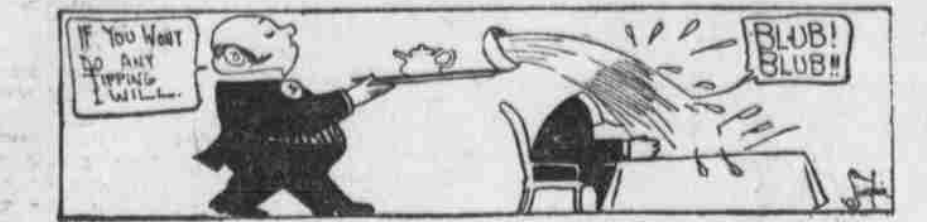


FICTION THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE HUMOR

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Well, this certainly looks like old times, remarked Representative James E. Mann of Illinois as he observed Mayor John P. Fitzgerald of Boston in a corridor of the capitol, surrounded by newspaper correspondents.



member of that body. Incidentally he was the most energetic and he had the reputation of being able to get more newspaper space than any other member of congress.

"Fitzgerald's visit," said a member of the house, "reminds me of the days when he was a member here. He was the most remarkably busy man I have ever seen in congress. He always had something on tap that made good newspaper copy and when the correspondents were in a bad way for news they always could count upon Fitzgerald to give them something worth while."

"The present mayor of Boston was the greatest hustler I have ever seen. I remember a story he told me once about the way he kept his constituents guessing as to his whereabouts. He would deliver a corking good speech in the afternoon,

hustle down to the station and catch the through train for Boston and the next morning he would be back home getting first-hand information as to how his remarks were received in his district. Jumping back and forth between Washington and Boston was quite as ordinary a journey for him as for the members who go back and forth between Baltimore and Washington every day."

Mayor Fitzgerald while here disclosed a plan for a combination between the democrats and republicans of Massachusetts with the avowed purpose of trying to bring about the defeat of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge next January by swinging demo-

cratic votes to some independent republican. There is one member of congress who is certain to be subjected to all of the troubles which a waiter can inflict on a person who eats in a fashionable restaurant. He is Representative Arthur Phillips Murphy of the Sixteenth Missouri district. Every waiter in Washington has the Indian sign on Mr. Murphy and they have every now and then made his miserable every time he dines away from home. The reason

is because Mr. Murphy has some decided views about the propriety of the great American public being called upon to pay toll to the waiters after it has paid a fancy price to the hotel proprietor. Mr. Murphy's convictions on this subject are so deep seated that he has been trying for years to get a bill through congress making the practice of tipping unlawful. Members of the committee to which these bills have been referred usually have a lot of fun with them, but they never get within a thousand miles of being enacted into law. Mr. Murphy's antagonism to the tipping system is said to be due to his knowledge of the value of each and every penny which comes into his possession. He has reached his present position only because of a bulldog determination. He began life on a farm and worked as a farmhand from sunup until sundown. When he had

developed sufficiently to engage in harder work he found employment as a section hand. After working out on the road all day Murphy studied telegraphy at night and finally got a job as telegraph operator and filled that place so well that he was made train dispatcher. When he was not engaged in plotting the routing of trains in Missouri he was studying law and was admitted to practice in 1894. Murphy still finds use for his fighting qualities which made it possible for him to desert the railroad for congress, for his district is so close that he considers himself lucky if he gets a majority of 200 or 300.

Hamburg Steak. This name is commonly given to inexpensive cuts of beef chopped, seasoned a little, shaped into small balls, or into one large thin cake, and quickly broiled in the way that a tender steak would be. Owing to the quick cooking much of the natural flavor of the meat is developed and retained. The fact should be kept in mind that Hamburg steak should be made from fresh, well ground meat. It is much safer to chop the meat at home, as chopped meat spoils very quickly. Much depends, too, upon broiling it sufficiently to bring out the flavors. Many cooks think that Hamburg steak is improved if the meat is mixed with milk before it is cooked. In some parts of the country, and particularly in some of the southern states, two kinds of beef are on sale. One is imported from other parts of the country and is of higher price. The other, known locally as "native beef," is sometimes lacking in flavor and in fat and is usually tougher. Southern native beef such as is raised in Florida, is almost invariably, however, of extremely good flavor, due presumably to the feed or other conditions under which it is raised. By chopping such meat and

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Ideal Life. Philippians 2:13-14. The ideal life in religion, politics, business, is a life that is concentrated, for it only grants peace to the toiler, and it only scores deep enough to preclude effacement. Others may leave shapely foot prints upon the sands of time, but it leaves them in the cooling rind which grows more energetic as the years die. Dissipated energy may be spectacular, but concentration is force and increases in proportion to the condensation.



By Rev. W. W. Laurence, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Lincoln, Neb.

Properly understood narrowness is power and breadth is weakness. The stream that wanders lazily through the country-side, breathing under lily pads, toying with the fringing sedges, only succeeds in filling the district with malaria. Send the waters down the narrow channel and they are purified, turn them into the flume and they speed away to minister to the parched lowlands, or dropping into the great turbine they send belts and wheels flying, beneath light created by its power. Light and power take the place of disease germs. The sunlight falling in mellow spray over the world, begets a flame when focused. The air is charged with electricity, but the world trembles only with the crash of a thunderbolt. Gunpowder exploded in open might please a child, with its flash, but confined it shatters a granite boulder.

In us there are mightier forces, moral, intellectual, spiritual, but they operate according to similar great laws. Wreckage strewn all the coast line of life since lives are not compressed, concentrated. Lofty ambitions are vital in the problem, but they come to nothing till work pins them down to earth. Exuberant life must be harnessed to some calling before the work-a-day world gets any relief with its burden.

We feel sorry for the broad-minded man who sees so much good in all forms of religion that he refuses to adopt any. He is so well disposed toward all that he refuses to open his shop and see about his business. There are many good things about this belief, and so much to be offered in favor of that, so he permits the shole to pass away as some sort of a collection gathered for his inspection. Never be satisfied when he comes to the end of his years that he finds himself envious of the bigot, who, at least, accomplished one thing. His ability may be marked, his knowledge extensive, his charity world wide, but heart and hands are empty.

Over against such efforts the heroic life of Paul stands in perpetual rebuke. Where Paul stands in perpetual rebuke. Where Paul stands in perpetual rebuke. Where Paul stands in perpetual rebuke. Where Paul stands in perpetual rebuke.

Viewed on the outward side, there never was such a busy life certainly: Born at Tarsus, educated at Jerusalem, converted at Damascus, preaching at Ephesus,

out to become the master in some simple thing, his purpose may glorify the simple duty, but a great cause imparts its breadth to the endeavor. Paul was large with the uplift of the Christ ideal and gospel. He hitched his wagon to a star. He threw his life into a calling that taxed the Son of Man to realize its largeness. He could not be small in spirit. Each duty was weighted with momentous issues.

Livingstone concentrated his energies upon Africa, but he was consecrated to the Lord Jesus. Africa was only a part of the program. The thought that drew him from forest to lake and down forest way again in the unknown land of the blacks was this: "The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." Whoever did so many things in modern life? Explorer, traveler, geographer, astronomer, zoologist, botanist, physician, linguist, missionary, all by turn he was. The breadth of the life is the fact that it fell upon the plans of the Master's life. Superimposed triangles that coincide are alike in breadth. A life consecrated to Jesus Christ cannot be narrow, for His line goes out to the ends of the earth, falling ever where the true, the noble, the pure abide; where light always gleams and darkness never comes.

Life for self is the spinning of the web out of self, spider like. In all things it is by eagerness and upward straining and its determination to advance that human life wins aught of praise. Only by positive progress and achievement does life become worthy. Life for Christ is weaving the golden threads which come from divine hands, and following the plans he gives we raise the figures that delight ourselves and satisfy the heart. The world is started by the reach and projectile power of a life for Christ. The upward calling of God in Christ Jesus will make a life worth while, or there is no purpose large enough so to do. The mists of the gathering ages wrap in slowly thickening folds of forgetfulness other events and other names in history, and make them ghostlike and shadowy, but no distance has dimmed or can dim that form at the end of the journey. Other landmarks sink below the horizon as the tribes of men pursue their solemn march through the centuries, or are like stars that blaze awhile and then fade into complete invisibility, but our light shall ever beam, never consumed, but will illumine every face and purpose that is turned toward him. With the face turned down the way of power without the thought of the ideal purpose, there will steal upon the dull gray of the frozen north. Toward the Christ in the high calling the flush of the warmth and life of the southland will spread above and within. Concentration alone is a crowning cliff fronting some polar sea, white with ice and black with bleak rocks. Consecration, a life lived to the Christ, is like the limestone walls that keep back the Mediterranean, green and flowery to the very edge, a barrier complete, unmoved, but draped with beauty touched with sunlight, crowned with fruit.

Lincoln, Neb. W. W. LAURANCE.

Things You Want to Know The Roosevelt Home-Coming.

When Theodore Roosevelt reaches New York next week he will be accorded a welcome such as has been given to few moral men. It has been with the greatest difficulty that the committee has kept the demonstration within the limits imposed by the republican national convention of New York City, the second largest town on earth. Mr. Roosevelt will set foot on the soil of his native land to be greeted by the cheers of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen who desire him to become a candidate for president in 1912. Hundreds of thousands who do not desire him to be a candidate will admit that he can have the presidency again for the asking. Other hundreds of thousands say he cannot, even if he will.

General U. S. Grant came home from a trip around the world and was greeted with a third-term boom. He was defeated by the republican national convention of 1880 in spite of the fact that his followers were captained by the superb Conkling and in spite of the fact that the "Immortal 900" stood faithful to the end. Admiral George Dewey came home from the victorious battle of Manila Bay and was greeted as few Roman conquerors were greeted. He listened to the buzzing of the presidential bee and, with the speed of a Lucifer, fell to a place of comparative obscurity.

William Jennings Bryan returned from a trip around the world and was greeted at New York by the ever enthusiastic legions of the democratic party with confident predictions that he would be nominated the third time for president and would be elected. He was nominated, but not elected. Many democrats believe that his defeat was due in some measure to the speech which he made at Madison Square garden in acknowledging his homecoming reception.

William Howard Taft came home from a trip around the world, undertaken under orders from President Roosevelt when Taft already was a candidate for the presidency. There was no general popular reception, but Mr. Taft found upon reaching Washington that sappers and miners had taken advantage of his absence to try to explode his boom. Mr. Taft made some very positive statements and did some very positive things that Sunday. Among the results may be mentioned the admitted fact that Mr. Taft is now president of the United States, and Mr. George B. Corbell is in private life. But the Taft homecoming was not the occasion of a popular demonstration.

The record of General Grant, Admiral Dewey and Mr. Bryan goes to prove that it is a highly dangerous thing to subject a presidential boom to the hazards of travel in foreign lands and to bring it home to the object of a hip-hip-hurray mass meeting at the steamer dock. No great presidential boom has yet survived this treatment.

Since it is given to no man to say what is in the mind of Theodore Roosevelt, it cannot be said what he thinks of his third homecoming. Yet everybody admits that there is such a thing and that it has its roots in the soil of the whole country. Will it survive the heroic experience of a great homecoming? Or will it go the way of the booms attached to the trains of Grant, Dewey and Bryan?

The Grant third-term boom was launched in the great enthusiasm of his welcome home at San Francisco. It was wrecked on the rock of precedent—George Washington refused a third term and no man has been able to overcome the force of that declaration. Mr. Roosevelt, if he is again elected, will have what is practically a third term, although it will be what Senator Bourne calls a "second elective term."

The Dewey boom was born in desperation of the defeated and divided democratic party. It died of too much coddling. The moment the gallant admiral admitted that he entertained the notion, that moment the boom collapsed. Wise politicians now say that the only possible way to kill the Roosevelt boom is for the colonel himself to appear to be over-anxious. There is nothing in his past record to indicate that Roosevelt is capable of such a gross tactical error.

The Bryan third nomination boom was born the day Alton B. Parker was defeated for president and reached high-tide when he was given the third nomination at Denver in 1908. His home coming and his Madison square garden speech in 1906 affected rather his chances for election than his chances for nomination. The explosion of the Bryan boom is harder to account for than the others, since Mr. Bryan had expressed his opinion about government

ownership of railroads before he left for his trip around the world. He repudiated it in New York and with that repudiation ended his chances for the presidency. The expression of an ultra-radical idea at the moment when the whole country was eager for some message of power from the Nebraska caused the political disaster.

Colonel Roosevelt is nothing if he is not a destroyer of precedent. It was a tradition supported by history, that a man elected vice president who succeeded to the presidency on the death of the president could not be elected to the chief magistracy on his own account. Mr. Tyler, Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Arthur had tried it and failed. Mr. Roosevelt tried it and did not fail. This is but one of the thousands of precedents broken by Colonel Roosevelt, both at home and abroad. He may break others.

When General Grant returned to the United States from his long trip, he found at San Francisco a welcome which, he said, surpassed in its heartiness any ovation he had up to that time received. His progress around the world was a continuous series of ovations. Whether in Asia or in Europe, he was everywhere greeted by vast throngs who recognized in him a great warrior and a late head of one of the earth's mightiest nations. When he reached San Francisco, it was asserted that during his lifetime he had seen more human beings than any other man in the history of the race. During his service in the army, he had more victories than any other general who served in the White House he had seen other millions. No one ever attempted to approximate the aggregate size of the throngs that had greeted him on his world tour.

The people of San Francisco stood on the tip of expectancy while awaiting the appearance of the steamer City of Tokio in the harbor of the Golden Gate, for there was no wireless or other device to precede the approach of the distinguished traveler. Every hotel in the city was thronged with visitors from the east, and the shipping in the harbor was gaily bedecked for the occasion, as was also the city itself. When the ship was sighted his son, U. S. Grant, Jr., went aboard a tug and accompanied the reception committee down the bay. He was the first American to greet the distinguished traveler. General Grant had taken his son Fred with him, just as Colonel Roosevelt had Kermit to accompany him. The nearest approach to big game hunting General Grant made was when Fred went bear shooting in the wilds of India. General Grant was away almost twice as long as Colonel Roosevelt has been.

The return of Admiral Dewey in the fall of 1898 represents the most spectacular homecoming America has ever seen. Not only did New York City itself take up, but it inspired the whole nation to take up the refrain. In more than 200 cities cannon boomed a welcome to the victor of Manila Bay. It was estimated that during the two days of the great celebration visitors to the metropolis spent \$25,000,000. One of the features of the celebration was the great naval review. Here Admiral Dewey was in command of the largest fleet that had ever gathered under the American flag. The land parade was more than seven miles long. The Dewey triumphal arch was modeled after the great arch of Titus built in Rome to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem. The figure of Peace on this arch was a representation of a blacksmith, and Robert Fitzsimmons, then in the heyday of his career as a prize fighter, posed for the figure.

Mr. Bryan's trip around the world was another series of ovations. Greater honors were paid to him than ever have been given to any man who has never held high office. When he returned to New York his reception, although participated in mainly by democrats, was the greatest demonstration ever given to a mere private citizen. General Grant was war hero and had been president for two terms. Colonel Roosevelt still is "President Roosevelt" on the tongues of millions. Mr. Bryan made little reputation in his short service in congress. He was a twice defeated candidate for the presidency when he reached home from his great tour; and now he has been defeated once again.

The Roosevelt reception will set a new record in the demonstrations accorded to private citizens. The Dewey welcome was in the nature of a military triumph and is not to be compared with the others. Popular history will be enriched not only by what the colonel has to say upon his return to his own, his native land.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN. Tomorrow—Some New Features.

Women's Calling Cards are to be Almost Square This Year

To possess always visiting cards of correct size and quality requires close observation, for so slight is the difference from season to season, that a woman who is indifferent to such matters may easily continue to use the same she ordered three or four years ago. This spring, for instance, visiting cards have undergone a trifling change and are the merest shade smaller than those which were the *me plus ultra* last winter. This difference is noticeable in men's cards, which have shrunk about one-half an inch in width. At present they are a fraction under three inches long and one and one-half inches wide. Anything

larger than that for a man should be avoided. Cards for married women are almost square, being three by two inches. Pastebords bearing the names of both Mr. and Mrs. are half an inch larger each way, the proportion remaining the same. Since cards as thin as a piece of writing paper were carried several years ago, the quality has slowly but steadily grown heavier, until now it is of appreciable thickness, without being actually stiff. It is pastebord, however, and not of paper.

An address of some kind should always be in the lower left hand corner, save when the day also is used. In the latter case the address should be placed in the right corner, the other being used for the day. When a woman lives in a small town and all her friends know the exact spot where her house is located an address is still imperative. It is obvious when one remembers that women go away to visit, or travel, almost every year, and during that time will require cards with some address. The street is not necessary for the resident of a village or small town, but the name of the city. The name of the state is not necessary.

Brightside and His Boy "Joys of Old Fashioned Picnics," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS. "I'd like to go to an old-fashioned picnic again this summer," Brightside announces with a note of sentimental yearning in his voice, as the sutor of the Harlem flat strolls languidly in. "One word to Mother and she'll do the rest," replies Son, prying loose a cork tip from his cigarette case. "It means a good deal of work for the women folks to prepare food for an outing," thoughtfully continues Father. "The angel cake, picnic, stuffed olives and other near-by the skirts tucked into a shoe box for the picnic sets will never give 'em heart failure from overwork," growls Son. "When I was a boy," reminiscently remarks Father, "my mother always had fried chicken, three or four kinds of cold meat, half a dozen home-made pies and cakes and so many other things no one could begin to eat them all." "Those happy days have gone by forever," pessimistically laments the First Born. "If a gink at one of these modern picnics can pry loose a couple of feather-weight sandwiches, a slab of cheese and a bakery bun, he's pretty close to the limit." "The home-cooked vittals were always the chief charm in the old style outing," says Father. "My mother would be busy over the cook stove for a week before the great event, baking and roasting the various good things." "If you can find one little wife in any six-room flat in Great New York who won't buy her picnic supplies in the corner delicatessen store, a handsome reward will be paid and no questions asked," retorts Son. "I fear the average city woman doesn't take the same delight in the wildwood excursion that we used to," is Father's opinion. "Up on the home made grub proposition," he laments in this little old town." "I fear Son," says Father, "they can't see any fun in jamming a bunch of fifty-seven varieties of eats together, until they all taste alike,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BAD HALF DOLLAR Continued.

Comic strip panels with dialogue: GRACIOUS-ME! THAT FLOVEY MAN GAVE ME A BAD HALF WHO WOULD THINK THERE COULD BE SUCH WICKED PEOPLE IN THE WORLD... ILL HAVE TO ASK SOME GOOD SYPHANT FOR CAR FARE HOME. MISTER, IVE ONLY A BAD HALF DOLLAR AND I NEED CAR FARE. IF YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO LOAN ME FIVE CENTS, I'LL SEND IT TO YOU BY MAIL. OLD GIRL-IVE WORKED THAT GAME MANY A TIME-LOOK OUT FOR THE COPS. MISTER, I'M IN A TERRIBLE PRECIPIT- COULD YOU LOAN ME FIVE CENTS FOR CAR FARE? YOU BEGGARS MAKE MORE MONEY THAN I DO. NO! GO AWAY! MISTER, IVE A HALF DOLLAR THAT'S NO GOOD, I NEED CAR FARE HOME. AND NO ONE WILL BELIEVE MY STORY. SHAME ON THEM! GIVE ME THE BAD HALF HERE'S YOUR CAR FARE. O YOU BAD HALF, YOU LOOK AWFUL GOOD TO ME. In love with some new girl each day, And that is why his favorite call When playing tennis is 'Love all' Like Jack with love from every port He wins out-on the tennis court. "Watch him Miss Prune, who likes to play With young men, though her hair is gray."

Types We Meet Every Day The Tennis Girl.

By BOBBIE BABBLE. Says Trivia, "Other play seems tame Beside this noble outdoor game. Which years ago, ere time took wings, Was brought in vogue by queens and kings And when betimes the royal spouse In sulky mood stole from the house, His wife might follow, and in short, Might beat him-on the tennis court."

"When Jared Green, our hired man, While we're at lunch tries to get away, Play at the game-first thing we know A tennis ball at Jared's blow Breaks through the window, loops the loop, And lands with splash in the soup. Says Jared, 'Guess I hadn't ort To do that on the tennis court.'"

"When father plays the game with me It's always on a wager-see? He's sure to lose, and I'm content With gloves or candies. When I've spent My month's allowance I am glad To play a winning game with Dad, For when he sits behind a newspaper, Who regards his cigars, drink and other dissipations as necessities, but who would consider his wife's meager allowance a luxury."

Who is secretive and constantly covering up his tracks and on his guard lest he betray his real self. Who bosses his sisters, and does not think it necessary to show them the same consideration as other girls. Who is always talking about what he will do when 'the old man' is dead and he gets control of the property. Who lets women hang on to straps in the street cars while he keeps his seat and hides behind a newspaper. Who regards his cigars, drink and other dissipations as necessities, but who would consider his wife's meager allowance a luxury.