

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

I see that a man who was once a representative from Nevada is going to college at the age of forty-something," observed the Regular Fellow.

"Yes, and a lot of those still in the house of representatives ought to be going to kindergarten," rejoined the Innocent Bystander. "A college education is a great thing, especially after one reaches the age where he can appreciate it, which is usually several years after the average collegian has left dear old alma mater and has discovered that a Greek letter is not always answered with an offer of employment."

"College is just about the right place for some of the noises who are shoe-horned into the congress and then fall out through the ventilating hole in the floor. But most of them seem ripe for the infant class and a few seem qualified for the reform school."

"Maybe a little college training would teach members of congress to pull off their first fights out on the campus or behind some barn instead of on the floor of the house of representatives and misrepresentation. A college in higher English might give other representatives a wide enough range of the language, so that they would not have to use the rough stuff in debate when there are women in the visitors' galleries."

A college course in composition, with some explanation of the meaning of good or bad work, might be of benefit to those members of the lower branch who jam speeches into the Congressional Record after shooting a few words of parenthetical "apology" and "loud applause," although the speech was never delivered to anybody but the public printer, and he didn't listen. It might be well, too, for such representatives to take a course in higher mathematics and economics, or at



least economy, so they won't flood the nation with the voiceless oratory at great expense to those great heroes of just before election, you and I, who later get it in the collar button. Understand me, I don't object to a representative of that sort restraining his desire to spill a speech all over the house of reps. If he'd agree to slip it to the printer and have it dumped into the waste basket, the country, to say nothing of the man who got \$7,000 a year for listening to it, would be saved a headache. But this inflicting it on the public and making the poor old pub. pay for the punishment is cruel."

"How about the representatives who write letters to girls?" asked the Regular Fellow. "Do they need to go to college?"

"Nope—correspondence school," replied the Innocent Bystander.

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## "Chance" Men Lost to "Science"

The mountaineer jury in Virginia, which has just returned a verdict that a roulette wheel may be "doctored," so that the patrons do not have a fair chance as the dealer will probably not settle for all time the old puzzle whether or not a roulette wheel is really a fair gambling device, says the Boston Transcript.

In this neighborhood few of these wheels have recently been opened in use, and our public is not acquainted with its workings, but it is the main device of Monte Carlo and other gambling centers. Scientific men, as well as gamblers throughout the world, have from time to time investigated this wheel. Some of them have found or have thought they found, in certain wheels a magnetic bar that could be controlled by the operator, so that the ball would stop at a certain place, but when half a dozen or more people are playing at the same wheel, it would be impossible so to arrange it that they would all lose, owing to the various degrees of color and numbers on which they are betting.

This mountain puzzle reminds old-time stories, now little known, concerning the game of seven-up or old sledge. Some Kentucky boys were arrested for playing this game under the usual charge of playing a game of chance. When they were brought before the judge, the lawyer claimed that this game was not a game of chance, but was a game of science. The court, puzzled, asked for a suggestion, and the lawyer declared that if a jury of six gamblers well acquainted with the game in a scientific way and six deacons be impaneled with a pack of cards their decision ought to be determinative. So the story goes.

"There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. Four deacons and the two deacons were sworn in as the chance

jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the science side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

"In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow \$3 from a friend. (Sensation.) In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a "stake" from a friend. (Sensation.) During the next three or four hours the dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans.

"The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following verdict:

"We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven-up is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, and sworn to, and made manifest that during the entire night the "chance" men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feasts were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this, our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men have all broke and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine and calculated to infect untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it."

Evidently the sentiments of Virginia and Kentucky on the subject of gambling are identical.

## Broadway's Big Toll on Spenders

A million dollars a night! That's what they say old gaffer Knickerbocker, his children and country cousins spend when they don their best bib and tucker and in taxicabs are whirled away to the Broadway district for a night of revel and pleasure. A million dollars a night!

It is a very steep price, but Father Knickerbocker pays it without a murmur. He takes his pleasure madly, gladly, and the morning after if he finds car fare as the price of a brace he defers that to his old kid, Remorse, who would collect toll. And when the day's work is done, when the lights begin to burn brightly and the orchestra tune up when, in fine, New York's night life starts its merry race, you will find the old gentleman again in it and of it.

How does he spend it? He can't tell you down to the last penny. All that he knows or cares is that he does. And as long as he is satisfied, why should any one complain. It keeps the money ball rolling and enables the thousands of persons directly concerned to make a livelihood.

"I keep no books," said Father Knickerbocker, when questioned about his joy bills today. "Go to Broadway." It will tell you the big items and maybe some of the minor details. And along Broadway the reporter went to find the answer.

"A million dollars a night!" echoed Louis Martin, as he directed the mechanism of his establishment from a little office near the Seventh avenue entrance. And as he pondered over the question there was wafted in the soft, subdued music of the sweetly sad melody of that sea song, the barcarole from "The Tales of Hoffmann."

"On first thought," he said, "a million a night for Broadway is as fanciful and dreamy as that music. And yet—well, its true to a big extent. I have never considered the question just in that light. When New York starts out for a night of pleasure it can teach London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg lessons in extravagance. It wants the best, and paying the price, gets the best. Now, let's get down to the figures."

"Diners will total not less than \$25,000. That includes, of course, vintage wines with the meal. Say the average for a dinner approximately \$15 a plate, and from \$5 to \$10 for the after theater supper. Frequently the latter meal is more costly than the dinner. More wine is to be consumed, and at present prices it takes but a few bottles to make a surprisingly large total.

We, of Broadway, used to divide the spenders of Broadway into three classes, in the order of spenders—Wall street, society in the accepted sense of the term, and the racing men. I am not taking into account the out of town visitors.

Yet they are a big part of Broadway, and their hotel bills alone will greatly increase the toll. If there isn't a million spent in the Broadway district, what is left wouldn't enable a man to have a steam yacht, a Newport cottage and a country home in Long Island."

"You call to mind your own concessions to feminine opinion when you make yourself a becoming and smart hat and then see an old label from a Paris hat of years back in the crown. It is easy for you to conclude that women do not appreciate self-help and underestimate the work of your hands, so you readily fall in with the idea that the idiotic adviser advances. 'A man will think more of you, do more for you, if you are unable to do for yourself.'"

Of all the outrageously untrue advice which illogical women can offer to make misery and mistakes for younger women, this particular way of inducing a girl to leap on the matrimonial job is the worst. The women who give it ought to be put in a pound, to stay there until redeemed by some one who loved them. They would stay a long time.

There is fairness and justice and mutual consideration to be built into the matrimonial structure even if a good many of the contracts do appear to be the bad work of professional hoodlums and grafters.

What would you think of a man who asked you to marry him and then carefully covered up his resources, diligently disguised his ability to do his share in the conjugal partnership. Think? You wouldn't think of him? You wouldn't even consider him? Unless he could show good cause for you to trust your future to him, in the

"When it's confided," was the frank answer, "to her own keeping."

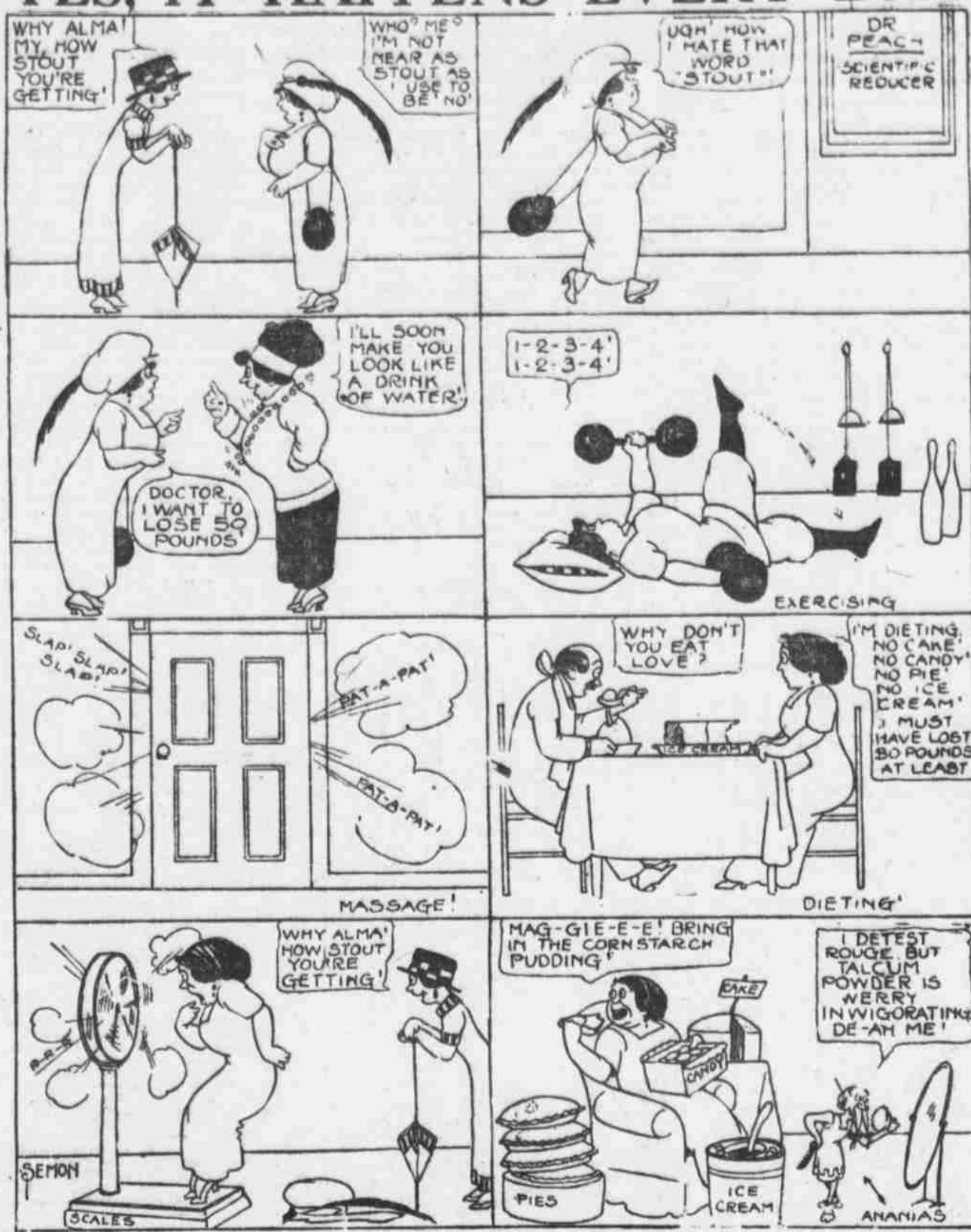
## California Wine

Exports of wine by sea from the port of San Francisco during 1910 totaled 2,962,529 gallons. The great bulk of this, viz., 5,421,388 gallons, was shipped to New York by way of Panama and Cape Horn. The total shipments by sea from San Francisco for the preceding year were 7,466,284 gallons. The increase for 1910 was therefore very marked.

Other exports from San Francisco during 1910 were: To Central America, 128,846 gallons; to the Hawaiian Islands, 78,744 gallons; to Germany, 112,991 gallons; to France, 194 gallons; to British Columbia, 35,299 gallons; to Japan, 73,000 gallons; to Mexico, 32,268 gallons; to England, 26,116 gallons. The above totals are exclusive of bottled goods, of which 5,521 cases were shipped from San Francisco by sea during last year.

Denmark is the dairy of Europe. It has eighty-five head of cattle to each 100 inhabitants.

## YES, IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY



## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Some Idiotic Advice



"Don't let the man you are going to marry know that you can do things. If he suspects that you can cook you will have to do it. If he likes your clothes and you let him find out that you make them yourself you'll never have a chance to make him pay dressmakers' bills. If a man knows a girl can do things to help herself he expects it of her. Just keep him in ignorance and you won't have to work."

You listen with open-eyed credulity to the advice of the married woman who speaks. You even call up in your mind the fact that Mrs. Nobody, who boasts that she cannot cook a thing, seems to have unlimited money for hiring servants. You reflect that none of the girls you know appear to think a gown is half as pretty or as stylish after she discovers it is "home-made."

You call to mind your own concessions to feminine opinion when you make yourself a becoming and smart hat and then see an old label from a Paris hat of years back in the crown. It is easy for you to conclude that women do not appreciate self-help and underestimate the work of your hands, so you readily fall in with the idea that the idiotic adviser advances. "A man will think more of you, do more for you, if you are unable to do for yourself."

Of all the outrageously untrue advice which illogical women can offer to make misery and mistakes for younger women, this particular way of inducing a girl to leap on the matrimonial job is the worst. The women who give it ought to be put in a pound, to stay there until redeemed by some one who loved them. They would stay a long time.

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shape of a reasonable salary and a small bank account, you would regard him as the most abnormally egotistical human for daring to assume that the possession of "just yourself" was enough to trap you into the pitfalls of married life.

And what is his salary? What is his bank account? Both are just signs of his ability to do something that is worth being paid for by his employers. If he cannot make good, you do not want him.

Any one but the idiotic adviser who draws her conclusions from nothing but her own wild fancies would recognize your ability to cook and sew as a fair return or a balancing value for your lover's capacity to earn enough to buy food and pay rent, but not this lunatic injects into you that you should be a human lily-of-the-field.

The joy of clothing you in splendor is sufficient reward in itself for any man. She poisons your conception of marriage by making it a one-sided bargain where you give yourself and expect the man to keep paying for you all his life as if he had secured a wonderful treasure. He has not. He has bought a salted mine. He is the victim of a swindle.

A man in love is apt to think that "just to have you" is enough. This idiotic adviser would lead you to believe that you can keep him in that state of mind by being a lily of the field. But nothing flourishes on false principles. And the man wakes up to the fact you are not playing fair. He may keep on paying the bills. But you lose your lover. It's the work of the idiotic adviser!

Facts are engraved hieroglyphs for which the fewest have the key.

## World's Oldest Paper

The oldest newspaper in the world is the King-Pau, or "Capital Sheet," published in Peking. It first appeared A. D. 91, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1811, however, it has been published weekly, and of uniform size. Until its reorganization by imperial decree, it contained nothing but orders in council and court news, was published about mid-day and cost 2 cash, or something less than a cent. Now, however, it appears in three editions daily.

The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow paper, is called Hing-Pau (Business Sheet), and contains trade prices, exchange quotations, and all manner of commercial intelligence. Its circulation is a little over 5,000. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence and general news. The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper and bears the name of Titi-Pau (Country Sheet). It consists of extracts from the earlier editions.

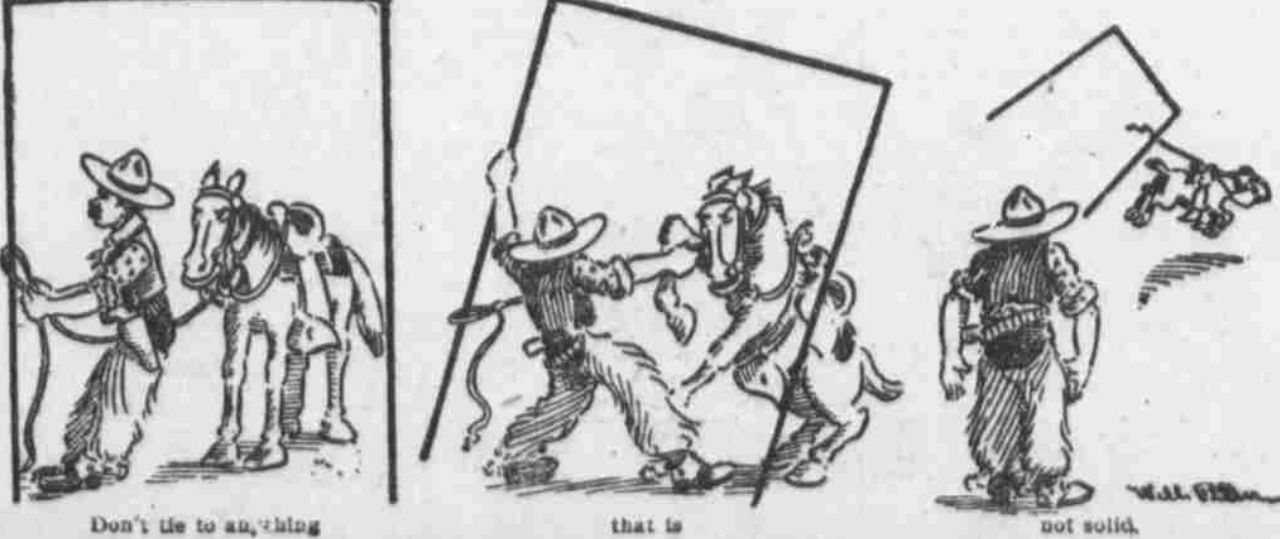
## Don't Breathe Lazily

"If you are consumptive, if you think you are drifting into consumption, sing!" said the progressive medical man to one of his patients.

"Of course, singing alone will not save you from consumption or cure you; besides singing you must have plenty of fresh air and good food. And speaking of fresh air, I must say that not one person in a hundred knows how to inhale it. People seldom breathe deeply enough; they seldom properly ventilate their lung cavities, which resemble stuffy insanitary apartments, where all germs thrive undisturbed. Acquire the habit of taking the big, deep breath, which is a primary requisite for any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relax into lazy breathing. Furthermore, the mere effort of singing compels the singer to stand straight and to throw out the chest, a good corrective for the bad physical habits of weak-chested people."

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## Trouble Along the Border



## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



MILDRED MCCONNELL,  
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MONDAY,

August 28, 1911

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Anna Allyn, 2201 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1901
Carrie Baker, 1719 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1901
Madge Burgess, 2754 Davenport St.	High	1894
Earl Bailey, 823 Farnam St.	Pacific	1896
Heleen Bell, 2719 Hickory St.	Park	1898
Rudolf Ant. Brazda, 1436 South Twelfth St.	Comenius	1904
Thomas Richard Burnell, 4502 Redford Ave.	Clifton Hill	1902
Ethel Campbell, 2124 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1897
Garrison Chizum, 2602 Taylor St.	Saratoga	1899
August Custer, 1417 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1905
Anna Cutler, 1441 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1905
George W. Can, 3312 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Alther J. Cameron, 2610 Harney St.	Farnam	1905
Victor Davis, 718 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1909
Earl E. Delehanty, 2336 South Eleventh St.	St. Patrick	1900
Victor Elias, 1505 William St.	Comenius	1901
Juanita Friend, 2424 Sprague St.	Saratoga	1909
Helen J. Felch, 905 South Thirty-third St.	Columbian	1897
Martha Goettsche, 1716 Van Camp Ave.	Vinton	1898
Kenneth Gunnell, 2605 Emmet St.	High	1893
John F. Gilmore, 2885 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Walter Gerke, 3240 Harney St.	Farnam	1899
Minnie Goveia, 4402 Bedford Ave.	Clifton Hill	1895
Nettie Goldstone, 2217 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Margaret H. Howe, 542 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Farnam	1899
Florence E. Haller, 708 South Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1904
Archie Hoke, 4906 Cuming St.	High	1899
Augustine Imbert, 1958 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1896
Albert M. Jacobsen, 2718 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1906
Mildred Johnson, 3550 Cass St.	Saunders	1900
Jennie Kalma, 1915 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1893
Wendell Kyrshner, 713 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Wellington Ledwich, 3517 Harney St.	High	1892
David Lynch, 5124 North Twenty-third St.	Sacred Heart	1896
Louie Labowitz, 1720 Cass St.	Cass	1904
Jessie Lorenz, 2717 Parker St.	Long	1904
Mildred M. McConnell, 269 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1903
Mildred L. Miller, 6315 Curtis Ave.	Central Avenue	1896
Charlie Moreen, 2333 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1902
Maud Olmstead, 8534 North Twenty-eighth St.	High	1894
Harold Potter, 4901 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1903
Lilly Patterson, 2523 Binney St.	Lothrop	1901
George Reid, 1707 Dorcas St.	High	1896
Fannie Rausin, 904 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1897
Fred B. Sawtelle, 2707 Dodge St.	Lothrop	1903
Florence Shames, 1513 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1897
Alice Schneider, 107 Stanford Circle	Castellar	1899
Helen Schneidewind, 110 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1905
C. E. Thompson, 4040 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Mary Thornton, 3706 South Thirteenth St.	Forest	1898
Leita Toney, 2890 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
August Vachale, Third and Spring St.	Bancroft	1903
Alvin Worthing, 2814 Davenport St.	Webster	1902
Andrew Wyman, 3414 California St.	Webster	1898
Helen M. Whitney, 4355 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Dorothy Welch, 3012 Oak St.	Windsor	1903
Vernon Williamson, 809 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1900

## Extinct Ruminants that Climbed Trees

It might be almost as surprising to see a cow climbing a tree as to see her jump over the moon, as she is reported from the nursery to have done; but the American Museum of Natural History has now put on exhibition a group of ruminants or cud-chewing animals to which the cow and her nephew, the goat, belong, which made a most amazing feat of frisking about the tops of the loftiest trees for choicest leaves and tenderest buds.

In the New York Times Dr. W. D. Matthews, the new curator at the museum, talks interestingly about the hoofed tree climbers.

"It seems somewhat paradoxical," said Dr. Matthews, "to imagine a ruminant climbing trees, though there are stories of goats doing so. But these stories seem to be more or less apocryphal, so far as any real climbing goes. Even the narrow-pointed hoofs of a goat do not give the necessary grasp, and his legs and feet are too stiff and limited in their motion. The only living member of the hoofed mammals which really climb trees is the coney of South Africa."

"All living hoofed animals, however, except the hyrax have the feet modified for walking and running on the ground in such a way as to gain in speed and endurance at the expense of a loss of flexibility of the foot, and none of them is able to climb trees. This is especially true of the cud-chewing animals, in which the foot is very

much specialized for running purposes. Compare this type of foot with the soft, flexible, sharp-clawed foot of a cat, and it is easy enough to see why a cat can climb a tree and a ruminant cannot."

"The most primitive extinct ruminants had all four separate digits of nearly equal size, and this condition is retained in all the oreodonts, a family of piglike ruminants very common in North America during the tertiary."

Dr. Matthews explained that an oreodont which is now a part of the exhibition was called archiochaerus, and while it had ruminating teeth, it also had the limbs and feet modified in such a way as to enable it to climb trees as rapidly as a jaguar or other large cat.

"The hoofs," he continued, "are so narrow as to be actually converted into a sort of claw; the articulations of the digits, wrist and limb-bones are modified so as to give thoroughness of limb and feet the same flexible joints which we find in cats and in all tree-climbing animals."

"The archiochaerus lived during the eocene epoch in western North America, and then became extinct. Why, we do not know, but we may suppose that it was only partly arboreal, and that the handicap of its clumsy limbs and feet was more than enough to offset the advantage of being able to climb trees when pursued by the improved races of carnivora that were being evolved about this time."

## Microbe's Serenade

A love-lorn microbe met by chance At a swager, bacterioid dance A proud bacillus belle, and she Was first of the dance-masters Of organism saccharine. She was the protoplasmic queen, The microcosmic bride and pet Of the biological set. And so this infinitesimal swain Pursued his plans for matrimony: "O lovely metamorphic germ, What futile scientific term Come to these embryonic arms? Then he away to my cellular home, And be my little dition!" His epithetium burned with love, He swore by molecules above Should be his own glorious mate, Or else he would disintegrate. This amorous nite of a parasite Pursued the germ both day and night, And "neath her window often played He'd warble to her every day This risicolous roundelay: "O, most primordial type of spore, I never met your like