



Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"Signs of the Coming Spring," Argued by Father vs. Son.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"This advertisement describing how to make money on a chicken farm, appeals strongly to me," Mr. Uplift announces enthusiastically to his son and heir, who is poring over the pages of a satirical art journal trying to decide whether to purchase one of those corset coat spring suits.

"When you get the chicken farm fever it's the sign spring is nearly here," yawns young Mr. Uplift, whose surplus gray matter is busy striving to settle the momentous problem as to whether the new toga will be checked or striped.

"Here's a man in Racine, Wis.," continues Father, turning over the pages of the poultry periodical, "who started with one hen six years ago on a city lot and now he has two thousand fine, healthy 'South Rocks'."

"I'd rather have twenty of the real iron rocks just now," Son declares, "than a flock of hens big enough to scratch the original Plymouth rock off the map. The good old yellow backs for mine, and I'll let the Methodist preachers have the yellow legs."

"I don't know of any business that yields quicker returns," argues Father, "than raising chickens. There isn't much work about it, either. All one has to do is to set the eggs or use an incubator."

"And then set down and count the chickens before they hatch," volunteers Son, before his esteemed parent has time to make his point. "If the incubator doesn't blow up or take a chill, or the setting hens go on strike," he goes on, "there might be enough hatched to keep the neighbors dogs busy chasing them off the garden truck."

"Of course," admits Father, "there are chances in every line that one must be prepared to take. I think there are splendid opportunities in poultry raising for young men with small capital."

"There was a yap in my office," relates Son, "who had saved up a couple of bucks in real money and he got the chicken raising bug last spring. He bought a chunk of ground down by the seashore for a poultry farm. The tide happened to be out when he picked out the place, but when he went down to build the coops he found nothing but a duck pond. Now he's fishing for a living."

"Mistakes like that will happen," says Father, "but more care ought to be taken. There are a lot of women who have done well in the chicken business."

"They ought to understand the hens pretty well," agrees Son. "But it's one thing to talk it over with a bunch of setting hens and another proposition to cook them to deliver the goods. Since this new chancier had come out there's a bunch of dames who think it would be nice to own a chicken ranch. If only to get the



A SIGN THAT SPRING IS NEARLY HERE.

feathers to make up into suits of clothes and opera cloaks."

"The idea of raising poultry in the back yard of a city lot isn't a bad one," suggests Father. "A man ought to get enough for his own use."

"You'd have to keep 'em in a burglar proof safe over night," warns Son, "if you wanted to be sure to find 'em in the morning. Every chocolate colored hell-bow in Harlem would be hanging around our back yard looking for a chance to go into the chicken raising business without any capital."

"If it were possible for city dwellers to raise chickens the cost of living would be greatly reduced," Father believes.

"Every fire escape a chicken roost, every bath tub a duck pond, would certainly get the goat of the butcher boys," admits Son. "Then if every family could keep a cow in the kitchen and raise some of the fifty-seven varieties of vegetables on the roof, the food trust would certainly have to go out of business."

"After all," Father muses, "the life of the farmer is the only existence free from care. When he goes to bed at night he knows when he wakes up in the morning that his farm will still be there, which is more than the New York business man can say about his possessions."

"Believe me, Pop," decides Son, "if I had to live on a farm I'd want to wake up some morning and find that the dear old homestead had moved its location over night into some cozy little Harlem flat. Whenever I save up enough marmite to buy a chicken farm I'll take the long green and go out and buy a nice, juicy strain steak and let it go at that. That's how much I love the trooly rural game."

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Pudge Perkins' Pets

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



ANNALS of ANGELICA

A JUST-OUT-GIRL BY M.F.

The Kissing Hunch

Nancy O'Neil, the statuesque theatrical star, is somewhat of a faddist upon the social, political and religious observances of the world, and an hour spent in perusing her scrap book is as instructive as a day spent in a library, according to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Miss O'Neil has recently compiled a synopsis upon the national observance and significance of a kiss.

"From the earliest records of men and nations," she says, "kissing has been considered and recognized as an ordinance of patriarchal, reverential and apostolic benediction, and notwithstanding the medical crusade instituted against it upon hygienic grounds, the kiss has and will continue to be an evidence of devotion and loyalty."

"As a religious ceremony the kiss has been consecrated from the earliest times and appears to have been an old Semitic and Aryan custom, for it is first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis xxvii, 26, when Isaac, thinking he is addressing Esau, says to Jacob, 'Come near, now, and kiss me, my son.' In those days the kiss formed a part of the blessing bestowed by a father on his son. The practice of kissing is mentioned no less than forty-three times in the scriptures, but in only three instances do men and women participate—once, when Jacob kissed his cousin, once in Proverbs, where the kiss is used illustrative of the temptations in a young man's way, and once when Mary kissed the feet of Christ.

"Judas betrayed the Messiah with a kiss. 'Greet you one another with a holy kiss,' wrote Paul to the Corinthians, and some of the Protestant sects still retain the kiss as part of the service of the Lord's supper."

"Savages rarely kiss. The aborigines of the Malay, Malaya, Polynesians, the Eskimos and Laplanders consist chiefly of smelling each other and rubbing noses, while in Tibet, instead of greeting by an adhesive touch, the mode of salutation consists of extending the tongue, but the etiquette of the country does not permit of any physical contact.

"The native Australian and Fiji islander salute with a hug like that of a bear."

"The Celtic races are not demonstrative and rarely kiss in public unless it is in greeting after a long absence. Men rarely kiss each other, women very seldom."

"The Italians and Spaniards kiss only in favor and are decidedly lax in their obligatory observances."

"The French kiss upon the slightest provocation. Sometimes men have been known to kiss each other several times during a brief conversation."

"The Chinese and Japanese never kiss a mother will not even kiss her child."

"America has copied to a great extent the example set by the French and carry kissing to an excess."

"But the Russians are today recognized as the champion kissing nation of the world. The kiss is the national salute and has been in vogue for early ages. It was handed down from oriental ancestors and is more of a greeting than a caress. Fathers and sons kiss, whole regiments kiss, military officers kiss. The czar kisses his officers, and on the day of a field review there are almost as many kisses exchanged as there are shots. If a juvenile cadet torse distinguishes itself the imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, who passes it on to the next boy, and so on through the line, until it has gone through the whole number by proxy from one to another."

"On a few days the mistress of a Russian household kisses not only her maid servant, but her men servants also, and if there be a gentleman visitor, who respectfully kisses

The Hobbie Night Gown

Women have hobbled and hobbled along busy thoroughfares, into street cars, whose steps never seemed so far removed from Mother Earth as when they tried to make a yard-and-a-quarter circle do the work of two yards, writes Estelle Keger, the covert smile of the men on the street and the slings and arrows of the cartoonist, to whom the hobbie skirt was a gift from King Midas, women have borne with dignified silence because fashion dictates, and when fashion dictates they follow without fear or cavil.

Now, having hobbled through the day, they are to hobble through the night. Even in dreams the hands which bind them to the mining little step of the ladies of long ago are to have their influence, and the dainty robe de nuit, formerly falling in graceful, easy lines from empire waistline, is caught by a hobbie half way between the knee and ankle.

Seriously, the hobbie night dress isn't nearly so undesirable as it seems. Those who have tried it pronounce it a veritable inspiration, far more comfortable than pajamas or the common or garden variety of gown. It is graceful, follows the lines of the figure and in most cases is extremely becoming, which counts some.

Just when the hobbie is supposed to be defunct and the dressmakers are holding the last sad rites before launching in all its glory the sensational harem skirt, the ghost of the style that should be peacefully in the dust of the back shelf looms forth, refusing to "stay put."

The hobbie nightie is said to be perfectly fascinating, and who wouldn't be fascinated, even though to be so entails hobbling in your sleep?

Mark Twain's Goodby

His last words were: "There isn't anyone for me to play with any more."

The glow is fading from the western sky. And one by one my comrades, as of yore, have given up their play and said goodby: "There isn't anyone for me to play with any more."

Don't cry, dear heart, for I am worn and old. No longer have I largess in my store; 'Een love's best gifts to me I could not hold: There isn't anyone for me to play with any more.

I miss the tender handclasp of old friends. The kisses of the loved ones gone before: 'Tis lonely when the heart first comprehends. There isn't anyone for me to play with any more.

I need these loving hearts, so fond and real. I want them in my arms, as heretofore: When they are reached I shall no longer feel. There isn't anyone for me to play with any more.

—JAMES TERRY WHITE.

Electrical illumination is used by more than 30,000,000 of a total of about 1,000,000 households in the United States.

Real Education

According to a professor in the University of Chicago, any person who can answer "yes" to the following questions is educated in the best sense:

Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you public-spirited?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meanest drudgeries of life?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything yourself?

Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky?

Can you see anything in the puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?

Nubs of Knowledge

Wooden water pipe, ranging from three to twelve feet in diameter, is used by several interior towns and industrial concerns in Australia.

Bolling brass utensils in a solution of cream of tartar containing a small amount of bichloride of tin will make them resemble old pewter.

New schedules of French railroads show that nation is maintaining its record for the fastest long-distance trains in the world.

Although Minnesota's rivers are said to be capable of providing 1,000,000 horsepower, less than one-third of that amount is being utilized.

The soil turned up by ants in making their nests in some portions of Central America is mixed with water and made into bricks by the natives.

China raises just about one-half of the world's tea, the annual production of which is estimated at 1,500,000,000 tons.

Stay in Your Place

Once upon a time there was a turtle who lived in a fountain in the middle of a garden. His loneliness grew upon him to such an extent that he thought he would go traveling and see something of the world. Accordingly he flopped over the edge of the fountain and found himself in a bed of tulips, but they held themselves so stiff and haughty he was not much encouraged, and so he continued on ward past the tulips, where he met a fine fat worm, upon which he feasted.

He was now ready for anything, and wandered along the garden path, his inquisitive head turning right and left. All at once he came upon Tower, the puppy. Now, Tower had never seen a turtle and was therefore so taken by surprise that he behaved as only a young and foolish puppy can.

He jumped a foot or two in the air and came down barking as loud as he could. Then he backed off and ran around the turtle as if he were mad, all the time keeping up his shrill barking. After a few minutes of this performance he noticed

Town Clock on Barn

Kennebunkport, Me., claims the only barn in the country with a clock. The "Clock Emmons place," and has been called by that name since the big clock was installed in the top of the barn twenty years ago.

It is a landmark for miles around. The time piece answers for the town clock and is so accurate that the farmers set their watches by it. It can be seen for quite a long distance, and causes strangers when they sight it for the first time to stare in amazement, for the last place in the world one would expect to see a full grown clock is on the top of a barn. The farm buildings are more than a century old.

"You mustn't touch the bell. Use a stick." "How am I going to get it out of a mudhole with a stick? Caddy, go over to the club house and borrow a pair of tongs."

—Fittsburg Post.

Daily Health Hint

Breathe as much fresh air as possible, and get into the sunshine. The sun should be allowed to shine into every room in a house at some time during the day. Sunshine is the most powerful germ destroyer in existence.

A Perfect Guarantee.

"Look here, Mr. Jones," said Henry, wrathfully. "Do you see this tire?"

"Yes," said Jones.

"Well, I bought it here from you yesterday and you guaranteed it to last a year," said Henry. "And, by jove! the con-damned thing busted at the end of a half-hour!"

"That's all right, Mr. Henry," said Jones. "The guarantee expired night before last. We've had that tire in this garage for eighteen months and it has fulfilled our highest expectations."—Hargens.

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



This is the Day We Celebrate

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Frank B. Arms, Creche	Central	1894
Adrian G. Bancker, 111 South Thirty-ninth St.	High	1894
George S. Burnell, 120 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1905
Helen Bartlett, Sixteenth and Leavenworth Sts.	Leavenworth	1895
Gladya Bartlett, Sixteenth and Leavenworth Sts.	Leavenworth	1905
Louis Bird, 307 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1900
Helen Bronson, 2923 Douglas St.	Farnam	1903
Margaret E. Bridges, 4042 Fort St.	Central Park	1899
Axel Christensen, 3011 Franklin St.	Franklin	1899
Carey Campbell, 1134 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1894
Vivian R. Davey, 4108 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1901
Alice Dean, 3227 Locust St.	Lothorp	1899
Merl Pawcett, 821 Bancroft St.	Bancroft	1901
John H. Gard, 3236 Evans St.	Druid Hill	1900
Dora Gross, 110 North Thirteenth St.	Cass	1901
Wallace Hooper, 2327 Willis Ave.	High	1893
Minerva Heine, 1611 Lake St.	Lake	1899
Doris V. Jamieson, 2734 Blondo St.	Long	1899
Peter J. Kleine, 2756 South Twelfth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Frank J. Kowles, 1616 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1900
Frank B. Lincoln, 2824 California St.	Webster	1904
Ruth Lancaster, 3109 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1903
Allen Lloyd, 2815 Grant St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Clifford McConnell, 4392 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1900
Olla Mildoon, 521 North Twentieth St.	High	1898
James W. Minton, 1029 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1903
Gladya McIntosh, 2436 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1904
Saylor McCubbin, 2923 Burt St.	Kellom	1900
Louise Orman, 2141 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1901
Katherine Ormsby, 2927 Dupont St.	Dupont	1899
Arthur Preglar, 834 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1902
Myrta Rustin, 205 South Thirty-seventh St.	Columbian	1901
Charles Rosso, 3611 Jones St.	Columbian	1905
Hattie Rothhoitz, 2715 Jackson St.	Farnam	1900
Francis Redwelaka, 2719 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1898
John Solberger, 2811 Franklin St.	Long	1905
Myrtle A. Swanson, 3624 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1895
Mathilda Stouppeth, 2414 South Nineteenth St.	St. Joseph	1897
Gladya Samland, 5141 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1902
Florence Sullivan, 1837 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1903
Florence Smith, 2123 Grace St.	Lake	1902
Mattida Wenninghoff, 2426 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1902
Byron Wilcox, 121 South Thirty-third St.	Farnam	1900
Helen M. Watson, 2431 Parker St.	Long	1897

Babies and Wealth

When the value of a year's crop of babies is computed it makes the year's crop of porkers seem insignificant, according to a statistician writing in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Yet every year the pigs are being more and more carefully protected from cholera and other diseases which mean losses by death.

Few people realize that the average value of every infant at birth is \$6, as estimated a little more than a year ago by the National conservation commission. Therefore, if it pays to protect pigs, it must be many times more profitable to safeguard human beings, because mighty few porkers are worth more than a twentieth as much as the average baby.

Considering that it takes a human infant about twenty years to become profitable on a commercial basis, it may be realized that by the time it has reached that age it represents a considerable investment. Estimated on cost and earning power, the youth of 14 is worth \$2,000 and one of 20 is valued at \$4,000.

On the average about 3,000,000 babies are ushered into America every year, figuring on the usually accepted basis of thirty-four per thousand of population, so that the crop is worth \$75,000,000 to start with. In fourteen years, if there were no losses from death, it would represent a value of \$87,000,000 and in twenty years \$101,000,000. These figures make all other small, utterly insignificant, beside them seems the value of the nation's porkers, which is not more than \$50,000,000 all told, counting father, mother and the babies.

It is figured that about one-third of the nation's deaths is of children under 20 years. Now, figuring on a death rate of sixteen per thousand, this gives 1,520,000 deaths, of which 550,000 are of children under 20. Counting the very low average of \$300 as the actual money which each one has represented in life, this means an expenditure of \$165,000,000. Then, if it cost an average of \$100 to bury each one, the outlay reaches \$165,000,000.

John's Firm

"John's firm has given him \$500 and a trip to New York."

"How long will he be in New York?"

"Oh, not so long. I'm going with him!"

Some Names

"He asked me how much money you had."

"The pig!"

"To punish him I said you had none."

"You cat!"