# The Bee's Home-Magazine Page

## Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Spring is getting into the home stretch, eh?" suggested the Chair Warmer, lazily.

"Also the office stretch, the factory stretch, the class room stretch and street car stretch," yawned the Hotel Lobbyist. "To say nothing of the hotel corridor stretch. Why, anybody should believe that stretching is confined to the home in spring time I don't know. There is something in the air at this time of the year that makes any landscape we look at one vast, illimitable stretch.

"The world is open faced. You ever notice an inclination to stretch on the part of tree limbs. The woods put on a new line of scenery especially painted for this production. The little birds pipe their lays and the plumbers lay their pipes. Base ball 'fans' get rain checks and poets don't get any kind.

"We all were going to start in exercising this spring and we are keeping our word, aren't we? Isn't it grand exercise to lean back in a chair and stretch the arms above one's head and sigh?

"I trow it is. The habit of stretching, holding the arms up in the air, is so strong at this time that we can't even induce the Mexicans to put down their arms. But the war scare is getting awfully languid as the sultry season approaches. We're too much interested in the increased heavy batting of the big leagues, the photographs of the styles of bathing suits which will not be permitted on the beaches this summer, the exciting plots of the summer roof shows and the fascinating sport of reading the railroad folders to pick the various places to spend our vacations but never reach.

"Some of us just fall asleep naturally and others read the supreme court decision. The young engaged people or those who are easily induced into that comatose condition think the world is populated by exactly two persons—them.

"STRETCH."

"The explanation of the matter is that the earth has one of those rubber cork centers at this time of the year. It makes the sphere light, giddy and lively. The little hills leap for joy—even James J. withholds his prophecies of gloom, while David Jayne finds this land much nicer than Germany.

"Yep, spring is the home stretch and the workshop stretch and the all day stretch. Even when the girls in the hobble skirts climb aboard the open cars there's the inclination to rubber."

"And the poets," reminded the Chair Warmer. "Don't forget the poets are poeting."

"Yes, the poets and Alfred Austin," agreed the Hotel Lobbyist.

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## Long-Lived Persons

Marry Ellis, aged 119 years, died in New York in July, 1794.

A mulatto slave died in Fredericktown, Va., in August, 1797, aged 180 years.

Llywarch Hen, poet and contemporary of ancient King Arthur, is said to have lived to the age of 150 years.

William Billings died in England in 1791 at the age of 111 years. He was the last of Queen Anne's officers.

Numas de Cugna, a native of Bengal, died in the year 1866 at the incredible age of 370 years, so Maffeus, a Portuguese author, has declared.

The Newport Mercury (which was founded by Benjamin Franklin's brother James) of April 24, 1786, contained a notice of the death of Daniel Cullen, who had attained the age of 128 years.

Jeanne Fitzgerald, countess of Desmond, passed away when she was 145. At the age of 140 she traveled from her home in Ireland to London to urge some claim against the government. Sir Walter Raleigh once said: "I myself knew her." Lord Bacon mentions that she had thrice renewed her teeth.

New York Daily Advertiser of November 7, 1789, records the demise of the Rev. Thomas Sampson, aged 114 years.

## Trials of Editor Mouse

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## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate

WALTER MARROW.
4645 Cuming.

**May 26, 1911.**

| Name and Address. | School. | Year. |
|---|---|---|
| Jessie Abond, 1314 Pierce St | Pacific | 1903 |
| Frances E. Axtell, 2203 Lothrop St | Lothrop | 1900 |
| Louise I. Bahde, 2417 Elm St | Vinton | 1903 |
| Maynard S. Buchanan, 3820 Charles St | Franklin | 1901 |
| John Beloyed, 708 Center St | Train | 1896 |
| Thomas B. Barnette, 2215 Binney St | Sacred Heart | 1900 |
| Katherine Burdin, 4608 North Twenty-second St | Saratoga | 1898 |
| Lester Bruce, 2802 Franklin St | Long | 1905 |
| Edmond Clark, 812 South Thirty-fifth St | Columbian | 1896 |
| G. Comine, 1019 South Nineteenth St | St. Philomena | 1905 |
| Lillian Carpenter, 4504 Hamilton St | Walnut Hill | 1896 |
| Irene Cravek, 4415 North Fortieth St | Central Park | 1899 |
| Albert Carlyle, 4510 Seward St | Walnut Hill | 1898 |
| Ruth Foran, 1007 South Thirty-fourth St | High | 1896 |
| Amy Fitzwilliam, 545 Georgia Ave | High | 1896 |
| Russell E. Gantz, 3314 Taylor St | Monmouth Park | 1900 |
| Mildmay Giveen, 1705 Laird St | Lothrop | 1898 |
| Robert Gearfoss, 2811 Spalding St | Lothrop | 1899 |
| Marion Heller, 310 Bancroft St | Bancroft | 1897 |
| Lee Henry, 1054½ South Twentieth St | Mason | 1903 |
| Helen A. Houck, 1512 Fort St | Sherman | 1898 |
| James Hogarth, 2901 South Twenty-sixth St | Vinton | 1904 |
| Ida M. Horsens, 2916 Seward St | Long | 1905 |
| Gertrude M. Hanting, Forty-seventh and Burdette Sts. | Central | 1905 |
| May Johnson, 2217 Cass St | High | 1892 |
| Elvira A. Johnson, 3348 South Nineteenth St | Vinton | 1899 |
| Helen A. Janicek, 1301 South Twelfth St | Pacific | 1904 |
| George Johnsen, 2433 Burt St | Kellom | 1899 |
| Edith Krantz, 610 North Eighteenth St | Cass | 1900 |
| Martha Kraft, 2707 South Twentieth St | Castellar | 1897 |
| Walter Kanger, 2905 Elm St | Im. Conception | 1900 |
| Kissiah Lennon, 1023 South Twenty-second St | Mason | 1903 |
| Walter H. Marrow, 4648 Cuming St | Walnut Hill | 1903 |
| Edward Mollner, 2415 South Nineteenth St | St. Joseph | 1903 |
| Elsie Mandel, 1820 North Seventeenth St | Lake | 1904 |
| Charlotte Marquardt, 1820 Vinton St | High | 1893 |
| Artrid Nelsen, 4120 Wirt St | Clifton Hill | 1900 |
| Ralph N. Pratt, 1521 Park Ave | High | 1894 |
| Emma Petty, 672 North Forty-fifth St | Saunders | 1901 |
| Richard Raynolds, 104 North Thirty-first Ave | Farnam | 1901 |
| Bessie Schivemer, 3729 Marcy St | Columbian | 1898 |
| Arnold W. Smith, 3408 South Thirteenth St | Edw. Rosewater | 1903 |
| Leona Stephens, 2015 Center St | Castellar | 1902 |
| Vera F. Sadler, 4021 North Twenty-fifth Ave | Saratoga | 1904 |
| Lerog Stokes, 1620 North Twenty-first St | Kellom | 1899 |
| Lillian Volence, 2421 South Nineteenth St | Castellar | 1904 |
| Abraham Williams, 1219 Pierce St | Pacific | 1904 |
| Charles Watkins, 607 North Thirty-second St | Webster | 1903 |
| Sylvia P. Whisler, 2913 Mason St | Park | 1899 |

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Queerness of Girls

Girls are queer! I resent having men say it; but I am forced to a conclusion that they know whereof they speak even if they display bad taste in speaking. There are some things that ought not to be mentioned.

You know those shoot-the-coal arrangements that barricade the sidewalk and empty the contents of a big black wagon into the coal cellars? A girl in a hobble and one of them met! She stood meditatively watching the black stream rushing cellarward. But she was doing a little mental arithmetic. Her skirt was a scant two yards wide. The chute was a generous three-quarters. And the point of consideration was whether in the quarter of a yard leeway for a hop, she could get over the obstacle.

With the black oblivion that enables them to get a good many wagon loads a day delivered, the two coal men did not see her. They let the black diamonds sweep uninterruptedly to the setting that awaited them. The girl had a choice of being swept into the coal cellar with them if she stepped into the chute, or of going out in the street and dodging automobiles—she could hop!

She hopped. The rubicon was crossed safely, but barely. But the pedestrians who had lined up to watch the issue were treated to a sight that was funnier far than Lord Dundreary's famous skip. Nothing in fact or fiction, on the stage or off, has ever approached the hobble-hop as an exhibition of eccentric humor!

New York has just been shaken down to the very bottom of its natural rock foundation by a horrible catastrophe in which over 100 girls were burned to death. And a perfect flood of sympathy has flowed from the hearts of girls and women to the bereaved families of the victims, while a feminine rage has protested against the willful disregard for human life. Yet here we are deliberately getting ourselves into skirts that make it impossible for us to run fast enough to get away from an automobile, jump high enough to escape a stumbling block, or get on a street car without risk of being jerked down and mutilated by a feature to calculate our skirt allowance.

We grow eloquent about the criminal cruelty of not arranging adequate escapes from danger of fire; and then, we carefully get ourselves into skirts that have no safety devices attached.

Aren't we funny, though? One thing, though—we are as mean to ourselves as we are to others. We do not endanger the lives of fellow travelers with our hatpins without inflicting upon ourselves some form of torture. We run our risk of the death we deal by curtailing our pedal ability to get away from harm.

Indeed, we abuse ourselves just as we do others. We do not burden them with terrors and unkindly go scot free ourselves. We may be queer, but we certainly are fair!

"I should like it," he exclaimed.

And I fell into a revery. It seemed clear that it was the girl's to choose whether she would be a playmate or a helpmate. It was an engrossing thought. Some of you girls might try it as a mental exercise.

## Automatic Stores for Small Buyers

Automatic shops for the poor districts are advocated by Thomas A. Edison, not only as a philanthropic measure but also as a business proposition. The great inventor claims that the poor people are greatly overtaxed because of the necessity of buying in small quantities. This would be the means of eliminating the ward charity to a great extent and would pay a profit to the projectors of 5 per cent or more. In an interview in the Philadelphia Inquirer Mr. Edison says:

"With the purchasing power these stores would have they could buy everything at wholesale. Then let them dispense only the necessaries, put up in penny and 5-cent lots. We already know what can be done with automatic vending machines, and these could be adapted to the sale of packages of tea, coffe, beans, peas, flour, sugar and all other staple foods, as well as fuel.

"At present the market for such wares is just the reverse of what it should be. The rich, with their ability to buy in quantity, are able to purchase their foods and fuel at a little more than a fraction of the prices paid by the poor, and by our present methods this may not be obviated.

"The automatic store—and it will just as surely come as will new designed to reduce hand labor through the adoption of more efficient machinery—will not only save through its ability to make quantity purchases, but will do away with clerks and cashiers, will in fact demand only the presence of a single person, whose duty will be that of a general overseer.

"These stores, built of concrete, will demand little if any fire insurance, and may be kept sanitary even in the most congested districts by giving them a thorough washing with a hose at night.

## How to Treat a Husband

"Someone asked me the other day why a certain married couple in our set didn't get on very well together," said the Wise Wife. "The answer was easy—too much ready-to-eat food.

"I never thought Edith Jordon was a genius until I observed her ability to dodge household duties. She knew of more prepared foods and ready made dishes than an ordinary woman ever dreamed of, while her knack of assembling old canned meats, prepared salads and indigestible bakery pies and cakes was little short of marvellous.

"She used to run over here in the afterroon to 'sit awhile.' Sometimes she brought a bit of needlework, but usually she just chatted about clothes, mutual acquaintances, pleasant jaunts, past or to be. About half after 5 o'clock she would suddenly jump to her feet with the exclamation: Mercy! I had no idea it was so late. I haven't the slightest idea what to get for dinner and John comes at 6 o'clock."

"'Ham and eggs wouldn't take long,' I would suggest.

"'No-o-o-o—let me see, this is Tuesday. Oh, fine! They have hot devilled crabs at the delicantessen's today. I'll run up and get those and some potato salad. That will be enough, won't it, with some canned peas? They won't take long to cook.'

"Poor John! For him it is always cold sliced turkey, devilled crabs, summer sausage and some of the execrable mixtures that pass for salad in the shops. No wonder he looks dyspeptic and is subject to spells of warped disposition.

"When Edith wants something from the market she never happens to think of it until the very last moment, and then she has to pay a messenger to rush it over in time. And yet her case is only one of hundreds wherein incomes are taxed and palates jaded by ready-to-eat food.

"I used to be a devotee of the delicatessen myself," the Wise Wife went on reminiscently. "Then one day I realized how much of Bob's income went by the prepared food route. We had a little run of bad luck and I had to retrench for [illegible] months. When I found how much better food I could have for less money by mixing a little thought with it, I discarded the ready made dishes and have kept to the home made articles ever since. If I have a maid I place the day's menu on the kitchen table the evening before, and if I am alone I arrange my menus and am at the front window watching for Bob.

"A wife doesn't lose anything by taking interest in her home—home meaning the kitchen as well as the music room. Every husband appreciates such interest. I'd like to advise Edith Jordon to try the magic of the words 'home made' as a dispeller of domestic gloom."

## The Woman With Nerves

Many women confuse the words "nervous" and "temperamental," and try to affect the one by practicing the other. There seems to be an accepted idea that temperament is attractive, and so it is to a degree, when it is real, though there is a doubt whether it is ever as pleasing as the gentleness and poise that go with an even disposition. But the rasping nervousness born of affectation, and which rapidly becomes a reality, is enough to dim the beauty of a Venus de Milo. Eventually it means peevishness, illness and the complete loss of any natural beauty that may have preceded it.

There are women who take a certain foolish pride in being "so nervous." They talk of the continually, and when the slightest opportunity presents they put it into effect. They develop hysterics upon the slightest provocation, and when an unpleasant duty lies in their path they have "a dreadful nervous headache." As a result they are avoided by the women of their acquaintance, while the men, who have little patience with women's nerves, are sure to dub them silly and shallow.

What is more important, they mar their features, and this should be enough to cure any case of imaginary nerves. Regarding this fact, a noted teacher of beauty culture, who is herself marvelously lovely, says:

"For your complexion's sake, keep your nerves under control. Nervousness is one of the chief causes of roughness of skin and of pimples. Women with real nervous affections have learned this to their sorrow. Nervousness causes fine lines to be drawn around the eyes, which take on ea staring appearance, while the figure appears rigid and the voice harsh and strained.

"Do not credit nervousness to overwork. If you sift the case carefully you will find it is worry, not work, that is breaking down the system. Continued worry is the foster mother of age and ugliness. It not only harms a woman's beauty, but it lessens her chances of success by burning up energy and brain force. There is not a case on record where worry brought any definitely good results.

"The woman who is the complete master of her nerves is doing more to make herself attractive than could the greatest beauty doctor in the world."

LOST OR STOLEN—A WHITE DUCK SUIT.

A Tender Spot—Between engine and baggage car.—Judge.

## THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, MAY 26, 1911. NO. 238.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

A. STINGER.....Editor

Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return postage required. Address the Editor.

NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

**Crafty.**

Did you notice it? The governor calls on the county attorney to take the steps to enforce the law, and the county attorney turns around and calls on the police to get him the evidence on which to proceed. Is it not a beautiful game? The outcome of this ought to be of much real concern to the public as a test of law enforcement.

**Loafers.**

If the vigilantes will direct their efforts against the loafers who infest the downtown street corners, and compel them to keep moving, they will do a real public service. Omaha suffers more because of the congregation of cigarette smoking boys on the street corners than on account of highwaymen or burglars.

**Others.**

It will be well to keep in mind that Omaha is not the only place in the world where footpads and burglarious persons operate. It seems that Omaha is the only place where certain persons seek to ride into public notice by bragging of the petty crimes against property.

**Parade.**

Well, now you have seen the parade—what do you think of the city's payroll? It's a pretty fine looking lot of men who draw their wages from Omaha's coffers, isn't it? And they weren't all in line at that.

**Novelty.**

It was a novel sight to see President Taft walking up to the elephant's cage and holding out his hand after what the elephant did to his mahout last fall. But it is hopeful.

**Artless.**

Little Artie might almost be called "Artless Artie," were he not so confoundedly crafty. But he is just a trifle deep.

**Weather.**

You haven't heard the iceman complain about the weather, have you?

**Proud.**

Did you see Tom Flynn the day? Marshal Tom it will be forever now.

## VIGILANTES THE ONE SURE WAY TO CURE THE FOOTPAD EVIL

### Short-Card Ike Endorses the Move and Tells Just How the Plan Will Work in Detail Practice.

"Speakin' about vigilantes," said Short-Card Ike, "I surely do admire the term. It has been a favorite expression of mine for—well, I hate to own up, but you'll remember that I wasn't so durn far away in those days when X. Biedler and his friends were doing the finest piece of vigilante work that was ever pulled off in this country. Also, I know just what 1-7-7 meant to the denizens of San Fran, and that was some, too.

"So, as I was sayin', I'm strong for this here vigilante move. It goes double with me. Here's the system:

"You're walking home at night, say along about 9:30, or thereabouts. Just about the most lonesome spot on the trail some gent sticks a six-gun into your face, and while you tremble with your hands up and your nose itchin'—say, did you ever notice how your nose always itches when its got a gun sticking about an inch away from its end? Mine always does. Well, this man, as I say, sticks his six-gun into your face, and goes through your pockets, and then he ducks, and you get your breath back and tear for somewhere, you don't know where, but you tear for somewhere. Bymeby your wits begin to work again, and you holler for help and police and the customary things, and then you git to a telephone and tell the police all about it, and they send out a call to all the coppers on the beat, and the newspapers get the story the next day, and maybe the holdup man laughs when he reads it and thinks about how you acted. At any rate, it's a little better than 10 to 1 he's ever caught.

"Now, all this is going to be changed. Instead of running and hollering police, what you'll do is to go quietly along to the first drug store and call up the chief vigilante on 'phone. You tell him your story, and he'll decide in whose district the outrage occurred. Then he'll get connection with the high card in that precinct, and give him the tip, and he'll call out his forces. It may be that the top card in that precinct is down town at a lodge meeting, or the theater or something of that sort, but wherever he is, as soon as he gets word, he'll call his trusty band together, and they'll go into solemn session over it.

"You'll tell them all about it. Just where it happened, and how it felt, and every little detail, and finally, when they've got all the dope on the stickup in which you were the party of the second part, they'll go out and patrol the region, and, if the gunman comes back that way he'll be up against it if the vigilantes get him.

"At the regular weekly session of the executive council of the vigilantes, the affair will be presented along with other similar cases, and the proper reference to committee will be made, and at the next regular meeting the committee will make its report, and formal action will be taken.

"Of course, as soon as the holdup man finds out he is being indexed and card catalogued by the vigilantes, he'll be mighty careful about how he operates.

"Then, there's the alternative plan of notifying the fire department. After you've been ransacked by the festive footpad, all you've got to do is to hike to the nearest fire barn, arouse the foreman and give him the sad, sweet story of the last few minutes of your life. He'll give over at once the business of fighting fires, and start his men out on horseback to ride around the block and see if the holdup man is waiting to be caught. Of course, it might be awkward if a fire should by any mischance break out while the firemen are pursuing one another around the townsite looking for footpads, but that's a detail to be worked out.

"Then the parson had a good idea. It's the shotgun in your own home. If you are stuck up, or your neighbor is, just jump to the shack, grab the scattergun from its place in the closet, put it together, being careful to see that it is well oiled and in good condition. Then scurry back to where it happened, and if the stickup is still sticking around you can get him. About ten feet rise is proper on these fellows, and it isn't considered unsportsmanlike to shoot 'em on the ground.

"The vigilante idea sure does look good to me, any way you take it. What will the footpad be doing after he's cleaned out his victim? Well, if he's anything like the footpads who got me, he'll be making his git-away, but that's also a detail."

**Always.**

That incident in Pennsylvania was merely corroborative of the law long known in the west that five aces in a poker deck always means work for the undertaker.

## OUR POET'S CORNER.

**Jonquil.**

Oh, Jonquil, you're a daring
creetur',
You set my nerves all totter-
teeter
For your thoughts are as
crippled as your meter.

I must confess you are a
dandy;
Your hair must be in hue
bright sandy;
No doubt you think you are
the candy.

And be you lady or be you
gent,
I spy your purpose and in-
tent—
Thou target for a compliment.

Your measure and your dare
I've taken;
I hope your purpose is un-
shaken
About those promises you're
makin'.

And now I take you by the
collar—
Just figur'tively—and to you
holler,
"Now, Mr. Dare Me, I want
that dollar."

Just cough it up before I
drub you;
I'll tell you now before I
snub you.
I want it for the new Y
dub U.

Oh, Jonquil, Hopper and Peter
begone you
From this land of stings where
your folly has drawn you;
If you don't I'll tell Loretta on
you.
—Q. R. O. Cumback.

**Fawncy.**

Dear Mr. Stinger, I'm perplext,
I approach you for advice.
I hope with me you'll not be
vext.
But treat me rather nice.
Won't you ask that Want Tad
Editor—
And please don't you forget
If a lady's verse wins second
prize,
Will she win a trouserette?
—Daffy Dill.

**Yes!**

Oh, Peter, bright Peter,
Could anything be neater,
Than your method of put-
ting the question?
My purse is so thin—
Just a trace of the tin—
While A. Stringer's shows
signs of congestion!

Oh, Peter, friend Peter,
This life would seem sweeter—
(Now, believe me, I speak
with emotion)
If Stinger—old Honey,
Came across with the money
And gave Curio and me due
proportion!
—F. R. T.

## Gentle Cynicisms

The gilded youth feels that he is on his mettle if he is fashion-plated.

The honest taxpayer supports lots of people who are not in the almshouse.

Never invite a person to dine with you who is mean enough to steal your cook.

Love may be blind, but its olfactory organs are all right when it comes to sniffing orange blossoms.

If a man calls you a fool, call him another—that is if you want to hear something worse about yourself.

When women whisper scandal and say a little bird told them, it's a safe bet that the little bird was a lyre.

A married woman might be referred to as a peach, but she has to be divorced before she becomes a peach o' Reno.

Some men are not satisfied to be the architects of their own fortunes unless they are constantly adding extensions.

At any rate the husband of the suffragette can't taunt her with not getting the votes his mother used to get.

The bore is not necessarily a person of deep penetration.

There are some men so constituted that they can get used to anything except being married.

If a man doesn't want his wife to be late he shouldn't hurry her.

Some people are not satisfied to give the devil his due. They want to pay him overtime.

Distance lends enchantment to the view unless you are lazy and have to walk there.

When a woman learns to sharpen a pencil she feels that she is equipped to conquer worlds.

Pleasure always knocks louder than Opportunity.

There is no virtue in being good because you have to be.

Some women are almost as impervious to flattery as T. R. is to having his pictures taken.

Those who make their money go a long way experience some difficulty in letting it go at all.

It pains a girl terribly after she is married to discover that her husband really prefers corned beef and cabbage to those delightful little chafing dish things.—Philadelphia Ledger.

S O D. BUT NOT WIRELESS.