

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice A Few Remarks on the Inferiority of the Feminine Intuition.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed since Wolf-Wool, the Angel Collier, had shaken the dust of Mountaineer from his wandering ways.

The Amateur Wife was distracted with grief and worry.

The Post Graduate Husband, with an air of exaggerated indifference, had returned from several fruitless journeys to neighboring hamlets in quest of the household favorite.

Up one street and down another he had traveled on foot vainly whistling and calling for the vanished Wolf-Wool.

Meantime the Amateur Wife had called up every pound and police station within a radius of twenty miles.

In answer to one of her wailing appeals a practical-police captain at the other end of the telephone had suggested to the Amateur Wife that she advertise her loss.

And much to the Post Graduate Husband's disgust she had promptly called up, not only the local newspapers, but also all the papers in the nearest metropolis, proclaiming the family bereavement to the world at the rate of 10 cents a line.

Next day she went to town to order a new dress, but that occasion, ordinarily of the most festive character, did not lighten her mournful mood.

It was still an inconsolable young woman that dropped in at the Post Graduate Husband's office late in the afternoon to give him the opportunity of accompanying her home.

"There is no news from our doggie," she announced sadly. "I have called up the house six times today to ask if any one had brought him back, but the maid has heard nothing."

"You telephoned the house six times!" exclaimed the Post Graduate Husband in horrified accents. "That makes 12.00 in telephone calls! And all for that good for nothing nut!"

The consciousness that he had called up five times himself and that the maid might mention his inquiries prevented him from saying more.

A gloomy silence reigned between the usually cheerful couple till some moment after their train pulled out of Hoboken.

Then the Amateur Wife, who had bought half a dozen Jersey papers to see her advertisement in print, gave a sudden gasp. "He's found! He's found! Oh, I know he's found! Just read this!" she said excitedly.

Her husband took the paper she tremblingly extended.

Found—Male collier, white collar, yellow legs and tail; dark brown body. B. Allard, 174 Cooper St.

"Don't you see that's Wolf-Wool?" the Amateur Wife asked eagerly. "I just know it's not!" answered the Post Graduate Husband, irritably.

"Haven't you any common sense? Do you think our dog has traveled fifteen miles? How many colliers do you suppose are owned in a town of 500,000 inhabitants?"



YOU MISERABLE MUT! EXCLAIMED HER HUSBAND.

How many of them get lost every day? Don't be foolish! If you think I'm going to miss my dinner to get off and hunt for that dog you are very much mistaken!"

It was exactly what his wife thought, but she did not say so.

"I can't see how you can think of eating your dinner!" she protested, tremulously. "When my poor little collier may be starved or beaten or locked up in a cellar! How can you say you love me when you won't do a little thing like that?"

Tears shone on her lashes—tears lurked in her sparkling eyes.

"Oh, I'll go, I'll go!" exclaimed Her Husband, in a panic, "but I think it's a fool's errand."

So they left the train at the intermediate station designated in the advertisement and for an hour—cold, hungry and apprehensive—were lost in the mazes of an alien city.

At last they found the address they sought.

An elderly German woman admitted them to an unpretentious flat.

And there, curled up before the kitchen range, with an air of peaceful, affectionate content he had never worn as the most pedigreed animal in Mountaineer, was Wolf-Wool, the Angel Collier!

With a slightly bored air and with a very casual wag of the tail, Wolf-Wool arose to greet his master and mistress.

But with a glad cry the Amateur Wife ran toward him.

"Oh, Wolfie, you poor little baby collier!" she sobbed, and threw her arms around his neck.

"You miserable mut!" the Post Graduate Husband exclaimed, glaring ferociously at the dog.

Then to his wife he said triumphantly: "I told you we'd get our dog back!"

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



Way of a Wise Woman With a Man

"I used to think," confided the Wise Wife, "when Bob came home all tired and hot and grimy, after bucking the business break line down town, that it was up to me to be scintillating and say a lot of brilliant things, whose hidden points could be fattened only by a searchlight mentality."

Nubs of Knowledge

Said to be the largest tree trunk in the world is that of a tree at Hita, Mexico, which measures 145 feet in girth.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who Goes In for Sports



Exercise and plenty of it is a good thing. The competitive spirit injected into athletics is a source of the subtle sex-antagonism which we all seem bent upon breeding.

ment—would you like a man who lost his manliness in his devotion to art? I can see your lip curl and your eyes flash scorn. Does it never occur to you that a man may feel exactly the same way about your extreme enthusiasm for sport and the manliness that you allow to appear in your manners?

Tabloid History of the Presidents

Andrew Jackson, born in a log cabin near the dividing line of the Carolinas, became the seventh president of the United States.



Andrew Jackson is one of the most picturesque figures in American history. His education was gained at a country school and was so scant that he never learned to write English correctly.

It was here that Jackson gained the experience that afterward earned fame for him as an Indian fighter. His brilliant victory at New Orleans in the War of 1812 brought him added reputation.

How Charles Was Reformed

Once upon a time there was a boy who had lived to be 19 years old without learning to be good or wise or kind.

blinking its eyes in the middle of the road. But, O my goodness! What was that living down the road? A great gray cat. On it came and it seemed as big as a touring car to the little mouse, who took to its heels with all possible speed.



"But Freddie, I don't see the you need to be so heart-broken because she flitted you."

"I turned you into a mouse, Charley, to teach you a lesson. If you do not profit by it I shall pay you another visit."

"It isn't the flitting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel and—'Glass with care'."

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



Table listing names and addresses of children for the Junior Birthday Book, including Dora Allen, Olga Anderson, Robert R. Benson, etc.

The Hotel Lobbyist Says Fat People Would Like to Be in Reduced Circumstances.

"See what the French professor said about growing thin by eating five meals per day?" asked the Chair Warmer. "Also hot water or tea without sugar?"



"My solution to the whole thing is that a person has about all he or she can do right now to hustle three squares per day and that the necessity of raising the price of five meals per diem would worry any breadwinner into a stylish and desired thinness."

Regarding Chickens. Senator Money of Mississippi asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best, and he replied: "All kinds has merits. De white ones is de easiest to find, but de black ones is de easiest to hide a-fiah you gits 'em."

A man walks at an average speed of three miles an hour. A horse trots about seven miles an hour and runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour.



He—It was blowing hard when we ran out of port. She—But I suppose you had some sherry or something to go on with.