

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife About the Newest Star Stranded Far from Broadway.

"I see that they have photographed a new star," observed Friend Wife.



"Syndicate or sell?" asked the Tired Business Man. "Oh, yes, I remember the one that's so far away that none of us dare try to speak the figure rapidly. Of course, it's easy for those scientists to keep hitting the zero key on the typewriter because they know that nobody is going out to make sure that the new twinkling-twinkle is not every foot of 3,665,000,000 miles from earth. Anyway, I won't do it. You can quote me on that."

"I'll bet that none of the old first nighters of the ballroom row can see anything in going to the first night performance of a new star—this is her absolutely first appearance. I read when the nearest they can get to the stage is 5,000,000,000 miles. Tickets bought from the speculators positively refused. I like to roll out that five-well, you know how many miles I said. It has a fine, mouth-filling sound. I guess it would fill the biggest mouth that ever needed filling."

"But just imagine the real critics sitting up in the front-row looking through their telescopes and finding fault with the performance. Taking a good peek, they see a swirling mass of 3,665,000,000 miles in diameter giving the look to the new star and firing her out into interstellar space, the dream of the country correspondent. This sprat nebula, or words to that effect, is or are whirling into shape a nice new star and Old Father Time will be her stage manager. This will all be news to persons who thought that stars were made by a trust with headquarters in Wall street and factories in Pittsburgh. A lot of us have grown to think a constellation is not too large a job for a trust head to direct."

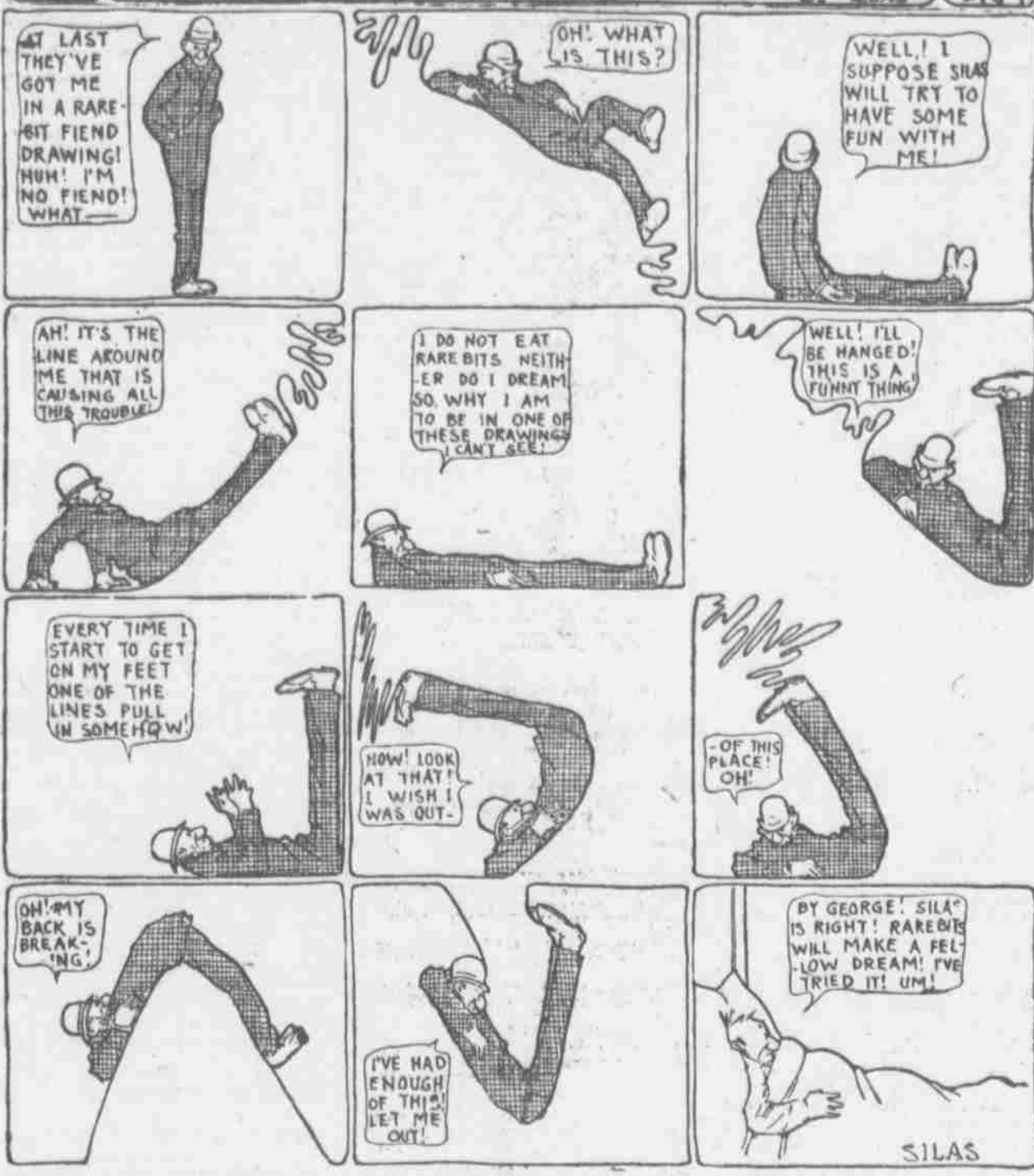
"Taking it for granted that this new world has come on the job and is sputtering away up there, up above the world so high, like a Diamond match in the sky, and is beginning to cool off, let us look a little ahead and try to imagine when it will be ready for tenants. I suppose the new planet will eventually be fixed up with all modern conveniences and allow select families to move in—and then out."

"When? Oh, that's hardly worth bothering about! When the lamb and the lion share the same folding bed, when the mother-in-law joke has retired, when a self-retrieving collar-button is invented,

when man ceases to boast that the woman she did tempt he and when lovely woman quits ending all losing arguments by bursting into weeps; when Carnegie gives away his last centavo; when aviators cease flying down faster than up; when Wellman is coaxed into a balloon again; when women cease rouging and powdering; when ice is cheap in summer and coal in winter; when senators are elected peacefully and without scandal; when standpaters and insurgents kiss and make up; when women wear trousers gracefully; when the white race's hope is found; when the north pole controversy is settled to the satisfaction of all; when the infant industries grow up; when women stop wearing low shoes on slushy days; when the Ballinger case expires; when the Sherman law is finally interpreted and when a trust is actually busted; when and then a few whims and not until then this new planet will have shimmered down enough to stake out in town lots and to advertise as a choice suburb. You will pardon me while I pause to laugh. Ha! Ha! Two ha's."

"Why the mirthful outburst," asked Friend Wife, suppressing a yawn. "I was thinking how a regular star would feel if stranded 3,665,000,000 miles from Broadway," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND



ANNALS of ANGELICA

Oh, oh, oh! I've actually been introduced to him. He was at Elsie's dinner after all, and it was her house he was going to that day when he got off the car that I was in. When I went in the room the other night, and saw him talking to Mrs. Meekman I couldn't believe my eyes. He stopped speaking when he saw me, and I stood staring at him, and I felt like a book. Then I tripped on the rug, hang it—I simply can't be romantic. Agnes would have floated along with a faraway look and her dress would have had just the



episode, and had turned my back on him I was simply petrified to rig, Johnnie saying, "Here, Gellie, let me try and hook the back of your waist up. You must have some off in a hurry!" Imagine—imagine a real woman of the world in such a position. He said, "Oh, it's all right. Just one



The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



HARRY DONAHUE, 2011 North Twentieth Street. February 13, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Florine Anderson, 673 North Forty-fifth St.	Saunders	1904
Albert Bullack, 513 North Twenty-first St.	Central	1895
Jessie Baskerville, 4323 Grant St.	CHTON HILL	1903
George N. Brown, 2866 Farnam St.	Farnam	1900
Warren A. Carey, 1116 South Thirty-first St.	High School	1893
Paul E. Cole, 4032 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Josephine Cravena, 1734 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1899
Harry Donahue, 2011 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1903
Leland Fog, 1105 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1900
Horace Freeman, 1513 Brown St.	Sherman	1898
Hannah Flivinsky, 1920 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1903
Solomon Graetz, 921 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1895
Hubert S. Glover, 2102 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1894
Suella Hahn, 2322 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1900
Rex Heater, 4515 Center St.	Beals	1904
Lucille Jaycox, 3823 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1903
John Kiwo, 2920 South Gold St.	Im. Conception	1897
Louis P. La Cour, 2816 Pratt St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Mildred L. Longanecker, 2231 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1896
William Lambrecht, 2613 Cuming St.	Webster	1902
Josef Mena, 420 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1900
Joseph Messner, 2715 South Twenty-first St.	St. Joseph	1902
Clarence Murphy, 2226 Howard St.	Leavenworth	1899
Doris McGraw, 1118 Georgia Ave.	Park	1903
James G. Moredick, 3174 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1896
John C. Merrill, 2606 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1905
Harry Ed Morris, 2520 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1905
Catherine Oliver, 1915 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1903
George O'Neill, 2622 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1898
Marguerite Peterson, 3614 Decatur St.	Franklin	1902
Annie Shindelar, 1309 South Third St.	Franklin	1896
Mabel Sewell, 2416 Cuming St.	Kellom	1903
Alma Sorensen, 3201 Lincoln Boulevard	High	1893
Bernice Thomas, 3225 Poppleton Ave.	High	1893
Archie Watts, 2117 Clark St.	Kellom	1903
Charles Williams, 1219 Pierce St.	Pacific	1899
Sam Wintroub, 1928 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1897

Predictions that Don't Pan

The business of making predictions is notoriously dangerous. It is always the part of discretion to restrain, or if that is impossible, to make them at such a time that they will have been forgotten before the events predicted come to pass.

Gentle Gynec

"Flattery" is a fault that is quickly cured by marriage.

Nubs of Knowledge

Beeswax and turpentine form an effective combination to clean brooms.

To Announce an Engagement

The formal announcement of an engagement to be married adds to the gaiety of a girl's life at that time, but she can have a good time without going to the expense of elaborate entertaining, and may still feel that she is fulfilling the laws of etiquette.

English and American Wit

"Nothing illustrates the difference between English and American wit more, probably, than the manner in which playwrights write their lines," said Rupert Hughes, journalist and playwright of New York, in Washington.

Remarkable Blind Boy

Dr. William H. Maxwell has announced the graduation of the first blind pupil of the public school system in New York City. The boy, who is regarded by the teachers as a marvel, is William Schenck, 15 years old, of Haystack, L. I.