FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

Graceful Chiffon Scarf

PHOTO BY JOEL FISHER

"Nothing adds so much to the grace of a smart toilet as a pretty scarf," a little milliner in the Rue de la Paix is quoted as saying. Many of the new scarfs are dark in tone, black and white and gray being colors and combinations which the dress artiste argues, are particularly effective with light colored costumes. The pictured scarf is of gray chiffon cloth, bordered all around with soft black satin, and its length is two and a half yards.

DOLBY'S DOUBLE

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Things You Want to Know Private Car Lines.

The Individual Car Owners Association of the United States is now in session at Cleveland, O. Some four hundred firms and corporations owning special equipment cars of various kinds are represented in the membership of this association. They own approximately 200,000 cars. Little is known of this organization by the general public, and yet the achievements of its members affect the entire nation. They have changed the whole trend of the meat business in the United States; they have wrought a revolution in the fruit industry of the country; they have accomplished remarkable changes in the vegetable-growing business of the nation; and they have made possible things undreamed of a century ago.

In recent years much has been written about the wickedness of the private car lines of the country and the evils they have brought about. Yet they were born of sheer necessity. When Gustavus Swift started his packing business in Chicago, he found it impossible to market his meats in the east owing to lack of suitable transportation facilities. The railroads were transporting the live cattle from the prairies to the eastern markets, and as the traffic in live cattle gave them about 100 per cent more business than the traffic in dressed beef, they were, of course, not hasty in welcoming the idea of changing from the transportation of cattle to the hauling of beef. Furthermore, feeding stations had been established all along the lines of the railroads where the cattle were removed from the cars and fed enroute. The people who were interested in these feeding stations were no more friendly to the idea of dressed beef transportation than were the railroads.

It was very fortunate for Mr. Swift and for the future history of the beef industry that there was one line running to New York which was too circuitous for the hauling of live cattle. That line was the Grand Trunk railway, and as it had no cattle traffic it was glad enough to get the dressed beef business, provided it did not have to furnish the equipment necessary to hauling this class of freight. It agreed that if the specially designed cars required for the business were furnished by the shippers, it would be glad to route them over its line. In that agreement was born the private car line of the United States. After the Grand Trunk began hauling dressed beef the other roads were glad to follow suit.

The same sort of condition prevailed when the Standard Oil people wanted to ship their oil in tank cars, and also when the fruit growers and the stock men wanted to call into service special equipment. In every case the railroads refused to furnish the special cars required in the different lines of business. In one sense the history of the private car really goes back further than the beginning o fthe dressed beef industry. When railroads first were built it was intended that they should be operated on the turnpike or toll-road principle. All users thereof were to furnish their own cars, and the railroad company was to charge a toll for passing over its line. In the earliest days of railroading the cars were drawn by horses. Then the locomotive became a substitute for the horse, and, for a while, two tolls were levied; the one for the use of the road, and the other for the use of the motive power. It soon was found that such a plan of operation was out of the question, the average railroad train of that day looking like a veritable Noah's Ark of vehicles, all shapes and sizes, and in all degrees of repair. So the railroads took over the cars of all shippers and the private car was dead for the time being.

Later on, as the Star of Empire passed westward across the Alleghenies, and on toward the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean, there was found to be a great demand for through freight service. No railroad could give such service, as each was but a small link in a long chain of little lines. Such railroad facilities as through routes and joint rates were as yet unheard of, and the shipper had little recourse for the unusual damages arising from the very frequent trans-shipment of goods from one line to another on their journey from the west to the east. The railroads were unwilling to be the pioneers in the establishment of through routes and joint rates, and it fell to the shippers themselves to organize such routes and rates, through the operation of privately owned fast freight lines. After awhile the railroads saw that the fast freight lines were making more money out of the business than they were, so they took over these lines and operated them on a co-operative basis, the lines being distinguished by the colors of their cars, such as the orange, blue, red and white lines.

So far as is known the earliest attempt to make a refrigerator car was on the Michigan Central railroad in the sixties. Ordinary box cars were filled with ice tanks and catch basins and perishable goods were shipped in them. In 1867 the Pennsylvania railroad had thirty box cars refitted with double sides and the spaces between these sides were filled with sawdust, making a huge ice box on wheels. The first patent on a refrigerator car was issued to J. B. Sutherland of Detroit, Mich., November 27, 1867. In the next year D. W. Davis, also of Detroit, patented the Davis car, and in 1869 shipped the first load of Chicago dressed beef to New York.

The first attempt to ship fruit in refrigerator boxes was in 1886. Parker Earle of Cobden, Ill., was the experimenter. In 1868 he shipped several carloads of peaches, but they were spoiled in transit. The following year he built a pre-cooling station on his fruit farm and later made many successful shipments. This pre-cooling station idea has laid dormant for more than a third of a century, and its recrudesence in California during the present fruit season marks what is believed by fruit men to be the most important event in the history of perishable freight transportation since the beginning of the refrigerator car. Under methods heretofore obtaining cars loaded with fruit were iced at the initial point, requiring from three to four days to bring the temperature of the cargo to the necessary point for safe shipment. During this time, if the fruit were not pulled a little green, it would become over-ripe. The result has been that the consumer is forced to eat fruit artificially ripened. Anyone who has eaten bananas, oranges or other fruits that were ripened on the tree knows how much sweeter and better they are than those which were pulled before ripe. Under the pre-cooling methods which are now being used again, the whole world in the future may enjoy the luxury of naturally ripened fruit, although it has to be shipped 1,000 miles or more. Vast supplies of cold air are forced into the car until its contents have a proper temperature. Icing follows and the car is sent on its way.

Stock cars were owned privately as far back as the seventies. In 1883 an exposition of transportation equipment was held in Chicago and many "palace live stock cars" were exhibited. Among them was the Mather car, invented by A. C. Mather, and now the leading type of stock car in the United States. Mr. Mather was on a trip to the east, in which his train was wrecked. While waiting to resume his journey he saw a carload of cattle in which some four or five were dead and a half dozen so badly injured that they could not stand. This suggested to him the need of a stock car which would permit the humane transportation of cattle and other stock, and when he had perfected such a car he took it to the railroads, but they refused to buy his patent. It was only by having the cars built and used as a private line that he was successful in getting the stock cars into the railway service.

The average compensation of the private car lines throughout the country is three-fourths of a cent a mile for the distance covered by a car, whether running empty or loaded. It is figured out that the average car of the special equipment variety runs about 100 miles a day throughout the year. It will be seen from this that the revenues of the private car lines, aside from the refrigerator car service amount to about 75 cents a day per car. In the case of the refrigerator lines extra charges are made for the icing of goods in transit. Many lines of railroads are beginning to operate their own refrigerator cars. The Santa Fe and the Harriman lines have taken the leadership in this particular. It is admitted, however, that the average railroad cannot maintain its own refrigerator car service, since the period in which it could operate such a service profitably is limited to the comparatively short fruit season in the territory covered by the line. The average refrigerator car costs about $1,100, and would be a dead investment to the average railroad for more than half the year. The reduction in transportation charges incident to the installation of the refrigerator car service has been so great that where the charges on California fruit to New York a quarter of a century ago was 7 cents a pound it is now less than 1 cent.

Great losses often are sustained by the private car lines. A few years ago one line undertook to handle the North Carolina berry crop. Because of the fact that its supply of cars ran about half a day behind the demand, much fruit was spoiled and the car line paid out $75,000 in claims. In another case this car line filled all of its Georgia ice houses with ice from Maine in anticipation of a big peach crop, but a late frost destroyed the crop and the entire supply of ice was a dead loss to the car owners.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Tomorrow—Hunting Dogs.

Items of Interest for the Women Folks

A model village, within the 5-cent car-fare limit, built by women and conducted by them, where the poor may, for the same price they now pay for a miserable, unsanitary court dwelling, obtain a concrete home, sunny, clean, sanitary, with a bit of garden space where they may grow their vegetables and flowers—that is what is to be accomplished by Los Angeles women.

The plan as outlined by the club women and which will be discussed at the coming meeting, when means of financing will be taken up, includes building the houses with space for gardens. It is believed a sufficient sum could be obtained not only to pay for the actual maintenance, but to cover the expense of a district nurse, whose business it would be to teach the inmates to adopt American methods and live in cleanly, hygienic manner.

A smart looking long coat for an infant suitable for mid-season wear, before the time comes for a really warm coat, is of cream mercerized poplin of excellent quality. The full body is fitted to a short yoke closed with two large pearl buttons, and a cape with turn down collar, all prettily trimmed with imitation Irish lace, is attached. The cuffs are finished with a band of dainty silk braid. The coat is lined throughout with a heavy cream sateen. The price is $4.

Wool embroidery on coarse net is one of the new trimmings for the coming season. This decorative work is expensive, but as it is not very difficult to do, any girl, even one unskilled in embroidery, could make the entire trimming for her dress at very little expense. She should buy the transfer patterns and sew the paper to the under side of the net, then carry out the design on the right side. To cover the papers and then pick them away is an endless task. The thread used resembles the old-fashioned crewel wools.

Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife That Woman's Sphere is Becoming Lop-Sided.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"So a man has won the dishwashing championship from a woman!" exclaimed Friend Wife. "That certainly is invading woman's sphere."

"Far be it from me to part with hot water and suds," retorted the Tired Business Man. "But it seems to me woman's sphere is getting a bit lopsided. Men have been outdoing women so successfully in the lines which were once supposed to be woman's in that the fair sex now retains the championship of nothing except, perhaps spending money. Judging from the various championships which women have lost in recent years, we spectators begin to suspect that it is a frame-up, and that the women are gladly throwing the contests at the difficult stuff, cheerfully taking the big end of the purse, if not the entire gate.

"I failed to read the exciting details of this latest partitioning of china, but I suppose some expert will rise to say that the loser lost because she drank a cup of tea. That's what one writer asserted about the recent sadness at Reno, when the retired champion had all his new tires punctured after being retired. Why aren't they correct about the table drink that did the trick? A cup of tea, forsooth! Everybody knows it was a very busy little cup of chocolate that did it.

"But let's forget that. Let us hope that some hope of the female sex will be found who can win back the dishwashing championship. Otherwise the irresistible men will be winning the button sewing contests next, and after that women will lose as the champion darners—and if there is one thing left that they can still do it is to darn. I shudder to think of a tatting contest to a finish or a forty-five round crochet match—no, not croquette—for a purse and the picture money.

"Of course, everybody knows that men have gradually won the highest honors in the skilful arts which were once supposed to be woman's work. Where the dressmaker formerly was relied on to make woman's dresses a high-browed male expert now does most of the work. Who ever hears of a woman gownologist ranking with Paekin and Worth? None worth mentioning.

"And then, turning to that dainty feminine art of making roofs for women's domes. Doesn't some dreamy eyed Frenchman with a luxuriant mess of spinach on his face usually dope out those weird creations over which the weaker sex goes daft. What woman would ever rave about hats? None. It took a man to read the weather reports every day and was accustomed to seeing the antics of those two good old blizzard centres, Painted Post and Medicine Hat, who combined the names and got an inspiration out of it.

"For years the best and the highest paid

cooks have been men. Think of the sensation it would create if some one's columned hotel with Swiss admirals at the door to see that the automobiles came up right, should announce that it had a woman chef! Or if some gilded lobster garage should decide to replace Alphonse with Marie at the kitchen range! Why, they even prefer messenger boys to nurse maids for taking care of children.

"And, after Dr. Crippen's little friend gave him away by wearing her manly trousers taken up with a safety pin, two women in New York quit trying to be men. Maybe that will discourage the theatrical manager who planned to have smoking rooms for women in his theater. I should think he would be afraid of an explosion when women lighted their cigarettes."

"What would cause an explosion?" demanded Friend Wife.

"Bringing the lighted matches so near the powder," replied the Tired Business Man.

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Daily Health Hint

Persons who have dissipated much and spoiled both nerves and stomach in so doing will find nux vomica a valuable aid in restoring health.

Y Not?

"My son," said Mr. Footlebill,
"Now you to high school go,
One earnest wish of mine you will
Be glad to learn, I know.
As through your algebra you go,
To learn, I hope you'll try,
The value true of M plus O
Plus N plus E plus Y."

T. E. M.

THE DAILY BUMBLE BEE

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THE BUMBLE BEE.

A. STINGER.....Editor

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

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Harmony.

One of the most touching sights ever witnessed is the spectacle of the Jimocrats trying to snuggle up to the Jacks and get them to forget the past and come on and be good fellows.

Just now the Jims are strong for harmony, and they'd like to see the H as big as the city hall. But the Jacks have good memories.

Ashton, the I, is also strong for harmony. Only he wants Jim to be good and lay down.

And then Bryan keeps coming in with his little suggestion that now is the time to call an extra session. And the pops say that Ashton the I must run to save that party, and so it goes.

The Jimocrats are wondering just where it will all end, but you can look for an explosion in these parts early in November.

Seasonable.

One of the best possible evidences of the approach of winter is the fact that numerous Omaha streets are torn up. To be sure, some have been torn up all summer, but that was just because the contractors wanted to get an early start.

Eyes.

Several of our readers complain that our type is too small. Their eyes have not been quite what they ought to be since they went to see a certain dancer at one of the theaters.

Hopeful.

John Latenser stood out at Seventeenth and Farnam Monday and told Ye Editor that he would live to see the court house finished. Well, he may. John is a young man.

Hint.

Why not let Jim and Ashton shake dice for it? They're both game.

CONSERVATION CONGRESS HAS PLAN THAT WILL SAVE FUTURE SURELY

Intrusion of Western Governors is Properly Resented and the Work of Providing for Millions Yet to Be Gets Impetus.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 9.—(By Wireless Grapevine.)—Say, on the level, this old burg hasn't been worked up like this since the time it was discovered that Minneapolis had the most people and a recount was demanded.

Just think of it!

Six hundred and ninety orators, with Taft and Teddy at the head of the list, and Giff Pinchot, Jimmie Garfield and Jim Will bringing up the rear guard. It has been an awful strain on us, but we have the rest of the winter to get over it in.

One thing; you've got to slip it to the committee on arrangements for the way the stage was set. That part of the management was just about right, and if Giff Pinchot doesn't sleep well for a little while after he gets away from here, it will not be because he didn't hear himself well talked of.

It was kind of tough on some folks who came here. A lot of governors from out west, like Wyoming and Montana and Washington, had the mistaken idea that they knew something of the needs of their states, and what the folks at home wanted. Did they? Well, I reckon—not. When they found out how little they really knew, why they just went home, and the congress went right on talking, just the same as if they hadn't been there.

One governor here knew his business. He comes from Kansas, where there isn't enough natural timber growing to make a mess of toothpicks for one meal at the convention, and where the ground is so flat the water doesn't know which way to flow when it rains. He shouted his head off on the first day, hollering for a monument for Giff the Great, the man who invented conservation, and followed it up the next time he went to bat by suggesting a smaller one for T. R., who is also supposed to be a conserver. This put his nibs from Kansas in right.

But that isn't the idea. We humped off the push who thought they were going to cut in and sidetrack the boom for the cleverest little bunch of conservers that ever sat around a table and figured it all out. They don't know just where they are going, but they are on the way.

It will be a grand, glorious day for the world and all when we get our platform adopted. The idea is that the folks now here must worry along somehow, in order that we may conserve everything for those who are to come after us.

It would be a burning shame if we should use anything now that might be of service to somebody who may inhabit this neck of the woods in say three or four hundred years from now, and that is what we have to go to look forward to. Don't burn a stick of wood, or chop down a tree, or set fire to a lump of coal, for, if you do, you may be depriving some unborn son-of-a-gun of his right to conserve it.

Just think what we would have had by this time in the way of timber and hickory nuts, and soft coal and kerosene oil, and water power and all the other blessings of life, if our ancestors hadn't been so careless and used it all up. It's most stupendous, this thought. And when we stop to think of how we have criticised our ancestors for their wastefullness, is it possible that we can willully expose ourselves to the likelihood of having others talk about us in the same way?

Perish the thought; let us cease at once our onslaughts on the few things that are left, and save 'em all for the unborn millions who are to inhabit this country in after years. And let us hand down to them an example that may inspire them to similar effort.

By doing this, it is not impossible that in time the surface of the United States will again be covered with timber as it was in the beginning; that the poor beasts of the woods will have places to hide, and that the faunal naturalist of 2910 will not have to go to Africa to have his fun. He can then have it right here where St. Paul now stands.

MAY YET BE PRESIDENT

Redcap at Union Station Shows His Qualifications.

To say that Red Cap at the Union station is no respecter of persons wouldn't be just, right, though his most recent action had that negative element in it. Red Cap is more particularly no respecter of lunches.

The young railroad official overlooked several persons eating lunch in the station waiting room contrary to rules set forth on signs through the room. A word from the station master set him to increased activity. He gazed round the room with a grim seriousness for further offenders, and keyed himself to the stern duty of correcting them. All the inspection revealed to Red Cap was a woman feeding a baby in the old but unconventional manner. Red Cap squared himself and walked briskly over to the woman and child.

"Madam," he said, sternly, "do you see that sign up there?"

The astonished woman followed his direction and read this sign: "Do not eat lunch in waiting room." Very much cast down the woman interrupted her baby and complied with Red Cap's inferred command. The rules were enforced, but a very disturbing squall from a small pair of lungs was the cost.

Astringents May Sometimes Take the Place of Face Powder

A special request I have just received, which seems to me to be of general interest, is, How shall one avoid the use of powder on the face? To tell the truth, few women can get along without powder in some form, and there is not the slightest objection to it if one is chosen that is simple in composition. If the application is washed off at night and the face always cleansed before retiring the pores will remain unclogged and the skin smooth. It is only when powders having lead and other injurious ingredients are used habitually and permitted to remain on that the complexion is harmed. Yet when there is a deeply-rooted prejudice against powder daily applications of pronounced astringents sometimes act as substitutes by neutralizing the natural oil of the skin. But in order to apply any such liquids successfully a woman must study her face carefully and know which part requires it. If the nose is not greasy it sometimes follows that the cheeks near it and the chin may be, while the outer edge of the cheeks and the forehead are dry. A strong astringent, if put over those naturally dry sections, will simply act to give them a chapped appearance, because there is no oil in those regions to require neutralizing. Therefore the nose is not to be treated, but only the skin near it.

The most pronounced astringent I know is saturated solution of borax. It is made by almost filling a bottle with clear water and then putting in all the powdered borax that the water can be made to dissolve. There is no fear of adding too much borax, for what cannot be taken up by the water will remain a powder in the bottom. This liquid may be perfumed if one wishes.

It is applied to the skin with a soft bit of linen or muslin and dries on. Should it not agree the skin will become chapped. If this happens a little cold cream may be rubbed in.

Powders which are harmless are arrow root, rice, starch and magnesia. They can be scented, if one chooses, by keeping them in a jar in which is a stick of orris root. Medicated cotton is the best method for applying any powder, as a new piece is used each time, and there is no fear of wiping old dust into the skin.

MARGARET MIXTER.

THE BETTER WAY.

"Which is the best way to propose—orally or by letter?"

"By letter—there's a chance that you might forget to post it."