away!'"

"Through yellow sands and jagged stones, Past ruined prehistoric thrones, I'd travel far to rest at east. By distant pain-gist oases. That's just in fancy. After all I stay in my own city still. And chase my moods of blue or gray Until they gallop far away!"
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The First Fly.
The first fly of spring On blizzards wing Flew about in a manner quite different, When a sudden chill wind Knocks him off his head. He was punished for being too previous. —T. E. M.
Early Shortcake.
With one strawberry in the middle Of the cake—marks the spot— What can I for life's old friend? I'm contented with my lot. —T. E. M.
Put money in thy purse—Othello



Then in the Wild West Show I haste, A bit of frontier life to taste; I let my wisest fancies play And on a broncho ride away!

"She reminds me of the North Pole."
"Why? Is she so stiff?"
"No, but she's so much sought after."