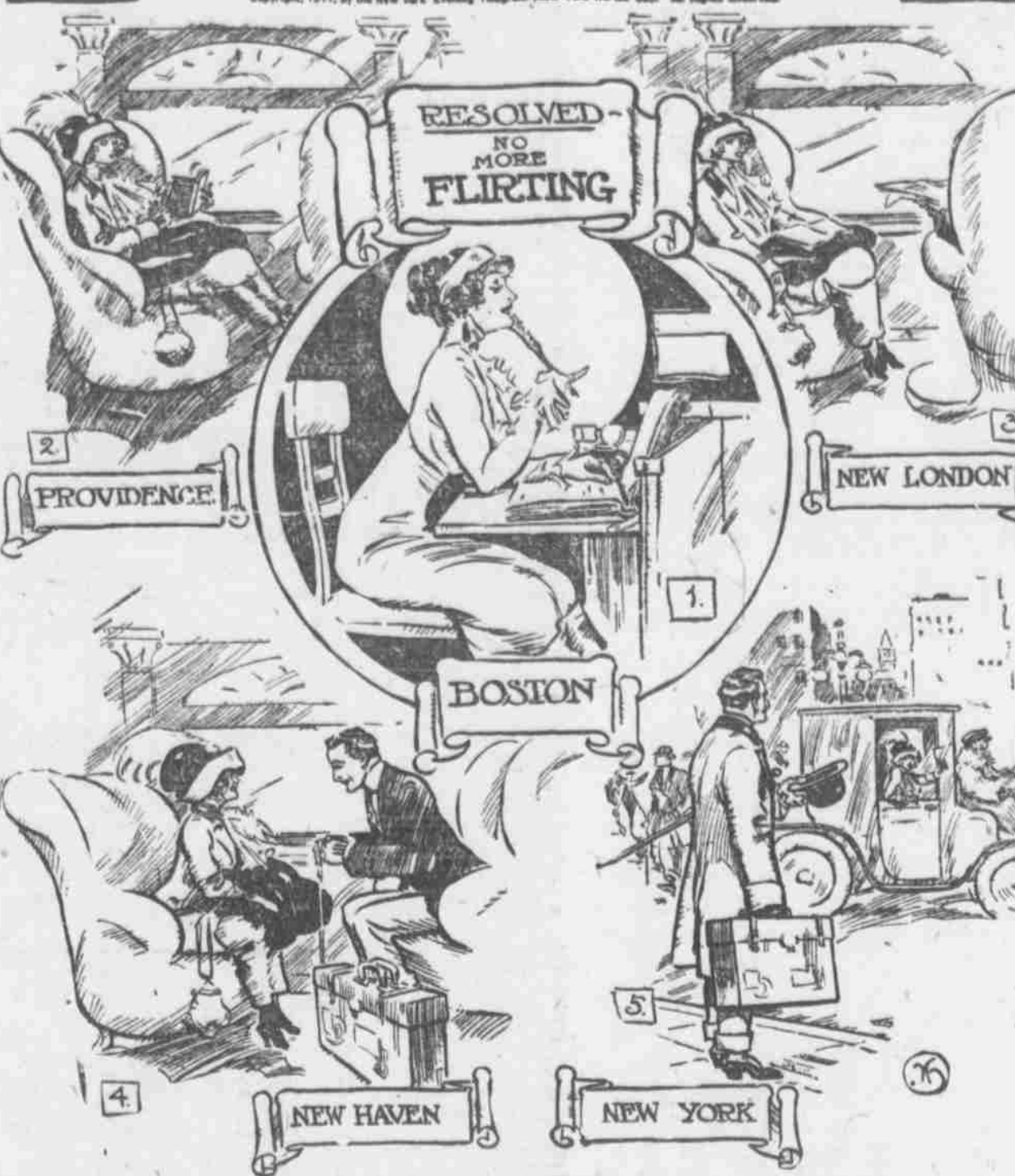


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

RESOLUTIONS



ANNALS of ANGELICA

Copyright, 1911, by the New York Evening Telegram (New York Herald Co.). All Rights Reserved.

Smart Sayings
You may not be able to borrow money, nor even an umbrella; but you can always borrow trouble—and you'll be welcome to keep it, and you'll never be asked to give it back.
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." But he usually prefers to go to his "uncle."
The man for whom we have suffered holds us with a power incomparably stronger than the man who gave us nothing but happiness.
No matter how weak a man may be, you will always find him strong enough to break the heart of the woman who loves him.
The woman who herself is a great artist or writer or savant never will be as happy as the one who inspires her lover to greatness.

Left Property to Horses
The highly original will of a bachelor, Emil von Bizony, is published in the Hungarian papers. Mr. von Bizony, the brother of a well known Hungarian deputy, was a detested woman and was on bad terms with all his relatives. Although the owner of a great deal of land he lived so frugally that he did not spend the tenth part of his income.
In his will he bequeathed all his real and personal property to his twelve draught horses. As executors of the will he named the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapest stipulating that the interest on his property should be devoted to the care of these twelve animals and that upon the death of one of them another and horse was to be taken in and cared for, so that the number of twelve might always be maintained.
Her von Bizony's relatives naturally did not like the will and the deputy will dispute it. Negotiations have been begun with the above mentioned society and \$20,000 will be offered as a compromise, but was refused. The property is worth about \$200,000.

Two of a Mind
A well-known humorist expressed the opinion that the keenest repartee, after all was the half unconscious sort that sprang so wholeheartedly from the masses. Here is a story that he tells in support of his theory.
A woman who had been selling fish entered a street car with an empty basket on her arm, still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the funny tribe it had carried. She took a vacant seat next to a young man, a noticeable "swell," who drew his coat tails away and plainly showed his disgust.
"I guess," remarked the woman presently, "that you'd rather have a gentleman sitting beside you?"
"Yes, I would," was the instant reply. There was a moment's pause, and then she looked up at him and said, "So would I."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Political.
Ma is an insurmountable.
Pa is a standin' pat.
Sister is a progressive.
I'm a democrat.
Sandy is a socialist.
Janey wants to vote.
Buster isn't anything.
Buster's just a goat.
Frait Union.

HE KNEW. **CONSIDERATE.** **SAW HIM ANYHOW.** **HAD ENOUGH.**

HE KNEW.
"What do they call that poem the first letters of the lines of which spell out a sentiment?"
"Oh, that's an agnostic."

CONSIDERATE.
"How did her father treat you?"
"Warmly. He invited me out. Said, 'Come outside, where there'll be no danger of breaking the furniture!'"

SAW HIM ANYHOW.
"Never saw me act?"
"No. I've seen you try."

HAD ENOUGH.
"On what grounds can she sue for divorce?"
"Coffee. He threw a cup at her."

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

Nothing New Under the Sun, Arranged by Father vs. Son.

"Discovery of a safety pin more than two thousand years old by a scientist in England is an interesting sidelight on the habits of the ancients," remarks Mr. Uplift, with the idea of drawing out young Mr. Uplift in regard to the growth of civilization.
"It is a safe bet that the safety pins came into fashion soon after Adam and Eve beat it out of the Garden," comments Son, whose eye for the practical things of life has some edge over the eagle's celebrated optic.
"Dear me!" muses Father. "It really seems to me as if there is nothing new under the sun after all."
"It's a cinch that as soon as the dames had some kind of clothes to pin on," replies Son. "They doped out something in the pin line. You can take it from me that as soon as Eve began to get fussy about the kind of gowns she wanted to wear she made her side partner get busy and invent a safety pin insurance to hold 'em up. Then, when all the little Adams began to arrive, I can see Papa Adam putting in some overtime trying to keep up with the demand for his popular fishbone clasp."
"Do you suppose the original pin was constructed from a fishbone?" queries Father, with the keen interest displayed only by the blown-in-the-bottle scientist.
"While none of the moving picture men happened to be on the job to prove the dope when Adam got his orders to make good on his job," Son explains, "the fish story listens good to me. Even the original hook ought to have been able to pick out the fish as the easiest way to play a safety. Besides having the fun of fishing, with decent luck a full card of pins ought to go with every string of fish. Then were the happy days all right."
"Truly, necessity is the mother of invention," is Father's not altogether original remark. "That explanation opens up a rather interesting vista of speculation in regard to the habits of the ancients as compared with the modern man."
"Would the poor married man of today rather go fishing to get a bunch of safety pins than try the department store?" interrogates Son, replying before giving his esteemed parent's chance. "He would. And at that, I'm ready to bet real money His Whiskers would get back to the cave with the fish bones before hubby now could find the right counter in the store and deliver the goods to wife in his happy Harlem flat. It's a ten to one shot the Missus would send him back to get another brand, with a new patent tip, anyway, while in the good old days before the flood all fishbone safety pins looked alike."

Cunning Ant Bets Scientists

The annual production of cane sugar in the United States is about 300,000,000 pounds. At 3 cents a pound this is worth \$1,000,000,000. This represents only a small part of the sugar consumed by Americans, who have the sweetest tooth in the world, writes Philip R. Kellar in the Chicago Tribune. But the two-footed human Americans are not the only ones possessed of a sweet tooth. There is a little ant that thinks the sap of the sugar cane about the best thing to eat there is. Most of the sugar cane of the United States is grown in Louisiana, and in Louisiana also flourishes this ant.
Besides the ant there is the "mealy bug," which just as a little ant that thinks the two the American sugar farmer is robbed of a good many thousands of dollars every year. The bug and the ant work in cahoots to beat the farmer, for the ant is unable to get at the sap until after the mealy bug has bored a hole through the outer rim of the cane stalk. Then the sap drips out and the ant has a start. Incidentally, the larvae of the mealy bugs live on the sugar sap.
Uncle Sam's experts in the Department of agriculture in looking for some means to outwit the mealy bug and aid the farmer, decided to import into Louisiana several million lady beetles from California. They discovered that the lady beetles were almost as fond of the mealy bug as the bug was of the sugar sap. The beetles were taken to Louisiana in the form of larvae and deposited on the stalks in the cane fields.
Then Prof. Barber, the entomologist at

Birds Fly Far

Perhaps the longest straightaway flight made by birds in their migrations is accomplished by some of the shore and water birds that nest in the islands of Bering sea and spend the winter at Hawaii and Fanning Island, 1,300 miles away.
Inasmuch as some of these birds live entirely on the shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water, it is thought that they must accomplish the whole distance in a single flight.
Yet, although there are no landmarks for them upon their long journey over a waste of waters, they make their way to their destination with the precision of a rifle shot.
As far as love is concerned, the beginning of wisdom is the end of happiness.

HOW STUPID.

Safe Eggs.
A drummer in New Orleans was breakfasting one morning in a hotel cafe, when a vegetarian chanced to sit opposite him. Pretty soon the latter took occasion to warn the drummer of the risk he was incurring by reason of his diet.
Pointing to the eggs in front of the traveling man, the vegetarian exclaimed: "Don't make a graveyard of your stomach!"
"I seldom eat meat," politely replied the drummer, with a smile.
"An egg is practically the same as meat," continued the vegetarian. "It eventually becomes a chicken."
"The kind I eat never become chickens," said the drummer decisively.
"Impossible!" exclaimed the vegetarian. "What kind of eggs do you eat?"
"Boiled eggs," was the response—Lippincott's.
The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ad!

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



February 2, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Morris Abramowitz, 2212 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1904
Wilber Austin, 219 South Thirty-eighth St.	Columbian	1902
Raymond Anderson, 2418 South Fifth St.	Bancroft	1902
Eunice Bryant, 2505 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1897
Catharine Broom, 551 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Fagnam	1900
Ethel M. Bird, Seventh and Seward Sts.	Cass	1897
Henry T. Beatty, 3828 Seward St.	Franklin	1895
Harold Beercoft, 2630 Dodge St.	Franklin	1895
Frances Cameron, 3421 Blondo St.	Franklin	1903
Harold Clausen, 8524 Charles St.	Franklin	1904
Jessie Cole, 2718 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Laura Coleman, 1002 Clark St.	Lake	1897
Joseph Cheeler, 2825 Douglas St.	Park	1898
Marguerite Day, 1559 South Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1902
Eldora Gantz, 5211 Center St.	Beals	1902
Herman Goldsmith, 3204 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1896
Lois P. Grimin, 3316 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1904
Elizabeth Hoeldobler, 3114 South Twenty-second St.	Vinton	1903
Myrtle Harrow, 3034 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
David Hayes, 3510 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Clarence Hold, 2027 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1902
Ruth Hopkins, 3110 Vinton St.	Windsor	1897
Lucille L. Heim, 1919 Grace St.	Lake	1899
Frances L. Howell, 103 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1900
Howard Jepsen, 2606 North Twenty-seventh St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Ruby Johnson, 3550 Cass St.	Saunders	1903
Charlotte Keefer, 2827 Davenport St.	Webster	1904
Mabel Love, 2426 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1904
John Lynch, 1914 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1897
Ellen Larsen, 3119 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1899
Zola Lareon, 716 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1898
Elmer John Moran, 2918 Frederick St.	Windsor	1895
Paul Mackin, 822 North Forty-second St.	High	1893
Helen Murphy, 1702 South Fifteenth St.	St. Philomena	1897
Vyrl Meredith, 2214 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1903
Celia Marwultz, 1016 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1898
Rudolph Nelson, 321 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1902
Astrid L. Olander, 1549 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1899
Claus Ardid Olsen, 2416 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1898
Helen R. Pfeiffer, 2704 Ruggles St.	Saratoga	1899
Albert Romey, 4435 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1898
Isaac Ruben, 2210 Webster St.	Central	1899
Max Raanick, 1425 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1904
A. Minnie H. Sydow, 49 Martha St.	Beals	1905
George Snider, 1501 North Eleventh St.	Holy Family	1897
Cecil F. Simmons, 3009 Haskell St.	Windsor	1897
M. Eleanor Shimer, 116 South Fortieth St.	Saunders	1898
Ella Stubbendorf, 1230 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1900
Henry Scott, 3907 North Seventeenth St.	Lothrop	1904
Harry Straw, 1841 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1901
Albert E. Swan, 2874 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Frank Teak, 1243 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1905
John Trawitzka, 2514 South Twenty-fifth St.	Castellar	1897
William W. Whyte, 3217 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1901
Frederick Wiles, 1230 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1896
Robert Watson, 2607 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1905
Dorothy Zust, 708 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1903

Financing the Court

An Arkansas judge had convened court at one of the towns on his circuit when it was found that no pens, ink or paper had been provided, and upon inquiry it came out that no county funds were available for the purpose.
The judge exclaimed somewhat forcefully, then drew some money from his own pocket. He was about to hand it to the clerk when a visiting lawyer, a high priced article, brought on to defend a case of some importance, spoke up in an aside plainly audible over the room:
"Well!" with infinite contempt, "I've seen some pretty bad conditions, but this—well, this is the limit."
"You are fined \$5 for contempt, sir!" thundered the judge. "Hand the money to the clerk."
When the eminent lawyer had humbly complied the judge turned to the clerk.
"Now, Mr. Clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and paper the court may require, and if there is any change left over you may give it to the gentleman."—Central Law Journal.

Too Personal

Patrolman Casey had ordered a pair of shoes at Rosenberg's store and was about to try one of them on when the clerk reached for it and deftly sprinkled some French chalk in it to ease the forthcoming strain. When he handed it back, the patrolman threw it on the floor, pulled on his own shoe and started out. The proprietor had noted the scene.
"What's the matter, Mr. Casey?" he panted, as he caught up with him. "Was the clerk assy or anything?"
"For a moment Casey glared at him in almost speechless anger, then observed with icy dignity, "If I can't come into a place to try on a pair of shoes without havin' chloride ay lime put in them beforehand, I'll thrade somewhere else."
Success.

Brown and Black.

Colonel Abe Gruber, at a luncheon at Saratoga, paused in an eloquent address to tell a story.
"Yes," he said, "those two factions are as ineradicably opposed as Brown and Black."
"Brown and Black were always arguing. They could never see any question in the same light."
"Brown," said Black one day, "I wonder what would happen if you ever agreed with me on anything?"
"I'd be wrong, I'd be wrong," Black answered hurriedly.—Detroit Free Press.

A Tough Job.

"All flesh is grass," sighed the landlady, "I'd hate to have to mow a meadow of beefsteak like this," growled the boarder, throwing down his knife in disgust.—Boston Transcript.

Oiling the Motor.

"Giles," said De Witz to his chauffeur, before he started on his run across the state, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?"
"Yes, sir. I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, and I have greased the cornet-piston, the piribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffed tread, the thingumbob, the riganajaj, and both the hot-boxes."
"You have forgotten the most important piece of all, Giles. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles."—Lippincott's.