

FICTION THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE HUMOR

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Members of the house who are looked upon as the fashion plates of that body do not take kindly to the pervasiveness of the weather. There are several members who set the fashion for their colleagues, just as the late King Edward set the pace for well dressed England.



Thomas Heflin of Alabama, for instance, can always be counted upon to produce the most exquisite confections in the shape of summer clothing to be observed in all Washington. Numerous southern members have been delaying their orders to the fashionable tailors until they get an opportunity to see what Heflin is going to wear for the summer.

On the republican side "Doc" Barchfeld, of Harrisburg, furnishes the pattern which sporty members are prone to follow. Never yet, as long as he has been in Washington, has Barchfeld failed to appear, at the beginning of warm weather, in a suit that could be heard a mile away. In this respect Representative Boutwell of Illinois, is a close second.



Members who wish to be extremely well dressed although quietly, wait until they see what "Jimmy Burke of Pittsburg is going to wear for the summer, while Representative John A. Kellner of Boston has still another following. This discussion of what to wear for the summer reminded a member of a recent experience of Representative Martin Madden of Chicago.

RECIPE BY INCHES

Recipes for Meat and Bean Dishes. Recipes are here given for some less common meat and bean dishes. MEXICAN BEEF. The Mexicans have a dish known as "Chilli con carne," (meat with chilli pepper), the ingredients for which one would doubtless have difficulty in obtaining except in the southwestern United States.

How to Care for the Complexion While on Automobile Jaunts

"I suppose every woman who motors works out the theory of complexion treatment which best suits her," declared a woman the other day whose face does not look as though she had traveled thousands of dusty miles in her automobile in the last few years. "You see, it is useless to use water," she went on, emphatically.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Faith and Reason. Knowledge is the clear and certain apprehension of truth on evidence which springs from experience or from reason. It is information which we possess from the evidence of truth or deductions from self-evident principles. Ultimately, indeed, as a deep thinker has expressed it, "all science is based upon principles which are unproven and unprovable."



Rev. P. A. McGovern, Pastor of St. Peter's Church.

Divine faith is to believe without doubting whatever God has taught, and because He has taught it, so that His word is the motive of credibility. In this there is nothing to conflict with reason, since it simply opens up to us a new source of truth. For while some of the doctrines that have been revealed to us could have been known from reason alone, others are utterly beyond reason, as, for instance, the Trinity. Divine revelation, then, broadens our horizon and gives us an insight into things of which we would otherwise be ignorant. Reason and experience do not contradict the mysteries of religion, but are simply silent on the subject. If we

that God has revealed them, since we know that He cannot be mistaken. As we must first believe in God before we can direct our actions to His honor and glory (Hebrews, xi, 6), it follows that faith is the source of all supernatural virtue. The apostle calls it "the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not" (Hebrews, xi, 1). Consequently, in the first and strict meaning of the word, we can scarcely be said to believe that which reason demonstrates, or the experience of mankind proves to be true. Our faith must rest on the divine veracity, so that all of God's revelation must be accepted unreservedly. His teachings must not be submitted to reason to see whether it approves of them, and to have our acceptance or rejection of them depend upon the judgment of the reason. No! Let our understanding once say that God has spoken, and it is evident that we must accept His declarations. Nor is there anything in this attitude inconsistent with sound reason, anything that involves a conflict between faith and science. We cannot show this better than by quoting the words of a man who was probably the greatest scientist in the last three centuries, viz: the great Pasteur. "The more I know," he says, "the more nearly does my faith approach that of a Breton peasant; could I but know it all, my faith would doubtless equal that of a Breton peasant woman."

Dottie Dialogues

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR. "It's a good pretext, anyway," observed Dottie, pensively. "Heavenly!" I rhapsodized, gazing at the startle arch of the forehead. "To bad Prof. Halley couldn't use it to advertise some table water or almost-silk or vaudeville pickles," she murmured. "Vaudeville!" I inquired. "The varieties," she explained in a bored tone. "It's the most brilliant sky sign I've ever scanned," I admitted. "The advertising rate would certainly be high."

Being a Full Resume of Quips That Passed in the Night.

"No, my bank account's figure," I answered. She giggled. "I was just thinking," she gasped, "of how it would seem to any unfortunate who sat on a newly painted or varnished front step, when they came to stand up." "Quaint conceit!" "Intimating that you wish to go indoors?" I asked. "No, I'd rather stay here." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)



Under the Chestnut Tree.

From Everybody's Magazine. A small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside, when a passer-by stopped and said: "Pears to me your corn is rather small." "Certainly," said the boy; "it's dwarf corn." "But it looks yellier." "The dew's on it," he said, "and the yellow kind." "But it looks as if you wouldn't get more than half a crop." "Of course not; we planted it on halves." Years ago, when there were only wooden sidewalks in the city of Winnipeg, Canada, holes were bored in the planks to let the water run through. In the morning twilight a policeman found a man with the tip of his wooden leg in one of these holes and hurriedly walking around it. "What are you doin' here?" asked the policeman. "G'way, offsher," said the man. "Got to get home before of lady wakes up."

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THE ADVENTURES OF A BAD HALF DOLLAR Continued

Comic strip panels with dialogue. Panel 1: "SAY YOU HENRICKES - YOU'VE NO LICENSE - I'VE A GOOD MIND TO LOCK YOU UP HOW ABOUT IT - I'LL THINK IT OVER." Panel 2: "AH - HERE COME TWO LITTLE CHARMERS - I'LL BUY THEM SOME FLOWERS." Panel 3: "HELLO - GIRLS - I THINK I'LL BUY YOU EACH A LITTLE BOUQUET - ROSES - FOR THAT?" Panel 4: "I'LL TAKE ABOUT FIFTY CENTS WORTH - THIS FELLOW HAS NO LICENSE - GIRLS - I WAS THINKING OF ARRESTING HIM -" Panel 5: "I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT - CLARENCE." Panel 6: "THE DEAR FELLOW - TO BUY US THESE FLOWERS OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET - HE'S A DARLING!" Panel 7: "YES - HE'S SO GOOD - YOU KNOW SOME POLICE WOULD HAVE MADE THE POOR PEDDLER GIVE US THESE FLOWERS FOR NOTHING." Panel 8: "THE FIRST MONEY I TOOK IN TODAY - AND IT'S PLUGGED! IF I SAY ANYTHING HE'LL ARREST ME FOR SPITE - OHWELL - I'LL TRY TO GET RID OF IT BOMEHOW."

Things You Want to Know Harvesting the Wheat Crop

It has been estimated by a prominent economist that the use of agricultural machines in the harvesting of the annual 2,000,000 bushel crop of wheat means a saving \$300,000,000. Another authority asserts that if the use of machinery were eliminated from the sowing and the harvesting of the wheat crop in the United States, it would require the services of half of the people of the country to produce our bread alone. The wheat crop is the most versatile of all cereals grown by the farmer, both in matter of geographical range and of seasons. Wheat is harvested within a few hundred miles of the Arctic circle, and also near the equator in southern Brazil. Every month in the entire year is a harvest month for this kind of food-stuff. In January, Australia, New Zealand, Chili, and the Argentine Republic have their harvests. In February, March and April, Egypt, India, Persia, Mexico, and other countries similarly located have their harvest seasons. From that time on to September, the bulk of the world's crop is gathered. In November, Peru and South Africa, and in December, Burma and New South Wales harvest their wheat.

Perhaps no more striking instance of the world's progress in agriculture is afforded anywhere than in the case of the great banana farmer of California. In the days before the civil war, he lived on a humble farm in Virginia, and harvested the wheat for his father with the sickle and the rake. Today he owns thousands of acres, and operates a great machine which cuts hundreds of acres of wheat in a single day, threshes it, bags it, and weighs it, with never the interposition of a human hand. Where once he sowed the grain broadcast from a sack slung across his shoulders, he now operates a great machine which plows, harrows and sows many acres every hour. Thus, in his single life, he has represented more human progress than in all the hundreds of generations gone before. It was not a great step from the days when Ruth gleaned after the reapers in the fields of Boaz to the days of abundant work here in England, a harvest home procession always was in order at the close of the season, and the piper and the tabor preceded the last sheaf on the hop cart, marching along in triumph and joy that the easy days had come once more.

The present harvest season will be a notable one because it will mark the introduction of the greatest labor saver in wheat harvesting since the self-binder was brought out. This is an automatic shocker which does away with the need of men. As the sheaves come from the binding attachment they are placed in position by mechanical arms and when the shock has been completed and the caps put over it, it is set down solidly and firmly on the ground by means of a tripping apparatus. On large farms where the binders are run in bands of from fifteen to twenty machines, this invention will work a veritable revolution in the harvest hand problem.

Throughout the west there always has been a great demand for harvest hands; so great, in fact, that millions of bushels of wheat have been lost because it was impossible to secure enough to shockers. Where binders and steam harvesters are used this problem is not so serious, but it is only the very largest wheat farms that can afford a steam harvester. One of these outfits costs approximately \$7,500. It may have a cutter bar from twenty-four to forty-two feet long and is driven by an engine of over 100-horsepower. It requires eight men to operate it and the cost involved amounts to from 30 to 50 cents per acre.

The geographical origin of wheat, which is by long odds the world's greatest milling crop, never has been determined. Evidence seems to point to Mesopotamia as the home of it. It once grew wild in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The historian asserts that wheat is a member of the grass family, while the evolutionist declares it to be a degenerate, a black sheep of the lily family. He tells us that before it was developed into a seeding plant by utilitarian influence it bore a flower skin to the one borne by the ancestor of the cotton lily. If the next hundred years shall bring about as great progress in the development of the wheat crop as has been brought about in the last half century the world will see an area of bread so cheap that the 6-cent loaf of today may become the penny loaf of that time.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN. Tomorrow—The Riots in China.

Types We Meet Every Day The June Bride.

BY BOBBIE BABBLE. Says Trivia: "Though I've never tried before to be a sweet June bride, I must confess it seems to be a role exactly made for me. With only one rehearsal, too, I think I'm play well, don't you? Demure and shy and somewhat pale, In orange blossoms and a veil." "Of course, I know that marriage brings Gray duties, cares and serious things. But now upon the wedding day, I only think of what is gay. Of wedding trousseau, spick and new, 'Something borrowed, something blue,' Of rice and flowers that on me hail— Of orange blossoms and a veil!" "I smile, remembering that too soon Next year's my lovely honeymoon. And household cares and busy ways Fill up my later married days; And so, although a vagrant tear Upon my smiling cheeks appear, I won't let gloomy thoughts prevail O'er orange blossoms and a veil." "Some day next week I'll buy a book, 'Hubby' hasn't say, 'Why can't you make Biscuits like mother used to bake?' Mine shall be better, don't you see? And light as biscuits ought to be, I've mightier means to please a male Than orange blossoms and a veil!"



Ho—She must have a good complexion; she's always smiling. She—That proves nothing, except the possession of good teeth and dimples.