

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

I see a spiritualist says we will soon be able to telephone to spirit-land," remarked Friend Wife.

Tells Friend Wife the Stylville Exchange Will Have Hello Girls.



"SPOOK."

"Probably the spiritualist lady who predicted this telephone did not have the sympathy of the other mediums, for it will mean lack of business for them when anyone who wishes to commune with the spirits can get on a line at the nearest drug store—in prohibition states. Of course, somebody will have to invent a 15-cent piece for slot telephones. Otherwise they would have to use the two calls for a quarter.

"Personally I should consider it would be very annoying to a good, respectable shade to be at the mercy of a telephone operator who could call him to the instrument at all hours of the day and night—and then probably find he was the wrong party.

"Whether they will install party lines for economical shades I have not heard, but I'll bet there will be plenty of exultatory whoops who will insist on being privately listed, so that none but their intimates will know where to call them up.

"Of course the installation of this new exchange will be a great blessing to the habit of calling up and telling whoops about the work at the office and why they wouldn't be home that evening. I haven't heard the details and don't know whether the other end of the line can call up, but if they do there won't be a thing to it when they begin to call up debtors and remind them about that little matter of \$10 and such like. And murder will cease as a fine art when the victims can hurry to the nearest pay station and call up the police and coroner, Jolly thought.

"I don't know if they are going to lay a cable to the other side of the Styx for

this telephone, but if they do I suggest Old Man Charon as the only one who has a good craft for laying cable over that river. Poor old gink. Business has been dull lately. So many have been going over by aeroplane that he has been seriously considering unloading his ancient line on some city with municipal ownership ideas. As for handling the wire on the other side, I suppose they'll use a conduit. To do that they'll have to dig through a pavement of good intentions, much of it newly laid on January first.

"When it gets to working, the supreme court can call up the Fathers of this Great Republic and ask them what the heck the constitution means; Colonial Dames can call up the Pilgrim Fathers and ask if they really roved their boat to any Plymouth Rock or if anybody merely rocked the boat; prominent telephonic material can call up Napoleon and sympathize; Grand jury can call up Nero and tell him to come in and plead to the arson indictment; the London police might even inquire if the besieged were really anarchists."

"Why should there be telephones to the land of shades?" asked Friend Wife.

"To worry spooks and remind them they're not in heaven," replied the Tired Business man.

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WIFE AND MAN BOYS



GEO. WEST COHEN

Stories of Judge Arabin

"Shirt sleeve" justice as rendered in American border courts has furnished a mine of funny comment and interesting stories for humorists and magazine writers. Now comes an English magazine, the Cornhill for January, containing an article by Frederick Pollock under the title "Arabian," which shows the British bench can once in a while furnish some humor of its own.

William St. Julien Arabin was a sergeant-at-law, a commissioner of the Central criminal court and judge of the sheriff's court in London, who administered justice from 1827 to 1851, when he died, aged 65. Mr. Pollock says Judge Arabin was intimately acquainted with "brickmakers' manners" as one can well believe when he addressed a prisoner before him, a brickmaker, in these terms:

"I have no doubt of your guilt. You go into a public house and break bulk and drink beer, and that's what in law is called embezzlement."

In a case involving a neighborhood quarrel, Judge Arabin said:

"I know High Wycombe. It is the worst neighborhood on the face of the earth. The whole country is covered with brickmakers. They come from all parts of the world. I know all about them."

In another case Judge Arabin said in his charge to the jury:

"He was a brickmaker. Now, we all know what a brickmaker's character is, at least. This is a case of a man who has bridged. I won't say a word, as can anyone doubt the prisoner's guilt."

Which would indicate a brickmaker had not much show in that court.

To a young woman witness in the same court the court said:

"Now, young woman—for you are a young woman and have a child in your arms—if I catch you tripping, I will put you where the prisoner is. I have given you warning kindly; you had better say you know nothing about it."

The prisoner, in his own behalf, said that his premises were searched and no living animal was found in his possession, "except his own person," and suggested that the pigs he was alleged to have stolen "had strayed for a little recreation."

When a witness in a case said he was from a certain place the court asked:

"Constable, is Barnes a very honest place?"

"No, my lord," said the constable.

"No. To my knowledge there ought to be fifty constables there."

Passing a casual remark on a verdict of guilty against a woman, Judge Arabin said to the prisoner: "You must get out of this country. You have disgraced even your sex."

Which would seem to indicate the court liked women as little as he did brickmakers. This view is strengthened by his objection to another woman on the witness stand.

"You come here with your head in false wigs. If you can't speak out, I'll take off your bonnet. If that won't do you shall bridge. I won't say a word, as can anyone doubt the prisoner's guilt."

In a more chivalrous mood, in a case involving the theft of a pair of milk, Judge Arabin opined that "one woman is worth twenty men for a witness any day."

In the like strain, to a shoemaker witness who had a cold, the court said: "A man with a cold is not fit to try a lady's shoes on."

Shapping at one woman witness, Arabin shouted: "Woman, how can you be so stupid? You are tall enough to be wise enough."

Notes on Things

The manufacture of mattresses, pillows and cushions from sponge material, dried and sterilized, has become an important business in Florida.

An argument of the designer of an automobile that has but one wheel in front is that it steers more readily, especially when the road is rough.

By the close of this year about 6,000 miles of railroads in the United States, a little more than one-fourth, will be equipped with block signals.

Damage estimated at \$12,000.00 has been charged up to the chestnut tree blight in Philadelphia, New York and New Jersey alone in the last four years.

Only the bridge, cooling tower, funnel, mast and turret will be carried above the water line of a battleship which the British admiralty is designing.

Quite the Reverse.

"Did your father ever raise his hand to you, Billy?" asked Tommy.

"Hundreds of times," said Billy. "But it wasn't that that bothered me. Where I got stung was when he brought it down."

At Patok was in town from Denver, looking over the land show. Al used to be in the game himself, but he knows better now.

Johnny Lynch says the "dead man's desk" doesn't worry him a bit. He knows how to enjoy himself when he is all alone.

Mayor Jim Dahlman visited Lincoln Wednesday. He says he doesn't mind it so much now, since he has seen what might have happened.

Walt Smith of C. Bluffs, knocked a big permutation down at Washington. So long as it had to go that way, we'd as lie see Walt get it as anyone we know.

Thrift.

When good words radiated "Doc" Horrigan was cornered, he used to hold a post mortem and autopsy on every corpse that came under his jurisdiction. This is just referred to as showing how the office may be made to pay by the exercise of proper thrift.

Smug.

The quiet that envelops the city hall so dense that it is noticeable even to strangers, must not be taken to indicate that the inmates are all dead. They're not; they're just busy trying to forget what happened to them.

Nebraska.

Nebraska is out of the list of "young" states at last. We have secured a home-grown United States senator.

Fine.

Bob Holmes wants to abolish the office of fire marshal, because Eddie Morrison got the job. Fine.

We Know Better.

I send, dear friend, this pack of cards.

Accept them, with my kind regards.

When last we played, do you remember?

'Twas sometime early in December?

We won our games by skill and guile?

The others said 'twas "only luck."

We quite expected this retort.

Which is the loser's last resort.

P. BEETER.

Striking Princess Gown

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—But the coat suit question is not the only disturbing one there are other garments in the wardrobe which require attention. At this time of year, when semi-formal affairs are to be attended, afternoon frocks are a necessity. In the first illustration is shown a little frock in which two materials are attrac-



tively combined. The upper part of the peasant blouse was fashioned from a white satin striped marquisette with sprays of roses. The pointed tabs were of white peau de sole and the silk was also used for the pointed turned-back cuffs. The charming little skirt had a pointed panel which the side gorges overlapped. The perfectly straight flounce was of the marquisette over silk.

The cut presents a very striking princess gown. Rose broadcloth was used for this frock. The odd shaped yoke—which was cut in one with the sleeves—was of heavy eury lace, and a band of this lace trimmed the waistline. A shaped band of the lace outlining the top of the flounce was the only trimming on the skirt.

Rathine will be smart this spring as has been the case all winter, and so much in fashion's favor is this new cloth, that it bids fair to outrival the ever favorite serge. Although scarcely appropriate for an elaborate costume this fabric is nevertheless sufficiently smart for most purposes for which a tailor costume can be worn, and just now is so new that it is more generally worn in the afternoon than in apt to be the case with a texture of rough finish. For a somewhat smarter style of dress the newest thing is one of the satin-finished cloths. So exquisite in texture is this material that even on close inspection it is often difficult to tell it from the real satin, and in purchasing a gown at this time of the year, when it is desired to have a costume that will look smart at the early spring festivities, this satin-faced cloth is not to be surpassed.

The bodice for the gown may be of the same material or, if lighter weight is desired, of real satin. In one of the soft, supple, qualities that are in their perfection this year.

On many of the newest tailor gowns a two or three-inch fringe of the exact color of the cloth is the only trimming. The jacket is bordered all around with this fringe and the short skirt has a band of the fringe laid over the hem. The new tailor skirts just escape the ground by from one to two inches, while the majority of house gowns just touch the floor, with an extra tuck or so in back for grace. Jackets reach about to the hips or a trifle longer if the abbreviated length is unbecoming. All coat sleeves are long and are fastly sure to remain so for the present regardless of the length of the sleeves of the bodice worn underneath.

In selecting an outfit for a southern trip the first investment should be a coat and skirt costume of light weight cloth which will prove essential for the journey and upon the return north will be just ready for the spring season.

What He Had to Say

Every once in a while a new campaign story bobs up in Washington. This one is on Ralph Cole, Ohio member of congress, who did his best to make his district go republican, but who cannot point to any particular success in that regard. At one town in his district he was to divide his time with a local spellbinder. The local man spoke first, and was to have kept going for half an hour, but he made it an hour and a half. When he got through he made an apology for encroaching on Cole's time.

"It reminds me," Cole said, as he faced his audience, "of what I once heard in a court room. The defendant had been found guilty of a criminal charge. The judge sentenced him to fifteen years. 'Have you anything to say?' demanded the court of the prisoner. 'Nothing but this,' was the reply. 'I think you're mighty damned liberal with another man's time.'"

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

An Easy Climb.

Miss Annie S. Peck, the mountain climber, described in one of her addresses in Boston on mountaineering the strange effect that some mountains have on some men.

"In a word," she said, "it is an effect of mendacity. Thus, in a Boston club, one mountaineer said to another:

"So Smith, fat Smith, actually climbed Mount Blanc?"

"Smith? Not he! The other mountaineer replied.

"But he said he did."

"True. But in September, on his return from Chamoni he only said he'd been to the foot of Mount Blanc. Since then he's gradually lied himself all the way up to the top." —New York Tribune.

REASON ENOUGH.



"Why do you always walk down town to your shopping?"

"I want to make the money go as far as possible."

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, JANUARY 20, 1911. NO. 220.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

A. STINGER, Editor. Communications welcomed. Give neither signature nor return postage required. Address the Editor.

NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Land. Land is just now a source of great interest and concern. Everybody is interested in it, no matter where it may be located. We have passed the happy frame of mind that animated the magnificent Louis, who when too of the loss of Canada to the British, remarked, "Only a few million acres of snow gone. We are watching the land. Gif' 'n'chot is helping us."

A man well situated on a bit of ground of his own doesn't need to worry an awful lot whether eggs is up or down. He can sell 'em; that's where he has the world by the tail and a down-hill pull.

It would take a book of some size to tell all Ye Editor knows about land, but if you want to get the information first hand and in a most acceptable form, slip over to the Land Show and find out for yourself. We are going over as soon as we get this issue on the press, and check up on our general knowledge of Land.

Which? Ye Editor notes with pride that the legislature is just now engaged in a mighty effort to hold the Panama canal expedition. San Francisco and New England have each had a vote of favor, and the question is still pending. Let us hope that no one will disturb the lawmakers while they are deciding this momentous question. Other business can readily rest until this is settled, for the world is waiting to find out where it is to assemble in 1915 or thereabouts.

Where? In the columns of our big neighbor, The Bee, we notice a complaint from a citizen who went home on a late Farman car, concerning the presence on board of a citizen under the influence of strong drink. Wonder where she got it? Didn't Mr. Shallenberger tell us that grater ale is the best anyone can do in Omaha after 8 p. m.?

Runner. Al Weitzel may be a good plumber, but we'll bet a doughnut he isn't as good a runner as Johnny Lynch.

DOINGS AT LINCOLN. Appearance of an Old Friend on the Bill File. Suggests Pay Day.

(From a Staff Correspondent.) LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 19.—(Special Over the Old Reliable Union Pacific—Just to See What Things Look Like Out Around Valparaiso, Wahoo and some of the other centers of activity along the line.)—This reminds me that at one session of the legislature, a man from an act of the oldest standbys known to the history of Nebraska lawmaking submitted his record to one of his own investigating committees, maybe he (the honorable gent) would vote for him, meaning Hitchcock?

Others of the old guard are expected to arrive almost any day now, for the first month of the stay at Lincoln is drawing to its close, and the landlord will be looking for the rent you dig, somebody's.

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MAKING SOME HISTORY.

Wise Men at Washington Busy—Hon. Loebek Loebek Paymaster.

(From a Staff Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—(Special—A Bit Knocked About in the House—) The United States circuit court of appeals, the pay is not quite so good, but the new job has the advantage of permanency. Going back to the referendum around the place, Hon. Loebek, who gunned in from Baltimore to take a look around the place, Hon. Loebek did the honors, and Hon. Loebek was shown how to get in and out of the building, and where the paymaster's office is, and other points of interest. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the prospect.

Hon. Hitchcock's committee in the house envy him his luck. Most of them have been promised big things by their advertising constituents, but up to date Hon. Hitchcock is the only one who has cashed in anything on the insurance game. It pleases the insurgents mightily to see another democrat going in to take the place of a republican. Some day, when Champ Clark begins to drive the steam roller over them, they'll realize fully the extent of the victory they have won for the "plain people."

Echoes of that Baltimore feast are coming in slowly, as the various harlequins reach town. It was surely one grand display of democratic simplicity, also of democratic symptoms, as defined by a Chicago policeman as far back as 1854.

Several things on the tapis; more anon.

Located. It is not necessary to page Charley Loebek. He has been located. Our Washington correspondent reports him wandering around the corridors of the capitol, trying to get used to it. His name is still on the payroll of the City of Omaha.

PERSONAL. Jerry Howard knows what he wants when he wants it.

Chet Aldrich paid us a flying visit on Monday. He was what a Workmen's lodge looked like when in session.

Henry Clarke was up from Lincoln Wednesday. He says railroading is fine in Nebraska these days.

Al Patok was in town from Denver, looking over the land show. Al used to be in the game himself, but he knows better now.

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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate FRIDAY, January 20, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Frank Amaranto, 620 South Eighteenth St.	Cass	1896
Joseph F. Bohan, 5330 North Twenty-seventh St.	Miller Park	1902
Antonie Brada, 1436 South Twelfth St.	Comenius	1899
Mollie Brown, 2219 Seward St.	Kellom	1902
Mildred Byrne, 2408 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1902
Adelaide Caramello, 2531 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1899
Carl Carlson, 1928 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1903
Eugene Carter, 2402 South Fifth St.	Train	1905
Ruth E. Charlesworth, 111 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1904
Martha Cohen, 720 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1902
William E. Conkling, 3036 Mercedith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Gusta Daniels, 1715 Arbor St.	Castellar	1900
Virginia Dessauer, 327 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1904
Ronald E. Dixon, 2908 South Central Boulevard.	Windsor	1900
Dorothy L. Eden, 3025 Seward St.	Long	1904
Anna Mae Evans, 3837 Decatur St.	High	1895
Evald Erickson, 2306 South Thirty-first St.	Windsor	1901
Myra D. Fleisher, 915 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1897
James Gardiner, 1822 Emmet St.	High	1895
Traver A. Gatna, 1107 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1898
Sores Goff, 2614 North Sixteenth St.	Lake	1905
Theresa Gross, 2762 Burt St.	Webster	1905
Hamilton Hall, 507 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1898
Carl B. Hempel, 2545 North Twenty-seventh St.	Central	1896
Lillian Hislop, 4821 North Twenty-seventh St.	Saratoga	1902
George Holly, 6842 North Forty-fifth St.	Central Park	1901
Etta Hotchkins, 3024 Seward St.	Long	1898
Marguerite Hough, 2023 Locust St.	Lothrop	1898
Harry Hove, 1815 Martha St.	Castellar	1903
James R. Johnson, 3621 Brown St.	Central Park	1905
Evelyn Johnson, 1023 North Thirty-eighth St.	Franklin	1902
Annie Kaldoc, 1247 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Beniah Kulaksky, 2512 Decatur St.	Long	1900
Valderyn Liljegen, 3338 South Seventeenth St.	Vinton	1896
Myr Mandolfo, 311 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1905
William Markhofer, 418 Cedar St.	Train	1905
Millon Matthews, 2310 Fort St.	Miller Park	1904
Lloyd McElroy, 1415 Park Wild Ave.	Train	1902
Anna V. McIntyre, 3514 Parker St.	Franklin	1904
Keneth McCoy, 1443 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1904
Dorothy P. Meyers, 1026 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1897
Marguerite Muir, 2022 St. Mary's Ave.	Central	1899
Margaret Nachtigall, 2020 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1900
Deldie Nelson, 4510 Marcy St.	High	1895
Morse Olander, 2019 North Twentieth St.	High	1896
Catherine O'Neil, 3223 Manderson St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Stuart P. Osborne, 1522 South Thirty-second Ave.	Park	1895
Pearl Paris, 2023 Center St.	Castellar	1901
Elma Pearson, 3302 Maple St.	High	1894
Evelyn Pieronnet, 2201 Maple St.	Lothrop	1900
John Pitzl, 1201 Kavan St.	St. Joseph	1901
Morris Posovsky, 1433 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Velista M. Presson, 4533 Underwood Ave.	High	1896
Myr Prenosil, 1242 South Second St.	Pacific	1903
Howard Richelleu, 3022 California St.	Webster	1904
Raymond Ritter, 1722 Capitol Ave.	Cass	1897
Francis M. Rodgers, 2928 Arbor St.	High	1898
Walter B. Royce, 1618 North Thirty-second St.	Franklin	1897
Eugene Schweitzer, 2108 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Long	1905
Hollis P. Seward, 2250 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1896
Velma Smith, 3201 Wright St.	Windsor	1901
John Stewart, 1421 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1903
Eliza Strong, Thirty-seventh and Spalding Sts.	Monmouth Park	1899
Helen Sunderland, 1029 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1901
Inez Thams, 2502 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1905
Bernard J. Turford, 2109 South Thirty-fourth St.	High	1895
Irving Wyer, 127 South Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1903
Clyde A. Young, 3666 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897

Polly Hitchin—Her Book

Poor Peter was a bit put out 'cause he didn't win the prize, and I'm sure he deserved it more than me, though, as he says, it comes to the same thing so long as it's in the family. I don't know, however, I came to win it, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when the lady read out my name. She was looking just lovely, and she brought her little girl along with her. I never saw nobody so stiff and straight as she was, and her frock was that about that I reckon her mother has to think about saving the stuff same as mine, for she seemed to have grown out of everything all at once like.

I had to go up and get the prize, and everybody clapped, and I never knew before how terrible bad getting a prize does make you feel; but I did keep hoping that the little girl thought my hair was better crimped than hers.

It was last Wednesday I won the prize, and yesterday the wonderfullest thing of all happened. We was out playing in our street, same as usual, and most of the boys were racing on their roller skates, excepting about a dozen who was playing football with a tin can, and the rest of us was skipping and whipping tops, and then, of course, there was all the kids about, so the street did seem pretty full and busy, when all of a sudden I saw my beautiful lady standing at the corner quite frightened like. She told me she had come all the way 'cause she wanted to see me and the Terror and No. 46. Then she says, "Polly," she says, "are they always as happy as this?" and I says "Yes, particular on a Saturday;" and she says "Is there always such a noise?" and I didn't know, because I'd never thought before how everybody was shouting; and then she says, "I never thought it was at all like this, never," but whatever she did she think it could be like?—Marjory Hardcastle in Cornhill Magazine.

Sammy Was Loaded

"Do not sneer at the juvenile intellect," said John J. Chickering, district superintendent of schools in New York. "Sometimes a boy can ask questions that a man can't answer." And he went on to tell of an experience he had when he was principal of one of the New York schools. He was called on by a teacher to come to her aid.

"It's all right," she said, "until natural history hour comes. Sammy Jones lives on a farm and he thinks he knows more about natural history than the man that invented it. He keeps asking me questions, and if I answer them Sammy laughs, and if I don't the children do. Discipline is simply gone to pot. The children would give up their recess if I would lengthen the natural history hour by five minutes."

"So," said Mr. Chickering, "in the pride of my manhood I told her I would come to her rescue. One short, sharp answer will denote to Sammy that the matter is over." The teacher welcomed my aid. That afternoon I dropped in and took charge of the