

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife Official Matter is No Relation of Jim Mace.

"I read that the Congressional Record needs a sporting editor," observed Friend Wife. "Have they any fighters?"



"What the Records needs is some writer who can put some zing into his accounts of the mites pulled off before the exclusive House of Representatives Sporting Club."

"I guarantee that the circulation of the Congressional Record would shoot up in a way to astound the circulation department if they would put a couple of live men and a good cartoonist on flights in the house."

"Both men were the dull gray of condition when they entered the ring. When 'Wick' snatched his mucklucks it was seen he had not a scrap of superlative adjectives on him."

his delivery and swung desperately for his opponent. The Alaska Walrus had his man on the ropes and set for the good night sleep when the bell clashed.

"In the second chapter the Yukon Miner dug for his opponent's ribs, chopped him freely on the frontpiece and clinched. They were hitting in clinches when the referee broke them and declared the bout off."

"The thinking seriously of applying to the editor of the Congressional Record. My idea of writing up that little go would be something like this:

"Young Mondell, the walloping Wromington, got his last night in the H. of R. A. C. when 'Kockout' Wickersham, the Yukon bear, gave him the trimming of his life. The 'Wandering Zephyr' came back strong in the last round, however, and was trading some superior slams when the bell closed the argument."

ANNALS of ANGELICA

I went to Kitt's Cheesborough's yesterday and found her nursing a marcel. She confessed that she hadn't combed her hair out since last Tuesday. She is going to a big dinner on Monday, and as her hair-dresser has positively refused to wave her hair again until the bill is paid, she is obliged to make that marcel last as long as possible.

The hot bath she took last night, poor girl, nearly finished it. Unfortunately,



"HE SAID HE DIDN'T HAVE A CENT."

yesterday was damp and foggy and she was put to desperate straits to save it. She finally unearthed a rubber bathing cap and wore that all day, and had her meals sent up to her room. She says that's the trouble with trying to be economical and go to a small place like Pierre's. You might know they'd do some unheard-of trick like sending you a bill right away.

Giving the Babies a Chance

Babies are all right. If they don't come in droves, according to the comment of St. Paul real estate men on a statement made in a sermon by Rev. O. A. Luce of the Central Park Methodist church in that city, that fact is life is conducive to race suicide. Babies are not half so badly treated as parrots, roller skates, dogs, cats, bicycles and trombones, the reality man says.

"It is true that I ask a prospective tenant how large his family is," said one agent quoted by the St. Paul Dispatch. "But I ask the question simply to get an idea of the size of quarters needed. There is nothing in that talk about race suicide. We have no objection to children, although of course there is a limit. If you have a family with eighteen or twenty-two children, you've got to count from a family with nineteen or twenty-six, they are apt to start throwing things. Then the neighbors object, and it all comes back on the agent. We have no complaint to make, however."

An owner of two apartment houses has playgrounds for his tenants' boys and girls. "I have eight children of my own," he said. "That doesn't sound like a very strong objection. Yes, I ask prospective tenants how many persons there are in the family, because with a six or seven-room flat it isn't a good plan to crowd in too many. No family with two or three children will have trouble getting a flat from me on that account."

One real estate man suggested that Rev. Mr. Luce start a movement for a building like the one in Chicago. There a public-spirited person with a soft place in his

I agreed with her that it was an awfully cheap sort of thing for them to do, and that they would never build up much of a business if they continued in that course. "Look at that bunch of curls," said Kitty scornfully, pointing to some that were hanging on the door knob. "I can't wear them, at all. I paid—I mean I haven't paid—\$3 for them."

Luckily Luella Dangerfield's hair is two shades lighter this winter than it was last. She brought around some of her last winter's hair, and it matched mine perfectly, so we exchanged. She said she had worn it the other day when Jim Gaylord came in to tea, and it had been a great success. He told her the minute he saw her that it looked bully and was a better match than any he had ever seen her wear. She said there was so much of it, however, it made her head ache, so, as she doesn't trust Jim, as she's known him so long, she took it off. The bell rang, and Blatty Morris appeared, and Jim just had time to snatch it off the edge of the tea tray and stuff it in his pocket. She said he had phoned her he'd bring it around that afternoon, and she said not to let her forget to give him the blue striped shirt she had borrowed from him.

She was trying on a new pair of her brother's riding breeches, and they really might have been made for her. Kitt's crazy about riding, and it's so lucky that her brother's things all fit her so well. It saves her a great deal. When she rides astride, she wears all his things. He has an awfully smart paddock coat, and its most becoming to her.

It looks rather well on me. She lent it to me the other day to wear home after a ride, and I never thought of 'meeting' him in it. I was dreadfully irritated, as there was a distinct coolness between us at the time. He looked at the coat sort of sadly. I thought, so I tore it off in a great hurry and threw it down on the table.

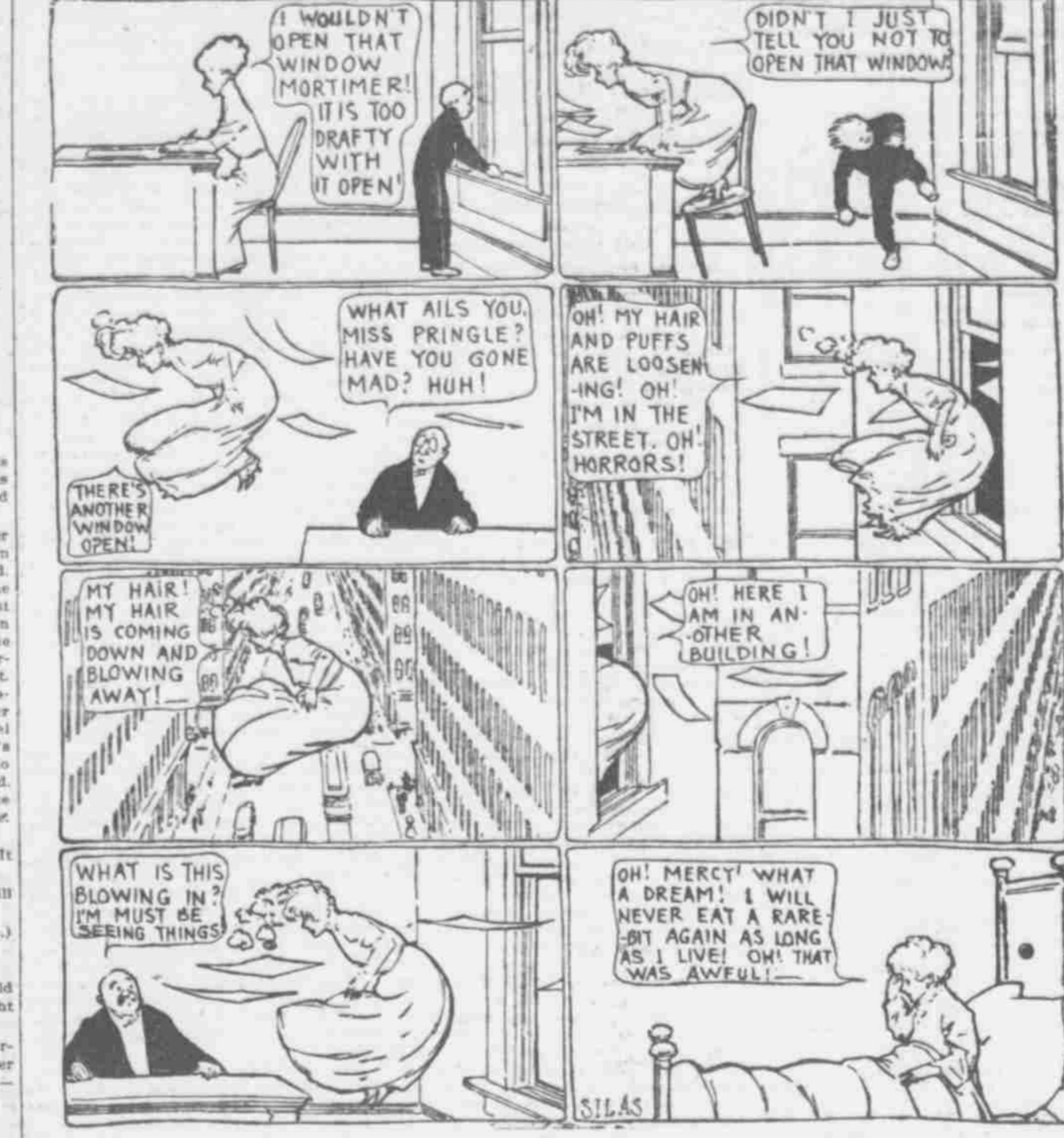
Love of the Highs Stamp.

A collector of postage stamps, possessing 12,544 specimens desires to contract a marriage with a young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius stamp of 1861. No other need apply.—Advertisement in the Figaro.

A neglected literary find. "Why did Columbus die in poverty after discovering America?" "I suppose," replied the explorer, "that it was due to the lack of enterprise on the part of magazine publishers."—Washington Star.

His Position. "Life is something of a game. After all," said the cynical person. "Perhaps," replied Mr. Muckton; "but I wish Henrietta wouldn't regard it as a bridge, with me forever playing opposite as dummy."—Washington Star.

DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND



Wild Animal Market Stirring

This is the season when spring styles in wild animals are on view in New York. Birds and reptiles are also on show—all for exhibition purposes, of course. The World says the hotels have as guests numerous agents for small circuses and menageries, museum proprietors and zoological garden directors. One can buy anything from an elephant's tusk to a white mouse in the animal trade center of the metropolis. Likewise it is possible to purchase very good specimens of eagles or humming birds. The reptile show cases are stocked with showy box constrictors and attractive rattlesnakes—at figures which defy competition. For giraffes and camels and dromedaries the market holds steady; lions are dull, tigers inactive and leopards slow.

Trade in monkeys is never brisk, but there is always something doing in the retail field. The elephant trade is growing steadily. A good elephant salesman commands a fine salary. He is supposed to be able to turn his hand to other animal departments and help out at the camel-counter and in the alligator pit. A city desiring to establish a small zoological garden may do considerable marketing with \$10,000, securing a nice little elephant, a camel, a shop-worn lion and tiger and a miscellaneous collection of

small animals like wolves, foxes, rabbits, etc. Buyers may get 5 per cent off for quick cash on animal purchases. The trick pony trade, which began late this month, Good ponies are reported cheap this year.

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat



The Bee's Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate

MONDAY, March 6, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Frank Bonacc, 2019 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1903
Adella A. Buel, 5385 Lincoln Ave.	Beals	1899
Mount Burns, 2017 Binney St.	Long	1898
Jane Britton, 2511 Chicago St.	Central	1898
Gladys Behrens, 2513 Himebaugh Ave.	Miller Park	1900
Rudolph Barta, 1420 South Twelfth St.	High	1892
Genevieve Cook, 2608 Harney St.	Farnam	1899
John Engl, 1709 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1896
Ward H. Ellison, 3321 Boyd St.	High	1896
Lucille M. Fair, 515 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1899
Winfrey Gagnebin, 1517 North Fortieth St.	High	1899
Theodore Geahrke, 326 Francis St.	Train	1899
Gertrude Hoch, 4506 Ames Ave.	Central Park	1899
Paul Hosman, 4037 Charles St.	High	1894
Ralph Hook, 2572 Douglas St.	Farnam	1904
Ruth D. Hart, 2003 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1900
Frances Harrison, 720 Pine St.	Train	1905
Anker Jorgensen, 1234 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1901
John Kolansky, 1718 Martha St.	Lincoln	1896
Erna Krelle, 1818 Center St.	Castellar	1903
Ruth Kutcher, 221 Lincoln Ave.	Train	1902
Martha Loh, 1940 South Sixteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
George Lawrence, Jr., 2520 North Thirty-first St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Alice Murphy, 2115 North Twenty-ninth Ave.	Long	1904
Kenneth Miller, 420 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1897
Joseph Machal, 4120 North Eighteenth St.	Saratoga	1903
Mable I. Miller, 5102 Grover St.	Beals	1892
Alfred V. Miller, 1529 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1898
Gerald Peterson, 4701 North Twenty-ninth St.	Saratoga	1904
Alfred Peterson, 1932 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1899
Roale Paska, 1426 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1905
Gernwood C. Parker, 3414 Charles St.	Franklin	1900
Pearl A. Ray, 2211 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lake	1899
August A. Rieser, 121 Woolworth Ave.	Ger. Lutheran	1902
Samuel Rosenthal, 3018 Burdette St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Joseph M. Ramm, 3115 Emmet St.	Sacred Heart	1900
August Rieser, 121 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1901
Boyan Sackett, 2663 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1897
George Stocking, 1125 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1898
Fannie Smith, 2214 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1896
Abe Swartz, 1454 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Russell Salmon, 3020 Davenport St.	Webster	1897
Ada Thomas	Central Park	1900
Holgar Thrane, 1722 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1896
Sara Travis, 3217 Franklin St.	High	1892
Trace Trawitka, 2514 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1904
Lee Wawa, 2218 South Twenty-eighth St.	Dupont	1901
Fay E. Woodward, 6344 North Thirty-sixth St.	Central Park	1898
Myrtle Witt, 2234 South Twenty-eighth St.	Dupont	1902
Royal Warren, 6001 North Thirtieth St.	High	1893
Harold K. Wagner, 1501 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Eleanor E. Welch, 1914 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1904

A Tragedy in One Act

Time—The Present. The place—Almost any of the smaller towns anywhere. The Girl—Mattilda. Drahtsain's daughter. The board, composed of the following members: Georgia Pine, Slippery Elm and Curly Birch.

Curly Birch—Gentlemen of this here board, I reckon we ain't runnin' no hospital nor bloom'n' nursin' for this here district. She ain't told us anything about her education. Kin she teach school? That what I'm inquirin' about! If I recollect correctly, we've hirin' a teacher, not a hired girl. (Nods of assent from the president.) Now, gentlemen, I wish to place in nomination the name of Miss Mattilda Wayback. (Mattilda's father owes Curly a grocery bill of \$50, and he uses this means to play even.) Miss Wayback is a gradyate of our own schools. She is a young lady of correct principles, a member of the Fourth Missionary society, and will give us satisfaction (\$50 worth). I've known her father for nigh onto forty years, and he's paid taxes all this time into this district, and I reckon he ought to hev some-thin' comin' by this time.

Georgia Pine—But Mr. President, he has read no recommendations as to Mattilda's teaching experience. Curly Birch—We don't need no rekommendations. Ain't we known the family for long enough? I guess that's satisfactory to this here board.

The President—This board has heard the nominations for filling the eighth-grade room. All in favor of Miss Wayback, say aye! "Georgia Pine votes No! Curly Birch votes Aye!" The President—After thoughtful consideration of the qualifications of the two candidates (nothing has ever been said about qualifications), and looking toward the interests of the children and taxpayers, I cast my vote for Mattilda Wayback. (Curly owes Slippery and he wants to get his too. I declare Miss Mattilda duly elected to fill the room. The clerk will now read the bills.)

Georgia Pine (reads)—Gentlemen, here is a bill of \$20 for books for the school and \$15 for a sanitary drinking fountain. The President—What is your pleasure in regard to this bill? Curly Birch—I wish to protest agin this extravagance! That's more money'n I paid for my whole skoolin'. What do the youngsters want with books? Don't we hire good teachers to learn 'em? And drinkin' fountain—if a tin cup was good enough for me, I reckon it'll do for this generation. Georgia Pine—Here is another bill of Slippery Elm's for \$50 for coal, \$1,000 for lumber, and \$50 for personal services. Curly Birch—Mr. President, I motion you that the bill be paid and an order be drawn on the district for the same. The President—I second that motion. The motions is carried! If there is no further business to come before this board, I declare you adjourned. (CURTAIN)

Georgia Pine—She's helping me with the housework. And, gentlemen, I do need her so badly here in town to help me take care of the twins, and besides, she needs the money.

How Far Can You Go

The physical decay of men over 40 years old must be more frequently mentioned, says a writer in American Medicine, lest we forget the fact that our physique was evolved for only thirty-five or forty years of strenuous use. It was not so long ago that 45 years was extreme old age, counting time in the large way of evolution. Lengthening of life has been possible only because civilization has let up the physical strains, so that if we continue them we must expect to break as of old. Athletes stop their efforts merely because they are beaten by younger men, but the nonathletic seem to think that it is necessary to keep up excessive exercise

though the issues simply cannot stand it. There is then no mystery in the large number of damaged hearts now being found and they will continue to increase in number and severity until the medical profession succeeds in impressing the lesson. Let us repeat it over and over again until every man over 40 or 45 years of age realizes that he has lived his allotted time of physical vigor and must ease up the strain to retain his health. Works Both Ways. "He knows all the best people in town." "Why doesn't he associate with them?" "They know him."—Cleveland Leader. Sure to Please. If you want to please a woman, There'll be no vain regrets. If her birthdays you remember And her age you will forget. —T. E. M. in New York Telegram.