

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



### Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"I went down yesterday to that Long Island farm where they are teaching young women how to be farmers," says Mr. Uplift when young Mr. Uplift arrives for the evening argument. "Mrs. Belmont thinks there is a field on the farm for girls," adds Father.

"Oh, you farmerette!" exclaims Son, with considerable enthusiasm for him. Back to the fields for the skirts, is my sentiment.

"Eventually they expect to perform all of the work down there, without the aid of flesh," continues Father.

"In other words," deduces Son, "they will let the hired man do the rough work until they see if they like the place. I know a bunch of folks who would take a job down on the old homestead if they could dig up some scheme to cut out the rough stuff."

"Last night down there, for example," relates Father, "the hired man milked the cows and fed the horses while the girl pupils watched him."

"The hired man in a cow stable ought to be a swell job for a New York dame," thinks Son. "When they get the work down fine they'll probably want all the cows in 'stead' nightgowns tied up with pink ribbons."

"Several of the young women had been dressmakers, others stenographers, and still others clerks," informs Father.

"While the keyboard on a Jersey cow is a little different from that on a typewriter," remarks Son, "a bright stenographer was in, up, an she'd ought to be able to get up enough speed to drag out milk for the coffee. Being good on signs, if the cows happens to kick over the milk pail, the stenographer can easily hand out the double cross to Bosy."

"Farmers' daughters almost always do the milking and similar chores," argues Father, "and I see no reason why these city girls, careful leers to do such tasks."

"Most of the dames I know would rather drop a dime in the slot and get a can of condensed milk," Son suggests.

"The farm horses were abed when I was there," says Father, "and the girls were very much interested in the process and made a number of suggestions for improvement."

"Leave it to the skirts to come across with the suggestions," declares Son. "After that bunch gets to running the farm they'll probably have all the plugs wearing shoes with French heels and suede tops on week days and patent leather pumps with silk stockings on Sundays."

"I must admit that I was somewhat amused at their efforts to try to harness up the horses," confesses Father. "They

### "Why is a Farmerette?" Argued by Father vs. Son.



LEAVE IT TO THE SKIRTS TO COME ACROSS WITH THE SUGGESTIONS.

wanted to put all the fancy trappings in the stable on a pair of horses going into the field to plough."

"The dames may think it's a circus now," warns Son, "but, believe me, the horse knows the difference. He can't keep his mind on his work if he's all tugged up like a circus pony in the big parade."

"None of the girls even knew how to feed the chickens," Father continues.

"Put little Bright Eyes in a Broadway restaurant and there isn't anybody who knows better how to take care of a chicken," comments cynical Son. "At that, one small hot bird on a silver platter is easier to get away with than three or four hundred of those hens that made Plymouth Rock famous. She can chew one, but she can't shoo a whole flock," maliciously adds Son, while Father casts a suspicious glance at him as if to bar such levity.

"When the young women farmers went down to the duck yard those birds all swam away, leaving the girls in despair," says Father.

"Taking water and ducking it at the same time, eh?" queries Son, "which is going some."

"The girls will raise peas, lettuce, radishes and green corn, this first season," explains Father.

"Let us hope the stuff will come up," hedges Son.

"They expect to grow enough produce this summer to keep them next winter," Father concludes.

"Here's hoping the farmerettes won't have to live on snow balls, then," wishes Son.

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## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



### Eggs—They Reduce One Woman to Literature

The recent catastrophe in the egg packing business has reduced the egg men and their wives to such financial straits that some of them are turning to literature in the hope that it will help them buy their groceries, says the Chicago Tribune market reporter. If they cannot sell their eggs at a profit, they hope, at least to turn their troubles into literature and check the following dissertation on "The Egg and Its Habits," by the "Wife of a Cold Storage Man."

"Lay not up for yourself eggs in cold storage, where moisture and age doth corrupt and where pure food laws break through and squeal."

"When I met Tom it was a case of eggs at first sight and ever since life has been one grand omelet to me until this winter, when the bottom dropped out of the case. During the late unpleasantness Tom, to use his own words, 'got it in the yolk, and then some.' As usual, I was the innocent bystander and was eaged on until I was tempted to beat it. How was it to know that eggs which went into the cooler at 25 cents would come out at 57? I don't know any hens personally, how could I tell? Eggs are just like the boy who couldn't learn to spell because the teacher kept changing the words on him. You can't learn when to store eggs because the weather man keeps changing the weather on you. That's what Tom says.

"In my estimation a strictly fresh egg is all right, but a rotten one should be canned. When you come to know eggs as well as I do you'll get to realize there's a lot in them. There are men in this town today who couldn't hold a candle to an egg. A man may be fresh, and a freshman awfully fresh, while an egg under the same circumstances would be 'fresh,' 'hold fresh,' or 'fresh laid.' A man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks, but an egg is fresh all the time until something happens. It all depends on the life it has led, whether it has had a hot time and gone to the bad early or has managed to keep cool and earn the respect of the community.

"The egg has an awful crust. An egg that is old enough to know better will try to look like it hadn't been laid an hour. It's nothing but a shell game. The way it keeps in storage all depends on the shell. When an egg has done time in the cooler until rot sets in, it's no name for what it has. Its shell grows a mossy fungus that Tom calls whiskers. He says any warehouse that is on the square will furnish a razor with every case.

"Speaking of eggs reminds me of the farmers and the pathetic tales we used to hear of the poor farmer bemoaned by the wicked commission man. But it's different now.

"The commission man, all sad and forlorn, is milked by the farmer all shaven and shorn, who is driven home in the early morn, in the limousine with the crumpled horn, which he toots and toots to show his scorn, and to frighten the hens that laid the eggs that are stored in the house that Cold Storage Jack built."

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



This is the Day We Celebrate

March 23, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Evelyn Bovell, 3028 Cass St.	Webster	1904
Theresa Cifuno, 815 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1902
Edward A. Cormoran, 403 Marcy St.	St. Philomena	1898
Martin E. Dox, 4924 Chicago St.	Saunders	1905
Margaret Dolan, 1120 Sherman Ave.	Kellom	1903
Aubree DeBuse, 4104 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1900
Leonard Fay, 3209 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1900
Julia M. Fowler, 3036 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
John Froeh, 1110 South Sixth St.	Pacific	1898
Oliver Frater, 3216 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1898
Ida Hissop, 4821 North Twenty-seventh St.	Saratoga	1904
John Hamilton, 1815 Izard St.	Cass	1900
Clara M. Hall, 2612 North Fourteenth St.	Lake	1899
Ruth Harrow, 3034 Evans St.	Druid Hill	1903
Paul Jacobs, 2429 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1896
Charles Kysela, 1909 South Second St.	Train	1904
Harry Manley, 3016 Pinkney St.	Druid Hill	1901
Frank Moore, 2609 Patrick Ave.	Long	1900
Kenneth McCandless, 1017 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1898
Edith M. Pettegrow, 4514 North Thirty-fourth Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Lucile Robertson, 507 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1900
Harry Ramm, 920 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1905
Walter Romery, 4435 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1901
Harry Robert Cronin, 211 South Twentieth St.	Central	1896
Willie Slyter, 2412 Dodge St.	Park	1900
David Simon, 2315 South Thirty-second St.	Windorst	1902
Rachel Sims, 4105 South Twelfth St.	Forest	1901
Charles Semik, 1008 Homer St.	Bancroft	1896
Marle K. Sawyer, 3415 North Twenty-fourth St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Byron C. Taylor, 2518 Woolworth Ave.	High	1890
Katie Vana, 307 Pine St.	Train	1904
Helen Willett, 2501 Corby St.	Lothrop	1901
Edwin Winterton, 707 South Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1896
August Wieske, 2218 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1897
Blanch Yensen, 973 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1898
Katie Zogurski, 2364 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1904

### Prohibitionist Barkeep on Buttermilk

"What I've always noticed about the men that come in here for their refreshments," said the prohibitionist barkeep, smoothing his white apron and gazing affably at the middle-aged customer who was drinking a sealer lemonade. "Is that they drink what they want when they want it. And therein lies human nature. I see they're having dry waves in Georgia and wet waves in Long Island. Well, sir, we got wet waves and dry waves right here in this little emporium that's tucked in between the busy marts of trade. Here in this town folks have a way of being good, bad and indifferent just the same as they do in Watermelonville, Ga., or Clamtown, L. I.

"Now you couldn't legislate old Bill Beak into trying to find places where he was good for his constitution in summer, nor young Tom McHurr into giving an order for port wine when he wanted his regular drink, which is half and half. Nor yet again you couldn't make Phineas Bean drink anything but buttermilk. Phineas wants his own poison just as regular as he breathes. He'd sneak out in the night to buy it. He'd meet his choicest friends at the buttermilk joints. He'd make tours of research and inspection. He'd regard buttermilk as the one object of his existence. He'd go home at 3 in the morn'ing filled to the brim with buttermilk, and flaunting his independence.

"He'd hate to try to get lit up to pry up the question is so funny I should shed tears if it was ever tried in the precincts of this emporium. Just imagine an officer of the law stepping up to Phineas Bean and tapping him on the shoulder and saying: 'My dear sir, you can't drink buttermilk this noon. The law forbids buttermilk. Make it a gin rickey.' Why, say, I can see Phineas Bean simply burnin' that officer up with his gaze, and dash'n' down 10 cents and sayin', 'Barkeep, make it two buttermilks!'

"But," said the man with a squint, who was leaning heavily against the bar, "suppose this place and every other place where they sold buttermilk was closed up by law—what would Phineas Bean do in that case, eh?"

"My dear sir," said the prohibitionist barkeep, "there'd be buttermilk blind tiger in every alley in the block, and Phineas Bean wouldn't pass one of them. Phineas has got as much human nature as he would have if beer or gin was his regular drink, and if they tried to take away his buttermilk in the general assembly you'd see Phineas Bean down here jumpin' his hurdles trying to find places where he could buy the invidious fluid. Summary action by the authorities to deprive Phineas Bean of his priceless liberty to purchase buttermilk would turn him from a mild-mannered citizen, with the buttermilk habit, into a ragin' lawbreaker, with a thirst for buttermilk that nothing could stop.

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"I've seen men go dead wrong just on free lunch. That's the human nature of it. Every feller likes to work a good time to death when he feels that anybody is objectin'."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### The Wise Old Insect

Once there was an old insect who had a beautiful field of grain which she would not let anyone touch or enter, for fear they would steal.

This grasshopper, however, were determined to have some of the grain, because they were giving a party every night and wanted grain for refreshments.

So they made a plan.

One grasshopper put on a large black wig and blue spectacles, as one could possibly make a pair of these and went to see the old insect, telling her he was a professor of dancing.

The old insect was delighted and wanted to learn to dance.

"I'll teach you, aunt," said the grasshopper. "But it is only fair to tell you that it is rather painful." Because the first thing to do is to cut off your feet and make you new ones; you could never rattle your bones with such feet as you have."

Well, the old insect was so set on learning to dance that she said: "Never mind how much it hurts; I'll do it."

So the grasshopper cut off her feet—six and left her, saying that he would come back the next day with the new ones, which, of course, he never intended to do at all. That night the grasshoppers had a fine party, with all the grain they wanted. After several days, however, the old insect made up her mind that a trick had been played on her and she was very angry. She sent for her friend, Toad, told him all about it and begged him to catch

### Dyspeptic Philosophy

Even with aeroplanes our castles in the air seem no more accessible.

It isn't always the flashy young man who is as quick as lightning.

Many a girl goes abroad to finish an education that has never been begun.

Even when he reaches the top of the ladder, a man isn't always above suspicion.

The fellow who is lifted when a girl "handles" another man is sometimes the first to get over it.

It certainly left the absence of raw material that keeps a man from making a fool of himself.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—nor who, which is more to the point.

There is nothing like stacking up against the world to bring out all there is in a man, unless it is an ocean voyage.

There seems to be quite a difference between beginning at the bottom and getting in on the ground floor.

The snags of life are acquired by the men who have plenty of ginger.

We can all draw our own inferences, but we don't have to color them—New York Times.

Money talks, and that seems to be the best sort of campaign oratory.

Too many men are measured by the size of their bank accounts.

If some men should ever rise in the world it would probably make them dizzy.—New York Times.

### Snake Overworked

Simon Ford, New York's brilliant raconteur, was talking about St. Patrick's day in prohibition states.

"At St. Patrick's-day banquets in dry states," he said, "they are able I suppose to drink a little wine to the success of home rule, but they have to overwork the snake to do that."

"You know, of course, the Kansas snake story?"

"A New York man, on a visit to Kansas, decided that he would like a drink. But they said to him:

"'You can't get a drink anywhere except at the drug store.'"

"So he went to the drug store, but the druggist said:

"'You can't get a drink here, sir, without a doctor's prescription.'"

"But I'm perishing," said the visitor, "perishing for a drink! I haven't time to get a doctor's prescription.'"

"Well," said the druggist, "I have no power to supply you with a drink except for snake bite."

"Where is the snake?" said the man eagerly. "Give me the snake's address."

"The druggist gave him the snake's address and he hurried off. But in about ten minutes he hurried back again.

"'For goodness' sake,' he said, 'give me that drink. The snake is engaged for twelve weeks ahead.'"

Deal the Pack.

An archdeacon engaged as a new footman a well recommended youth who had served as stable boy. The first duty which the youth was called upon to perform was to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house," ordered his master.

After two hours of visiting from house to house the archdeacon's list was exhausted. "This is the last house, Thomas," he said; "leave two cards here."

"Beginn' your pardon, sir," was the deferential reply, "I can't; I've only the ace of spades left."—Ideas.

A Farmer.

Be good; don't expect to be paid for it, but don't be a good-for-nothing.—Judge.

### A Fish Story

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school.

Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes, mamma.

Mother—How does it happen that your hands smelt of fish?

Johnny—"I carried home the Sunday school lessons, an' like outside play, I all about Jonah and the whale.—Romulus.

## BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS



### Girls, Beware False Popularity

The popular girl is the natural girl—not the steeper who guesses indiscriminately and expresses her artificial "jollity" by her labored efforts to captivate the men. This type is popular enough in certain circles, but it is not a type that does evolve successful wives. A cynic once observed that "there are two kinds of women—those we love and those we marry," and he was just as wrong as a more famous cynic who remarked that womanfolk were divided into two sets—the plain and the painted.

That is smart, but mere smartness is not the truth. There are many kinds of women, and it is just as well that this is so, otherwise, how could the numerous "impossible" men find girls sympathetic enough to pity and marry them?

The popular girl embodies many types. She is first of all, tactful; then she is possessed of a sense of humor and she is jolly, though never at the expense of her dignity. There is something about her which tells the men that although she is free and easy in her manner, they must not take the slightest liberty. She does not run down her own sex.

Men are terribly severe judges of others. They will worship the rowdy, unconventional set—have a good time of it sort of a girl, but when she is gone they will thank their lucky stars that she is not their wife. They have taken the cue from the girl herself, because she makes herself cheap.

It is curious how often a girl makes the mistake of accepting false popularity for the real thing. The men will buzz around her, she will be invited out, at dances she will never adorn the wall, and yet the tragedy of it, she never marries.

The reason is simple. No man marries a girl whom his acquaintances do not respect. And the girl who is without respect

### Daily Health Hint

Anaemia arises from a depleted condition of the blood. To cure it plenty of good food should be eaten, and exercise in the open air should be taken daily.

Misplaced indignation.

"I understand that quite a number of the legislators who voted for you were paid for their votes."

"Sir," exclaimed the man whose moral standards are confused, "how dare you insinuate that I owe anybody money?"—Washington Star.