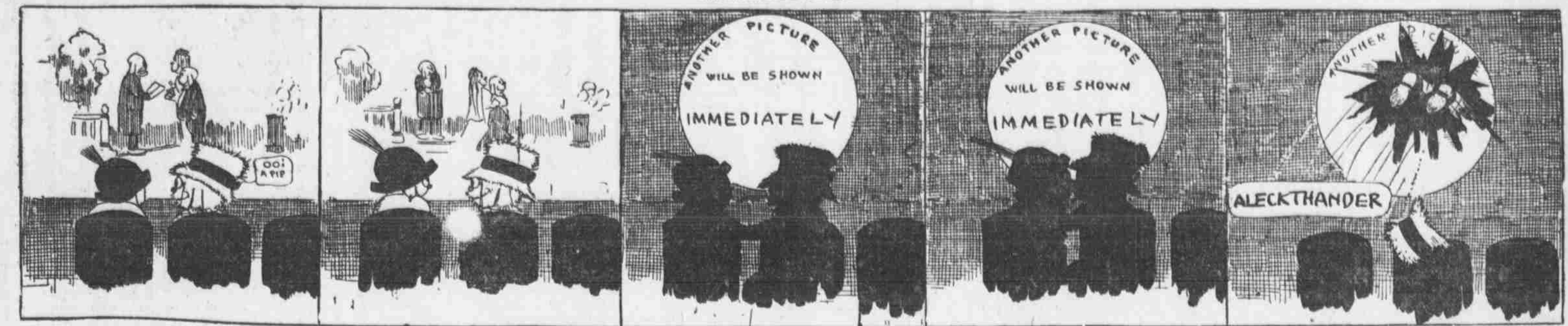


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Took In the Moving Pictures—So Did Someone Else

By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

Helen Prepares to Have Warren's Family to Thanksgiving Dinner.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen had never before had Warren's whole family to dinner. They had planned for it last New Year's, but Warren's father was taken ill, so the dinner had been cancelled.

Christmas dinner was always with his parents, and this year his sister Carrie was to have the family to New Year's. So Thanksgiving fell to Helen.

With all her heart she dreaded it. For the first time her ability as a housekeeper and hostess would be thoroughly tested by his people.

And in so many ways she was at a disadvantage. Her dining room was very small—ten people would crowd it uncomfortably. Also, the service for ten would strain the resources of her china closet and pantry.

But she must make it a success! She thought of Carrie with her larger apartment, larger dining room and better equipped kitchen. Yet Helen was determined that Carrie should have no better dinner.

For days she had studied the Thanksgiving menus in all the November home and housekeeping magazines. But they were all so elaborate—none of them could she follow either.

This morning she cleared the dining room table, and now, with all the magazines spread before her, she began to write out on a large sheet of paper a menu compiled from them all.

There was so much to consider in making up this menu—the number of people, the cost, the fact that there was no one to serve it but Della. After much pondering over the magazines, much nibbling of the end of her pencil and much consultation with Della, Helen finally wrote out this dinner:

Grapefruit with Marshmallow Cherries.
Cream of Tomato Soup.
Bread Slices.
(Three at each plate, laid with orange and red ribbon.)
Celery, Olives, Sliced Almonds.
Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce, Blackberry Jelly.
Sweet Potatoes, Baked Squash, Asparagus Sauté à la Vinaigrette.
Pumpkin, Wine Sauce.
Sweet Cider, Coffee.
Nuts, Fruits, Bonbons, Raisins.

The only dish with which Helen was not thoroughly familiar was the salad—a vinaigrette. And she had chosen that for the illustration. She knew that no dish could ever be made to look like a magazine illustration, but she knew that if she followed the directions very carefully this fancy salad could be made most attractive.

On another piece of paper, Helen now began to figure up the cost. Warren had said last night, "Now, there's no sense in spurning on this dinner. You ought to be able to get up a pretty decent meal for ten people for \$20—that's \$2 a plate. You can dine anywhere for that."

Twenty dollars—could she get it up for that? The turkey alone would be what? Here she began to figure. They had decided that two small turkeys would be better than one very large one, as the two would give a greater selection of parts. Everybody always wanted the breast or the first joint.

Two ten-pound turkeys at 30 cents a pound would be \$6.00. Then the grapefruit, five at 25 cents apiece, would be \$1.25.

But she crossed out these figures and began over again. She would write them down with the prices in the order they came on the menu, and then add them all up together:

Grapefruit, five at 25c each..... \$1.25
Tomatoes for soup..... .40
Celery..... .50
Olives..... .50
Sliced almonds..... .50
Turkey, two 10-pounders at 30c..... 6.00
Cranberries..... .80
Sweet potatoes..... .80
Squash..... .80
Asparagus..... 1.50
Sauté..... 2.00
Pumpkin..... 2.00
Fruit..... .75
Liquor..... 1.50
Cider..... 1.50

And now Helen counted this up. She was not rapid or accurate at figures, so she had to go over it several times before she was sure of the result—\$19.40.

Nineteen dollars and forty cents—and that was not allowing for any extras. It was merely the raw material and on several items she was not at all sure that she had allowed enough. And she must buy a new roasting pan—they had nothing large enough to hold the two turkeys.

When everything was counted it would be much more than \$20, but she would try to keep it as near that as possible.

She gathered up her magazines and menus and put them away. It was a week yet until Thanksgiving, and there was much to be done before the actual

preparations of the dinner.

The whole apartment must be thoroughly cleaned and put in perfect order, for Carrie's keen eye would be everywhere. There would be nothing she could not see. Carrie herself was an excellent housekeeper, but she kept two maids and worked them almost to death. And Helen resolved to show her that she could keep her apartment just as clean with only one maid, who was not overworked.

"Now, Della," going out into the kitchen, "I want to put fresh paper on all these pantry shelves today and clean up the pantry thoroughly. Tomorrow's Saturday—we'll polish all the furniture and clean all the silver and brasses. Monday we'll clean the sitting room, library and dining room. Tuesday the bedrooms, bathroom and hall. It'll take us all Wednesday to get ready for dinner—we don't want to leave any cleaning for that day."

Late Monday afternoon Helen hurried downtown to a department store for the roasting pan, candles and some lace paper mats. On the way home she stopped at a big fancy grocer's for the nuts, bon-bons, raisins, olives and fruit. The store was crowded with pyramids of oranges, lemons and grape fruit, baskets of fruit tied with ribbons, and great cases of fancy canned and attractively packaged goods.

Helen bought more than she had intended. She could not resist a box of crystallized ginger, a jar of stuffed dates and one of especially washed figs. They would make the table so much more attractive. Finally she had to tear herself away for fear of buying more. Never had the stores and the goods seemed so alluring.

Even the butcher's—a place from which she usually shrank—had a festive Thanksgiving air. A fat pig with an apple in its mouth and a paper frilled collar was in the window. The floor was freshly sawdusted, and the decorations of parsley and paper frills took away some of the horror of the hanging carcasses.

On the way home she stopped abruptly as she passed a florist. There must be some flowers—something for a centerpiece. Perhaps she had better leave the order now.

She wanted roses, but found they were too expensive, so decided on two dozen pink carnations, as they made the best show for the least money, and with her pink candle shades would be very attractive.

When she reached home she had a consciousness of having spent a great deal more money than she had intended.

And she found in the next two days that there were still other things to buy. Already the dinner was adding up to much over \$20. She found, too, that though she had tried to plan the work so there would be no cleaning left for Wednesday—yet there were still many things to be done of which she had not thought.

Wednesday night she worked up until 12 o'clock and set the alarm for 6 the next morning, Thanksgiving. She knew that she was wearing herself out, and that she would be too tired and too nervous to enjoy the dinner. But she was only doing what had to be done. As this was the first time she had ever had all of Warren's family to dinner, she was determined to have everything "right." So she could not spare herself now.

"What in thunder have you been doing?" grumbled Warren when she finally came to bed.

"Oh, dear, I know it's late, but there were so many things I had to do—I was afraid to leave them all until tomorrow."

"Huh!" as he turned over heavily. "One would think you were getting up a banquet instead of an ordinary dinner for ten people."

He had been sleeping soundly for the last two hours, and now he was snoring again almost before he stopped speaking.

But Helen, too tired to sleep, lay awake wondering if everything would "go right" tomorrow.

There were built in France, during 1911, no less than 1,391 aeroplanes, with a combined motive power of 60,000-horse power, and the distance covered in flights at aerodromes reached a total of 320,000 miles.

Nubs of Knowledge

In 1910 the United States produced two-thirds of the world's output of petroleum.

In a month a single caterpillar devours 6,000 times its own weight in food.

The Swiss peasants are of the opinion that the constant shrinkage of the Alpine glaciers is due to the building of mountain railroads.

Two French scientists have invented an adaptation of the phonograph, by which they declare, the vibrations of the human heart may be recorded.

There were three typhoons between July 11 and August 3—an unprecedented event, but the greatest of the storms was one that raged from July 11 to 17. The figures show that in the first three days of this

period the rainfall reached a total of over eighty-three inches, while in the first twenty-four hours thirty-two inches of water fell from the skies. The acting director says:

"We do not know of any instance in which similar torrential rains have been registered in any other part of the globe."

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Daffydils

GEE WHIZ ANY ACTRESS CAN PAINT BUT THERE'S ONLY A FEW WHO CAN DRAW.

I WILL KILL THE CUR WHO DARED TO TOUCH THE CHILD SAID THE HERO AS HE WAITED FOR DUSTY DAVE TO COME OUT OF THE WINGS FOR HIS PART. HE REPEATED BUT NO DAVE CAME OUT. ONCE MORE HE HELPED BUT STILL DAVE WAS MISSING. THEN A GALLERY GOO LET FLY AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE.

THE PHONE BELL RANG FOR SOL RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POKER GAME THINKING THAT PERHAPS HIS WIFE WAS ON. HE SCAMPERS LINEARLY TO THE RECEIVER PUT IT TO HIS LISTENER AND NERVOUSLY ASKED 'WHO IS IT WHAT DO YOU WANT. A VOICE ANSWERED

PHIL HAD WORKED IN THE JUNT FOR 10 YEARS AND HAD NEVER BEEN RAISED IN SALARY. ONE DAY HOWEVER, THE BOSS SENT FOR HIM TO COME IN ON THE CARPET. PHIL SWELLED UP LIKE A POISONED PUP, WASHED HIS MAP COMBED HIS LOCKS BACK AND STROLLED IN. THE BOSS SAT BACK IN HIS EASY CHAIR TOOK A SLANT AT PHIL AND THEN IN A MEASURED TONE SAID.

DOES THE VILLAGE BELLE GIVE TONE TO SOCIETY?

BOOM!! BOOM!! ITS THE BATTLESHIP OREGON BOYS, WE ARE SAVED.

COULD YOU SAY THAT A CARBUNCLE WAS A JEWEL OF A RELATIVE?

OH FIRE MAN!! SAVE MY CARNIVAL BADGE

HA I'M WORKING IN THE REFERENCE DEPT OF A M.N. PAPER NOW AND ITS A PIPE. THEY CALL THE DEPT THE MORGUE BUT ITS ONE SORT OF JOB. I DON'T GET THERE TILL 6 A.M.

THEN I CUT PICTURES AND STORIES OUT OF THE OTHER PAPERS AND FILE THEM AWAY. HUNT UP DOPE ON SOMEONE FOR THE CUB REPORTER. FIND OUT WHEN A CERTAIN BOAT IS DUE FOR THE WIPNEWS, MAN

ANSWER QUERIES ON THE PHONE, BRING UP OLD FILES OF THE PAPER FROM THE CELLAR, DIG THROUGH FILES FOR DIVULGE DOPE AND THEN AT 12 O'CLOCK AT NIGHT AFTER PUTTING EVERYTHING AWAY I'M DONE

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Sherlocko the Monk

The Episode of the Baffled Bloodhounds

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TAKEN OUT OF MY SAFE AT THE FACTORY! — ROBBERS DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE A FOOTPRINT!

A CASE FOR THE BLOODHOUNDS! I'LL GO GET THEM!

NOW TO FIND THE SCENT!

COME ON SHERLOCKO! THEY'VE GOT THE TRAIL!

I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE SHERLOCKO'S BLOODHOUNDS — ANY DOG WITHOUT A LICENSE IN THIS TOWNSHIP GOES TO THE POUND!

DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE OUR OLD FRIEND FORGETTO? — HE HAD THE MONEY IN HIS COAT AND FORGOT TO PUT IT IN THE SAFE — BUT WHERE ARE THE DOGS?

IN THE POUND! LEND ME TWO DOLLARS TO BAIL 'EM OUT!

BY GUS MAGER
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December Astronomical Happenings

The shortest days of the year, nine hours and eight minutes, occur during this month from the 15th to the 23rd. The sun enters capricorn on the 23d at 4:53 p. m. It is then farthest south and at the winter solstice.

The sun rises on the 1st, 15th and 31st, respectively, at 7:31, 7:44, 7:52, and sets at 4:58, 4:54, 5:02. The earliest sunsets, 4:52

It is farthest from the sun, twenty-one degrees, on the 7th.

Venus is easily found in the morning sky on account of its brilliancy. It moves rapidly southward during the month.

Mars is most favorably placed in the evening sky near the Pleiades in the constellation Taurus. While receding from the earth it loses little of its brilliancy during this month. It is still retrograding, that is, moving westward among the stars, until the 23th, when it is stationary.

Jupiter is unfavorably situated far to the south of east in the morning sky.

Saturn is not far from Mars in the night sky. It is still retrograding the whole month. It is on the meridian on the 15th at 9:49 p. m.

The stars present their finest views of the whole year during the early evening hours of this month. At no other time are there so many bright stars visible.

The moon is full on the 16th, in last quarter on the 12th, new on the 23rd, and in first quarter on the 29th. It is in conjunction with Saturn on the 4th and 5th, with Mars on the 4th, with Venus on the 16th and with Jupiter on the 18th.

The chief event of the month is the close conjunction of the moon with Mars on the 4th. The circle on the annexed diagram represents the moon with its cardinal points, the point T being on top. The straight line at the bottom is the relative path of Mars. The time of closest approach will be 8:48 p. m., when Mars will be at M in the figure. The moon will be full at the time, but on account of the brilliancy of the planet there will be no difficulty in seeing the conjunction.

WILLIAM F. RIGGIE.

CLOSE CONJUNCTION OF MARS AND THE MOON ON THE FOURTH.

p. m., occur from the 7th to the 12th, but the latest sunrise does not happen until January 3d, on account of the rapid change in the equation of time at this period of the year. The sun is eleven minutes fast on the 1st and three minutes slow on the 31st, being exactly on time on Christmas day.

Mercury is evening star until the 25th.

Senseless Chatter

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Last night I went to dinner with three women and three men.

This morning, I feel as if I had two heads and four tongues and not an ear to my name.

No it wasn't the dinner—it was a strictly temperance dinner—it was the things we had to talk about.

Two of the men were unusually talkers. One of them had just come back from a long trip to Central Asia, where he had lived with some queer kind of old being who dyed his beard scarlet and wore a yellow robe and green slippers. And the other man had just written, rehearsed and produced an exceedingly successful play. The third man had sense enough to sit and listen to the news about these things.

The women? Not they!

What did they care about Central Asia, or about the way a man rehearses a play? What the women at dinner wanted to talk about was the weather, and the new hats, and the Smiths' mother-in-law, and the Joneses' new cousin come from nobody knows where, my dear, "with the queerest clothes, full skirts such as they wore two years back," and the sales in gloves, and the maid who waited upon the table, and the maid who opened the door, and was it true that Miss So and So was really engaged, or was it just newspaper talk? Personalities, personalities, personalities, and the stupidest kind of personalities at that.

One of the cleverest men started, poor thing, to tell a clever story. Just as he was getting to the point, "b-e-e," his wife whispered in my ear: "Have you seen those new gloves at So and So's?" and I shall never know how that story ended unless I ring up the clever man on the 'phone and make him tell me; and if I do that, I suppose both he and his wife will think I am trying to make love to him.

They were talking about plays. "I remember," said one clever man—"Whush," chattered the clever man's wife, "weren't those dresses frights in that play?" "Hideous," eagerly assented the first clever man's wife, "and didn't the leading woman look exactly like that sister-in-law of the Smiths, who visited them winter before last?" And then we had to hear all about the Smiths and their sister-in-law and their mother-in-law—no, it was a step-mother—and she'd been married three times, I remember—nothing pretty about her either, so they said—and all about Smith and the way he walked, and the way he talked and what train he came home on at night when he lived out at New Rochelle.

And then both of those women complained bitterly that both of their hus-

bands buried themselves in their papers all through breakfast and never said one word during the meal—no, nor listened to one either.

If I were married to a woman like that, I'd bury myself in something, if it were nothing more thrilling than the almanac. The signs of the zodiac are at least picturesque and tantalizing to the imagination.

Men just as bad. I don't believe it.

Now, one of the men at that fateful dinner was a dull, commonplace, unimaginative sort of well meaning person, but do you suppose he would ever have dreamed of telling us what he and his partner had for luncheon, and who paid for it, and what the waiter said when they asked why the soup was cold, and what kind of a house his partner's sister's best friend was building, and who was going to furnish it, and the sort of place his own mother's grandmother had once, back in Ohio? I trow not.

If he ever started to do it some one would yawn and say: "As I was saying, old man," and there would be an end to the family chronicles for that occasion.

The world is an awfully interesting place. Sisters of the personalities habit, why don't you wake up and find out something about it, just for once?

I'm going to put an old-fashioned money box on my family table, and the first little girl who begins to inflict the meal with purely personal chatter will have to drop a penny in that box, and when there is money enough in the box I'll let her have it to buy her doll a brand new hat upon the sole condition that she doesn't tell me or any one else on earth where she buys the hat, what she pays for it, or what kind of hair the woman has who sells it to her.

I'd rather a daughter of mine grew up a bespectacled bluestocking than a He-She-Her-His-I-Me-Mine bore. Would not you?

Gentle Cynicisms

A philosopher is merely a man who never attempts to argue with a woman.

It generally requires a lot of backing to put up a good front.

Experience may be a good teacher, but it is also the scapegoat of many a man's mistakes.

Many a fellow never lays anything by for a rainy day so long as he can borrow an umbrella.

It takes a lot of Christianity to drive the chilly feeling out of the average church.

When a man is a slave to money there are lots of us willing to emancipate him.

It takes a lot of nerve to send a card for Christmas when you know your are going to get something better.