

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"Isn't that just like Paris, refusing to allow any more statues wearing frock coats to be erected there," exclaimed the Regular Fellow.

"Not even a coat of rust," added the Innocent Bystander. "And as for letting a statue get covered with a coat of green, who ever saw any Paris green statues? They would be deadly. Clothes may make the man, but not the statue, says our Paris authority, and who would know more? To be sure a frock coat frequently goes with a solid Carrara marble base, but having a marble or bronze does not necessarily carry with it the frock coat. And heaven knows, some of the immortals who have been immortalized by posterity after having to death never had a frock coat to wear with 'em, or history might have been different.

"This is going to be an awful crash to the sculptors who turn out modern celebrities in bronze, marble or other appropriate commodities. And it's going to put a lot of contemporary great men to the blush if they have to be sculpted as modern Apollos, Hercules and other careless troopers.

"It's going to take away the incentive to be great, too. One of the main prizes which caused men to be prominent citizens, plumed founders, fountain, eminent diplomats or diplomats, captains of industry who passed away before an investigation set in, and other activities of the great ones of the main incentives, I say, was that some sculptor who needed the money would mix and bake a statue to show future generations how the great man looked when he was dressed up.

"You stumble across them everywhere, scattered about public squares and parks, where they assist the police in scaring the children off the grass. In enduring bronze or unendurable marble, they stand forth a their Henry Clay stocks, bell skirted frock coats and pants—not trousers, you wouldn't dignify those cylinders as trousers. The legs are case in a stove pipe and stuck out at the bottom of the frock coat.

"Those frock coats never saw the tailor's pen and I don't blame the artist for putting the Indian sign on them, seeing how closely they resemble Indian signs of cigar stores. But at the same time I doubt if we can get our modern great men who must be depicted as a Greek mythology. This summer weather is a good time to suggest the coats are stationary, but give a look at the modern male as he wades in to the ocean and tell me if he is fit to be copied unadorned.

"Well, what'll we do if we don't have



"CRITIC."

coats on statues?" demanded the Regular Fellow.

"Better draw the mantle of charity around them," replied the Innocent Bystander.

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Taught Two Thousand Pupils.
Miss Alexander Walker has completed her forty-ninth year as a teacher at Franklin, Pa. For forty-three years, or since 1868, she has taught in one building, and for twenty-two years in one room.

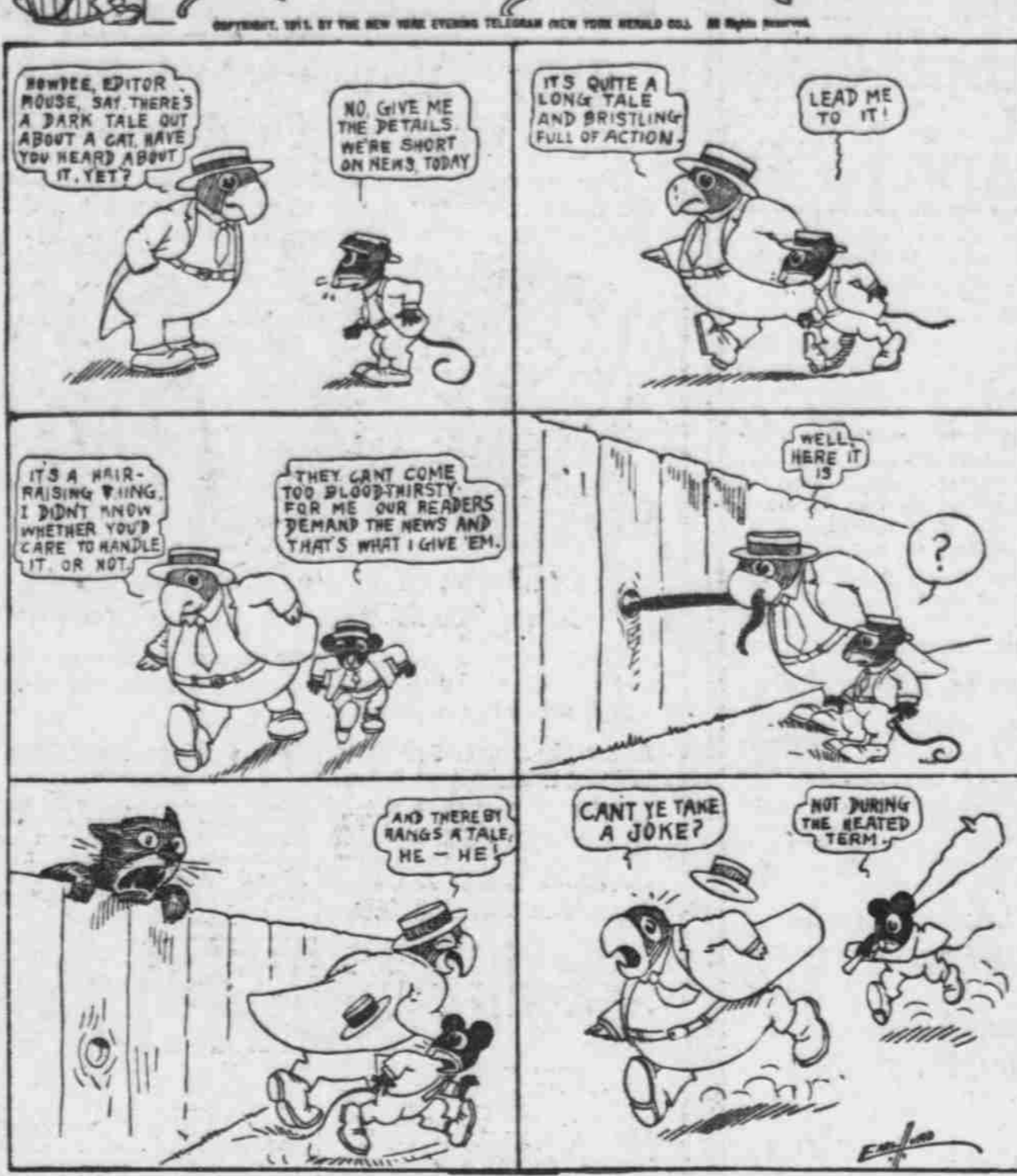
Miss Walker notified the board that she would not be an applicant for next year. It is estimated Miss Walker has taught over 2,000 persons.

Dramatic Classifications.
Least Popular—Bad plays about good people.
More Popular—Good plays about good people.
Still More Popular—Bad plays about bad people.
Most Popular—Good plays about bad people.—Metropolitan.

Things Were Too Quiet.
Mrs. Subbute—But why must you leave us, Mary? Don't you like it out here?
Servant—Well, ma'am, it's all right days, but nights it's awful. I have to pull the bedclothes over my head and ears to shut out the dead silence.

The Spa's Part.
He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business?
She—Yes. The old man runs the business while the young man does the carrying on.—New York Globe.

TRIALS OF EDITOR MOUSE



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

FRIDAY, July 14, 1911.

Nellie L. Baldwin, 125 Martha St.	Train	1891
Harry Brookstein, 1836 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1891
George C. Brown, 4113 Fort St.	Central Park	1904
Benky Cohen, 1441 South Fourteenth St.	Mason	1904
Glen Clark, 913 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1891
Gladys Calkins, 2623 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lake	1906
Melvin Dickinson, 1618 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1894
Lowell Davis, The Creeche	Central	1901
Lenora Elet, 625 Pine St.	Train	1905
Julia Fitzgerald, 2610 Spencer St.	High	1894
Jesse Frazier, 2623 Capitol Ave.	Central	1899
Paul Flothow, 1548 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1891
Joseph Gilbert, 1829 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1898
Victor C. Graham, 4729 North Thirty-eighth St.	Lothrop	1896
Gretheben Hart, 519 North Forty-first St.	Sanders	1902
Izott Howell, 1521 Canton St.	Edw. Rosewater	1901
Myrtle Hannan, 2322 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1891
David Hansen, 2219 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1905
Ernest C. Kindson, 2231 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1891
Ruth Koebler, 3515 Charles St.	Franklin	1901
Geneva B. Kurz, 2648 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1904
David Mansell, 2928 Vinton St.	Vinton	1906
Edith M. McCurdy, Miller Park Pavilion	Miller Park	1901
Doris Meyer, 2525 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1891
William McMillan, 2635 Chicago St.	Saratoga	1891
Marie L. Mortarity, 2013 North Twenty-first St.	Sacred Heart	1902
William McDonnell, 1947 South Eleventh St.	St. Patrick	1902
Henry Nick, 1715 South Twelfth St.	St. Joseph	1894
Sara E. Polman, 2939 Willis Ave.	Kellom	1895
Walter Rankin, 4811 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Edwin Robertson, 619 North Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1901
James Rigg, 1806 Miami St.	Lake	1904
Meredith Rice, 2116 Chicago St.	Central	1902
Henry F. Slick, 1347 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1903
Ernest Sass, 2505 Patrick Ave.	Long	1893
George R. Smith, 1243 Park Wild Ave.	Central	1901
Leslie Thomson, 1054 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1891
John Theller, 1408 Elm St.	St. Joseph	1901
Ruth Trumble, 3305 Dewey Ave.	High	1893
Herman Victor, 1716 South Second St.	Train	1904
Willie Wendt, 2115 South Fourth St.	Train	1906
Edith Weir, 3412 Dodge St.	Farnam	1890
Richard Walkup, 1015 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1901

No Luck at All
"I never do have any such luck as the other boys," complained young Harold.
"Why, I am surprised," answered his mother. "You have roller skates, a bicycle, a foot ball suit and a ticket to the gymnasium. Some boys would think themselves very lucky if they had those things."

Kindly Knocks
The boy who says he would rather give his quarter to the benighted heathen than go to the ball game will hear watching. Some people are so constituted that they positively make a vulgar display of their refinement. Some people are so indolent that when they do begin anything they are too lazy to stop. A man is always eager to live up to his reputation a woman up to her photographs.—New York Times.

Men who give up nothing give up everything.

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to the Insidious Man



He is the kind of a male too utterly mean, too dastardly, too impish for words. He turns a girl's natural longing for love to his own cruel uses.

Nearly always he has the outward semblance of a hero. But his black heart is the heart of a craven. Men never like him, and girls, curiously enough, defend him, indeed, he is not born a second-rate; he is made one by the indulgence of women.

It is a habit of his to win from a girl the expressions of affection which she wants to give only to the great mother. He is a master of the art of creating conditions that will make it possible for him to secure the emotional excitement which craves as a drunkard craves liquor.

If the melting harmony of a love song is drifting along on the warm currents of the summer night wind, he knows how to make the song seem the expression of his love for the girl beside him. He selects young, good, love-craving victims. Cautiously he lays his hand over a small hand on the porch rail. If the girl starts and draws away, he laughs at her, tells her she is "childish, silly."

Using by the half-indulgent taunt, she does not shrink from his next caress. It is so easy to believe that he loves when he tells it so well. Even if one of those protective instincts, which a long line of convention-respecting ancestors may have developed, warns her that the great mother for what he gives, the other instinct which nature planted in the hearts of women before conventions were thought of rises to overpower it.

And the insidious devil besides her tells her that she need not fear her own yielding, that nature is the great mother who tells her to answer his love with hers. He speaks of the birds and the flowers. He opens her eyes to the joy and the bliss of their response to nature's law. He tells her with a tender consideration that seems to her the height of protective and chivalric treatment.

And, when he knows that her fear asleep and the imperative, stirring call, her heart is sounding through her consciousness, he takes what he has so innocently sought. His kisses touch her forehead, he lifts her face and, gazing into her eyes with a glance that has the hypnotism of his animalism, he presses his lips on hers.

Maybe, he does not know the depth of his

To Cure Seasickness

In the glittering summer weather a pretty girl in white paced the promenade deck of a liner.

"I perceive," said a friend, "that you have cotton in your ears. May I ask why?"

"Yes, you may ask," she said, "if you don't mind being impolite. But, impolite or not, I'll answer you. I have cotton in my ears to ward off seasickness."

The friend gulped. "You don't say!" he cried, hopefully.

"Yes, I do say. Many years ago a ship conveyed a cargo of deaf mutes from Boston to Liverpool, and not one of the deaf mutes got seasick. This caused the ship's doctor to put on his thinking cap. He stuffed the ears of a seasick voyager with cotton, and the voyager, thus defended, got right up from his sick bed and ate a seven-course dinner. Since that time it has been realized that the stomach nerves and the nerves of hearing are in sympathy, and by dulling the hearing of the seasick

their illness in many cases has been made to disappear.

"Where's some cotton? It's worth trying," the friend said, as he hurried away.

Fine Line of Dry Goods



Nice Cool Story for a Hot Day

"These hot spells make one think of cold snaps by contrast," said a veteran survivor of twenty years of boarding house, "which recalls a heart tragedy of last autumn brought about by one of these same snaps.

"My resting place then was in a house where abode a certain maiden lady, unceremonious as age, the most casual inspection, however, served to show she had been left at the post in the matrimonial race open to entries under X. When the leaves in the park were beginning to turn there came thither a new boarder from the west. He had spent the morning of his life and a good part of the afternoon on an Indian reservation, where female loveliness was measured solely by the ability of a squaw to chop wood and fetch water, and even while his trunk was being bumped up the front stairs the maiden lady read in his eyes the joyous birth of that blissful-which she looked good to him all right, beautiful though he was, not being used to that kind.

"Forthwith she announced him; started in on a campaign of education, and in a fortnight had graduated him from nickered-on and ice cream sodas to problem plays and cut flowers with an occasional look in at the jewelers. Of course, it was a one-sided affair. He had a western man's flag; what chances had a western man with a bank account against an eastern maiden lady with her mind made up! By the middle of October she was sporting a blue diamond and putting the finishing touches on the trousseau.

"The night before the threatened event it turned bitter cold and the boarding house furnace got sulky and went out. It was a shivering, blue-nosed bunch of us that gathered in the parlor next morning—all except the bridegroom; he was missing. If he keeps toiling as he'll be doing, the times to doze ought to be good."

He told us of a neighboring apt—

"Perhaps they'll land him in the choir."

I hope he'll sing—but cut no papers.

To cause a write-up in the papers, friend Q. R. O.

Be good, no matter where you go!—F. B. T.

Knock.
"The sad that Opportunity Knocks but once at any door—"

We never would dab him "Knocker"

If he knocked a few times more!—F. B. T.

"I saw the westerner, very much in his battle, hovering over a bonfire of matches blazing on the hearth, trying to thaw on a double set of false teeth frozen fast in water glass and making efforts to sweat through his toothless gums!"

"Well, we swapped off the parson for a doctor pretty quick and he had to work on her an hour before she could sit up and ask where the other party was. Where was he? Why, meantime he'd slipped down the back stairs and caught that 9:30 train, wiring back from the U. S. reservation to forward his trunk by express and his teeth by mail.

"But I never have been dead certain whether this bulk of his was accidental," Boston Herald.

His System.
"I suppose, senator," said the beautiful girl, "you have succeeded in your political career by always being at the right place at the right time."

"Well, no," the statesman replied. "I am rather inclined to attribute my success to the fact that I have generally been able to find out just a little before they start what way my commitments were going." Chicago Record-Herald.

Not So Strange.
She—Isn't it strange that men seldom write poems on love after they are married?
He—Oh, I don't know. I never heard of a man writing a poem on the ocean after an attack of seasickness.—Chicago News.

Saw mills were first erected in Madison in 1428.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I OMAHA, JULY 14, 1911. NO. 245.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

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

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Liberty.

A person who signs himself "One Who Wants to Know" sends a postal card to this office to inquire what sort of "personal liberty" it is that compels him to breathe "dead cigar smoke at hotels and other places. He especially refers to those who smoke cigarettes as "brainless puppets."

The "liberty" he refers to is one of the inherent rights of man. It is the absolute right to smoke in public places, when by so doing he is offending no one. Custom has so fixed itself that it is not likely that it will be abandoned, because a few object, on this regard it is not better to discommodate the few than the many.

As to cigarettes, a great many smokers consider them objectionable, but all who smoke them are not brainless, nor of feeble frame. Yet Editor prefers a pipe, but he knows lots of good fellows who like the "cotton hair."

Missing.

Among the list of names not on the democratic roll called prepared in advance for the Omaha county convention, we note those of Jerry Howard and Doc Danes. What do you say those boys really fears?

Demerol.

In the meantime nothing has occurred to change the opinion expressed by The Bumble Bee months ago that Chief Demerol is the most efficient head the Omaha police force ever had.

Price.

About the only commodity on which the price has not been advanced in excess of the hot weather is hard coal. But there's time enough for that yet.

Few.

Who wants to see some real fun, just to see a bunch of free circus tickets into the city and watch the scramble.

Lee.
Other ways appear in which the circus might cut out and it would only get right down to business.

Suggestion.
Why not call a special election to vote on a bond issue of some sort?

Hon. Brown Seeing Things



HON. BROWN, VOYAGER

Our Senator Takes a Trip and Learns a Heap About Things.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, July 13.—(Special.)—Travel certainly does broaden a man. Hon. Brown's recent ocean voyage was really one of discovery, not the least feature of it being that Hon. Brown is a widely traveled gentleman. Inasmuch as Hon. Brown's globe-trotting has been so extensive, we were training to be president made several trips in the Phillipines and to Panama, and has visited about every crossroads and telegraph station in the United States since he was elected, as well as before.

The discovery on part of Hon. Brown in this regard is almost as remarkable as his other disclosures that Hon. Brown is really a great man; it would pay to have more of our best senators take these little trips.

Hon. Brown was pretty lucky to draw his first special assignment on a mission that would take him back to his home folks. This gives him a visit with no danger of being locked for loss of time.

Learned.

Hon. Brown may not have accomplished much of anything else, but he surely made some of the other fellows come out into the open. That will help some.

Surely.

If the city can supply water and heat and do other similar things, no reason appears why it can't also store and sell loaves of bread.

Beautiful.

Our pet little weather man has caught his balance and is standing on both feet again. Note the difference.

OUR POETS' CORNER.

Longing.
Dear Mr. Singer, far away, I'm fightin' bugs an' ants An' wishin' I was there to see The magazine page of the Friday Bee. And now if some kind poet of mine Shall send me this little quiz of mine, 'Twill gratify me in exile, And make existence seem worth while.

How hot is it in Omaha? Is F. B. T. an attorney at law? Or is he in the railroad line? Does F. B. T. know who I am? And does he mind my license show?

Oh, how does father's garden grow? How is ole Brother Welsh been? Is any street torn up for pavin'?

Was the fourth out there all safe an' sane? Did Johnny boy get hurt again? Are there any skyscrapers in Benesse?

Is there any news out there worth mentionin'? I shall await your secularity. Just throw a crust to BEE OBSESSY. P. S.—Don't you think it was a sin For B. N. T. to come buttin' in?

Hopeing.

The curio's head contains some nonsense. He has an A-I brand of consciousness. 'Tis true he flirts some with that bird, Which you'll agree is quite absurd. Yet hold I firmly the belief This lapse is for a season brief.

His sojourn on a country farm May prove, indeed, a potent aid to cause a few temptations lurk.

The change should suitable influence work. If he keeps toiling as he'll be doing, the times to doze ought to be good."

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ALMOST HUMAN.

Her day is past you say? You're crazy. Your judgement's weak, your mind is dizzy. With insouciance she is shaken, But interest in her's not diminished.

She's not the sweet girl graduate she was, but stop a moment, wait. The sky she had that little say she uttered on commencement day: Was merely her commencement day!

—New York Telegram.

So Knowing, Y'know.
The Highway—You have been in Stratford? Then you remember that passage from Shakespeare—
Mrs. Richelieu—No; we didn't take it. We came by another route.—Puck.

Quite a Few Sausers.
A German statistician has calculated that roughly, there are 1,000,000,000 bees in the world, not counting the "bees-in bonnets."

SAME EVERYWHERE.



"Sh-b-b! This is the executive building of the Public Service Commission."