

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Recollect the Honorable William G. Conrad of Montana? He's the man who about two years ago started the country by announcing the fact of his existence and casually mentioning that he would like to be vice president of the United States.

dreeds of thousands of dollars each year if congress enacts into law a bill suggested by Secretary Meyer and reported favorably from the senate committee on naval affairs.



And he came, but not quite to the vice presidency. Being a regular Montana plutocrat, with a slash at, democratic ways and a pile of scads as tall as the Washington monument, Mr. Conrad's vice presidential campaign convinced him that he liked politics pretty well.

enormous sum is being expended annually for the purpose of recruiting, outfitting and transporting men to take the place of efficient men who leave the service because of the uninviting prospect when they become old.



could possibly be extracted from Mr. Conrad's campaign chest. Senator Carter has a set of paint-brush whiskers that ought to have been copyrighted by Uncle Sam.

Secretary Meyer and reported favorably from the senate committee, an enlisted man who has been in the service sixteen years may apply for retirement with pay equal to two-fifths of the amount received by him at the time application for retirement is made.

FLAVORING VEGETABLES, HERBS, SPICES

Many flavorings are used in meat dishes, some of which are familiar to all cooks—onions, carrots, turnips and garlic being perhaps the most widely known.



FLAVOR OF FRIED VEGETABLES. Most of the stews, soups, braised meats and pot roasts are very much improved if the flavoring vegetables which they contain, such as carrots, turnips, onions, celery, or green peppers, are fried in a little fat before being added to the meat dishes.

ONION JUICE. Cook books usually say that onion juice should be extracted by cutting an onion in two and rubbing the cut surface against a grater.

Daughters-in-Law Need Not Wear Crepe for Mourning

A daughter-in-law need not put on crepe at the death of a member of her husband's family, for etiquette demands of her a shorter time of observance of the bereavement and more latitude in matters social.

himself to black ties and black shoes, but custom permits him wearing tan shoes in warm weather, and if his ties are dull gray and other inconspicuous colors he will not be criticised, if he prefers, out of courtesy to his wife, to go into mourning his clothes should be black and shirts for daytime black and white.

A Dyspeptic Pessimist

The people who think only of themselves generally have very little to think about. Disappointment is the black sheep of the Hope family.

There are some men who take their pleasures for business reasons. The things they consider the most are sometimes the things that make us feel pretty cheap.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK-END

The Text—Philippians IV, 8-9.



Paul had been the teacher of those to whom he is writing. Near the close of his letter he is saying, "If I should choose a last word to give you, that word would be 'think,' and if another word is permitted, that word would be 'do.'"

By Rev. M. V. Higbee, Pastor North Presbyterian Church.

ways waste and often disastrous. We may be naturally eager yet never in a hurry. "Our reach should always exceed our grasp, else what's a heaven for?"

behind, I press forward toward the prize, I think of one thing and reach for one thing. The mind which knows the delight of righteous thinking will never be fully satisfied till thought takes hold upon him who is the source of all righteousness.

Types That We Meet Every Day - The Girl On the Ocean Greyhound.

"Almost every line of human endeavor is discussed upon with rare insight by the fair graduates and excellent advice given for same living," continues Father.

drag loose at least six simoleons per week. Then the old folks might be able to get hold of some of the cash daughter's education set 'em back. Society might be able to worry along a while without being decorated, but the push furniture with which he was to be baptised, if we give ourselves to thinking out the will of God and doing the will of God we will be taking our cross daily and following Him.

For, instead of a charging column, there came an open carriage and in it was seated the Little Corporal, the Great Corsair. He stood up in the carriage and with one wave of his hand captured 100,000 soldiers sworn to defend the king of France.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BAD HALF DOLLAR

A comic strip titled 'THE ADVENTURES OF A BAD HALF DOLLAR' featuring a man and a woman in various humorous situations. The man is often in a state of financial distress, and the woman is usually the one who has to help him out. The dialogue is witty and satirical.

Things You Want to Know The Battle of Waterloo.

Ninety-five years ago today, on June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte met with final and crushing defeat in the battle of Waterloo. The issue of that battle broke the inflexible will, doomed to disappointment the insatiable ambition and extinguishing forever the star of destiny of the greatest soldier, the greatest lawyer, the greatest financier and the greatest politician modern Europe had known.

old martial art. But the two Scotch colonists prove that the soldier's desire to figure in the special dispatches of a war correspondent was born simultaneously with the first war dispatch. The first war correspondent was John Robinson, who went to the battle of Waterloo for the London Times.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is due to arrive in New York today, after an absence of something more than a year, most of which time has been spent in the wilds of Africa, beyond the pale of civilization. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt's return to the United States has been compared by some politicians to the return of Napoleon from exile in the island of Elba, the more or less mythical existence of the "Back-from-Elba Club," and the further fact that Mr. Roosevelt is the most remarkable personality in American public life today, adds interest to the curious coincidence that the day of the Roosevelt homecoming should be the anniversary of that tragic event in which the original back-from-Elba movement came to its terrible end.

One may leave Waterloo now at noon and be in London at midnight by traveling with special speed. By the Boston Express, advertised in the special dispatches of a war correspondent was John Robinson, who went to the battle of Waterloo for the London Times.

Napoleon, accompanied only by a few retainers, set sail from Elba on February 26. On the first day of March he landed on French soil on the shore of the Gulf of Juan. He began at once his march toward Paris. At first, the people were distrustful and afraid. But when Napoleon reached that part of the country patronized by the soldiers who had followed his flag to victory, the soldiers and the people threw away the white flag of the Bourbons and hoisted the tricolor of their greatest hero.

visitors to the battlefield, and they are numerous, go out from Brussels by the trolley car, to see the battle, and the road through the beech forest by motor car. The village of Waterloo is little changed perhaps, by the ravages of a century, and it is today as colorless and uninteresting as it was ninety-five years ago. It saw nothing of the battle, and its name was immortalized only by the mere accident that the Duke of Wellington, on the night of the battle, here found an inn in which to rest himself, and from which he wrote the report of his victory over the great Frenchman.

Ever Buy Any Tailor's Tacks? "I have gone into nine hardware stores today," said the discouraged amateur dress-maker, "and not one of them ever heard of a tailor's tacks!"

The field of Waterloo lies peaceful under its carpet of wheat and rye, but the marks of the dread conflict are not all obliterated. The garden wall at Hougoumont still stands, and there are the broken marble terraces of the burned chateau, there is the well which was filled with the blood of English defenders, there is the sanctuary of the chapel into which the profane flames dared not to go.

Types We Meet Every Day The Girl On the Ocean Greyhound.

Says Trivia, with an anxious stare, The sea is smooth, the day is fair, And yet how hard the engines pound! I feel quite queer; let's walk around! I've arranged the deck in 'Don't you see This first plank seems to creep toward me? The next one creeps the other way. No, I'm not ill, though I look gray.

