

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife Smoking Volcanoes and Women Startle.

"I see a lecturer advises people to eat sauerkraut if they want to live long," observed Friend Wife.



"SCENTENARIAN."

steak will insure a long life? While it is true it means a short life to the steer, it means a long, prosperous existence for the beef trust.

"But sauerkraut! It is to shudder. Do babies cry for it? Did old Methusalem train on it for 900 and odd years? I ask it. Not that Meth was so very old, as some scientist figured out that years were only twenty-seven days long in those primitive and hasty times.

"I was thinking of the fellow who said a person who lived to be 100 was a centurian," murmured Friend Wife.

"Not a sauerkraut centurian, eh?" said the Tired Business Man.

A TRIP TO MARS



THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



ELEANOR KURTZ, 3407 Cuming Street.

This is the Day We Celebrate

March 27, 1911.

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names of children and their schools and graduation years.

Hip Pocket Knocks Out Bootleg

Writing to the New York Tribune from Oklahoma, C. M. Sargent says the hip-pocket business is very popular, while the bootleg truck has lost its grip.

In the old Indian Territory days, when every citizen wore high boots, the first method employed to get liquor into the Indian country was to conceal several flat bottles in each bootleg.

When it became dangerous to transport liquor in one's bootleg other schemes were put into operation. The axles of wagons were made hollow, so that they would hold several gallons of liquor, and one time the cocoon trade in Indian Territory was made extensive than in any other place in the west.

It used to be a proper question when one was solicited a drink to ask, "Got anything in your boot?" But now the polite question in the parlance of the profession is, "Got anything on your hip?"

Not only have the male "bootleggers" adopted the pocket method, but it has also been resorted to by the female purveyors of intoxicants. Recently Sheriff Sale of Norman arrested a woman who had for several weeks been able to dodge the officers. She was searched and it was found that her petticoat contained twenty pockets, each just the right size to hold a half-pint bottle of whiskey.

Great Profit in Cook Books

"If American women would learn foreign ways of using up scraps, we should not have delicate children and the cost of living would have one fewer excuse for soaring so high," says a forceful woman writer in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The food at the average country hotel and boarding house in America is virtually unfit to eat. The same class of boarding houses and hotels abroad furnish one with good food well prepared, for the cooks know their business.

"The delicatessen child does not belong necessarily to the poorer classes. On the contrary, her mother may be a clubwoman of social prominence, known of all in particular who leaves her marketing till 5 o'clock because she has committee meetings to attend, and then dashes out wildly to buy something already cooked to provide for her family. The doctor's bills in this household are very large; yet if you should tell this family they were badly nourished they would feel insulted."

"The study of the cook book makes very much more interesting reading than one supposes. I know one intellectual girl who preferred Maeterlinck to meat and Browning to butter and whose husband sees this to the vanishing point. She is persuaded to read Brillat-Savarin's book on gastronomy. The condition and the charming style of this brilliant master on the art of cooking made her so enthusiastic that she had become an expert in the culinary art, the value of foodstuffs and their combinations; and she still finds

time for the higher intellectual life. And her husband is growing stout.

"She had been a delicatessen habitue, and her child threatened to be as badly nourished and as miserable a little specimen of humanity as the other children whose mothers can't afford to give them proper food."

Joyful Jim

"Next time I'm going to try and raise weeds," said Jim. "Things you don't want grow better things you do, and maybe if I pretend I don't want roses I'll get 'em."

Jim's mother was asleep, and the prickly feeling made him uncomfortable. "My foot feels like your face looks when you need a shave," he said to his father.

Jim's mother was trying to explain the meaning of a smile. "Finally the boy looked up and said, 'Oh, I know, it's a whisper of a laugh.'"

Jim and his little friend were preparing their lessons together. "Oh, Ed, this sum is too hard, wait until I find a softer one."

"Look, Jim," said Eddie. "That star you see up there is bigger than this world."

Loretta's Looking Glass

She Holds it Up to the Woman Who Picks Flaws.



At last I have you where I can hold the glass before you! You are such a 'sly person that it is hard to catch you. And yet, you have no associate among the company of small-villains who make society a dangerous diversion who so generally receives the dislikes of the divo-actresses.

her in her showily clad back. The only reason you pick flaws in her is to direct attention to your exquisitely tasteful posture of mode and dull old rose.

attention to the fact that you are such a satisfactory life partner that your husband does not neglect you.

Ballade of Old Days

There's a song in my heart for the days that are gone; Oh, the merry, mad days of yesteryear, When we drank to success with our cars in lawn.

They were careless old days, and they ended with dawn; And perhaps you remember, when planes were white With the snow that had drifted, when curls were drawn.

When our purses were lean and our hearts were light; When our purses were fat, and our hearts decay.

Then a friend was a friend; both the wit and the brawn; Were at play in defense of a comrade's fight.

There's a song in my heart that began in my flight; When our purses were lean and our hearts were light; But my muse is a-tremble and says me nay.

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New Village Blacksmith

Under a costly canopy; The village blacksmith sits; Before him is a touring car.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed; And smiles a smile of cheer; He tells his helpers what to do.

Behind the village blacksmith is the portal of his shop; The shop is very large in size.

The children, going home from school; Look in at the open door; And the chauffeurs weep as they declare.

He goes each morning to the bank; And sits away his cash; A hunching shop has grown into.

There are still some mightyesters left; Not long ago a Berlin market porter undertook for a wage, to put away at one sitting six mutton chops, twelve eggs, a goose, a duck, six pounds of potatoes.

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Fruits Kill Bacilli

The scientific reason for serving apple sauce with roast goose, the benefits of strawberries and lemons for the gouty, and the antiseptic qualities of grapes and apples were some of the points emphasized.

Instead of being bad for gout, strawberries and lemons, on account of their newly discovered salicylic acid ingredients, are distinctly healthful.

It is on account of the antiseptic action of apple juice, as well as its tendency to prevent fermentation in the stomach, that apple sauce is the inevitable companion of the rich and indigestible roast goose.

Hard to Hold Her In. John R. Morrow, the president of a great cement company, was praising cement at the New York Cement show.

"It is as much the fashion as the new-fangled decollete gown from Paris. There will probably be the same difficulty about it."

"One man said to another at a ball the other night: 'I do not know of any form of smirking self-satisfaction that is so obnoxious. Indeed, I think you are the chief of obnoxious smirkers.'"

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Spring and Summer Fabrics

NEW YORK, March 25.—Colored linens are already seen in great numbers to be made up for the first summer days and the colors in this material are more alluring even than usual.

You are a social irritant. You never get quite offensive enough to be attacked and so give others the chance to get the rage they feel out of their system.

heavy hand embroidery, while many extremely effective costumes, on the other hand, are very severe with only a sheer yoke of lawn or lace and a touch somewhere of black satin to relieve the plain lines.

A useful style of dress for the woman who must make each costume answer as many different requirements as possible is a linen gown made with waist and skirt separate and a jacket provided to correspond.

The figure shows a very smart little afternoon frock of Japanese silk in the new empire effect. Persian hand embroidery and bands of blue are used for trimming.

In one of the through trunk lines a Pullman sleeper on a westbound train was very crowded, and preparations for the night were in progress.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" said the man in the lower berth.

"It is," answered the fat passenger, "for a man of my weight."

"How much do you weigh, may I ask?" "Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds."

"Hold on. Take this berth," exclaimed the other, his hair beginning to stand on end.

"Oh, that my son should wish to marry an actress," struck the proud and patriarchal mother.

"Now, ma, don't take on so!" brought in the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress, she only thinks she is."

Many of the linen gowns and suits show trimmings of satinet, others display



which make excellent coat and skirt costumes for traveling, shopping, etc. There are checks and plaids and all kinds and varieties of stripes, and there are rough basket weaves which are extremely smart.

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