

The Bee's Magazine Page

RESOLUTIONS

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Some Famous Children of History

Little Louis the Seventeenth is one of the most pathetic figures in all history. The second son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, he was known as the duke of Normandy until after the death of his older brother, when he became the dauphin. When the royal family were seized by the revolutionists and shut in the temple, the little boy, with his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and his parents, the king and queen had at first the comfort of each other's company.

One of the keenest sorrows of Marie Antoinette at this time was her separation from her son, who was presently delivered over to Simon, a brutal cobbler. The boy's sister afterward wrote:

"My poor mother would sit whole hours in silent despair, and her only consolation was to go to the leads of the tower, because my brother went often on the leads of the tower on the other side. The only pleasure my mother enjoyed was watching him through a chink as he passed at a distance. She would watch at this chink for hours together to see the child as he passed; it was her only hope, her only thought. But this mournful satisfaction she was soon deprived of. About a month after the poor boy had been taken away she was roused from her bed at 2 o'clock in the morning by some commissioners of the commune, who ordered her to rise, telling her they were come to take her to the Conciergerie."

Of her brother's imprisonment she said: "Unheard-of-unexpected barbarity! To leave an unhappy and sickly child of 8 years old alone in a great room, locked and bolted. He had indeed a bed, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom his sounds would have brought to him. He preferred waiting anything and everything to summoning his persecutors. His bed was not stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself. For all that time he had no change of shirt or stocking. He might indeed have washed himself, and might have kept himself cleaner than he did, for he had a pitcher of water; but, overwhelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not the resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of the necessary strength. He paused his days without any occupation, and in the evening was allowed no light. His situation affected his mind as well as his body."

After the overthrow of the terrorists he was apparently forgotten and was said to have died in the temple on June 8, 1796.

Daily Health Hint

Strive to develop health rather than mere strength, not big bunches of over-developed muscles, but suppleness, especially of the spinal column. To the average man or woman employed in sedentary work big bunches of muscle are as useful as two tails would be to a dog.

Give Him a Round Pie for Him.
An ounce of hurry,
A pound of care,
A thing or two that frets you;
Some strong distraction
With strong nerve action,
And that the doctor gets you.
T. E. M.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

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THE BUMBLE BEE.
A. STINGER, Editor.
Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor name required. Address the Editor.
NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.
NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

"Buse."
The prettiest little job of side-stepping and jockeying for a start witnessed in a long time is that being displayed at Lincoln by the legislature just now. To a man who never attended a session of the legislature the performance looks very much like a bunco game.

By the time the "wets" and "drys" of the two parties get the preliminaries cleared away, they'll have the matter in such a snarl that putting in the way of real legislation can be expected, and the failure to pass any of the proposed measures will be attributable to the "factional" differences, rather than to an inherent honesty of purpose.

Nobody will regret the failure of county option, or the relative and relative of several other propositions that are on deck, but the people would think a lot more of the lawmakers if they would come out into the open, and quit playing horse.

Prize.
Fred Bruning ought to swell with pride as he marches around the court house corridors and reflects on the fact that but for him "Doc" Hester might still have been drawing pay from the county. But what is the value of a venerable pioneer of the state and veteran of the war compared to the man who sold out the party that elected him?

Improving.
You'll have to slip it to Mayor Jim this time. He had a chance to go to Kansas City and come back as the guest of a traveling show, and he didn't do it. Jim shows signs of human intelligence once in awhile.

Wonderful.
Boss Tom almost got the streets cleaned up before the freeze came again. If he hadn't been so busy fixing up the county pay roll, he might have finished the street job.

Standoff.
Up to date the controversy between Governor Aldrich and Dan Butler is a standoff. The governor says Dan did, and Dan says the governor is a liar.

Paroles.
Wonder how it would work if some of the convicted criminals were to be paroled to the warden of the state penitentiary at Lincoln? It might stop some of the promiscuous shooting and other crime that is now starting the citizens daily.

Misad.
What a gorgeous chance the referendum would have had two years ago! Wouldn't the brewers have paid well for the 2 per cent petition to get the 2 o'clock law staved off from July 4 until after the November election?

Gas.
Now would be a mighty good time for that Cleveland man to come to the front again with his proposition to light the Omaha streets with gas at 25 per lamp. He might get a hearing before the council committee this time.

Plans.
We understand that Pete Boland and Bob Holmes are going to Lincoln next week to spend some time.

PERSONAL.
Bert Hitchcock is back from Washington. He expects to be down at Lincoln next week. The Myron Learnedes were callers on the William H. James at Washington during the week.

James Charles Dahlman went to Lincoln Thursday, perhaps to see the place he might have landed in.

Johnny Lynch attended a meeting of the Douglas county commissioners one day recently. He watched the proceedings with much interest.

Weather.
Our pet little weather maker is exemplifying the tenacity of the Pauline doctrine, which is "prove all things, holding fast to that which is good." The weather man has tried nearly every variety, and ought to know pretty soon what kind to stick to.

Silent.
Mayor Jim isn't saying much these days. He is simply waiting for the coat of running the city pile up and wondering how he ever could have been so fondly foolish as to promise to reduce taxation.

Post Yuletide Pellets.
Oh, say, have you seen Cy in his lobster-tinted tie That broke upon his vision when
That dawn broke in the east And he broke the tissue and the thing released,
The price of which broke Suste up in biz
And broke the other fellow's Oh, say, have you seen Lew in his hose of royal blue?
They're the ones that Sister Bought for him and sent the bill
To her dad, an' he got mad And he raised a great big hullabaloo
That's what he do.
Oh, say, have you seen Dad in that tickle that 'e had For two hours on Xmas morn' An' since then, by Joe! got darn!

Ma, she's an' Geraldine With that stickpin have been seen—
Al that Dad has is the bill—Pay for it! You bet 'e will.
Oh, say, have you seen Ma Wid the big rose on 'er hat? Santy Claus 'e brought 'er that, 'er say at she ud futher
Had two, 'cause one don't make much show,
But Santy Claus 'e got de dough.
See, Dad, to gin 'er two, So Ma she's got to make one do.
—Bee Enly.

The Tired Business Man Tells Friend Wife That Silence is a Gold Cure.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

It seems that silence is not only golden, but it also cures nerves, according to an Italian specialist, remarked Friend Wife. "Sort of gold cure, eh?" answered the Tired Business Man. "I always wondered at the frail health of such fragile talkers as Jack Johnson, T. R. Bryan, the suffragettes and the special platform politician, who, especially hollow 'step lively' as he says, sometimes more passers into a car packed to the limit. They certainly could become healthy and strong if they tried the silence cure, but heaven help the London hobbler and send for the Scots Grass if the militant sends ever stop talking!"

"In the light of the learned nerve specialist's declaration that great souls of genius are the result of those frazzled nerves, we should regard those West Point and Annapolis cadets as kind benefactors when they treated their instructors to the silence." Of course, the soothing, noiseless moving picture show is far more comforting to the nerves than one full of talk, although not so soporific, and it only remains for the actors to cut out all the dialogue in a play, giving the American stage a generation of sound-proof Booths.

"Mr. Parafini, or Serafini, or whatever his name is," says that persons not loquacious always have good health. Has he never heard of the acids of farmers who rise at dawn and work alone in the fields all day, with no one to talk to, until some day the silence boils their main springs and fills their faces with looks of woe? Whereas, the man in the information board of a railroad station is always a person of calm-wise, sane and of unworried mind.

"Congress and our other great legislative bodies, where talk is sneered around, although it is far from cheap when we pay the salaries, is filled with men who don't suffer from nerves, otherwise they might be frightened into passing some desired legislation. Looking over the roly-poles who infest the senate, the house of representatives, the legislatures and the boards of aldermen, all of them given to bursting into words at a moment's notice, we are moved to believe that the doc is wrong and that he should say 'talk and grow fat.'

"After dinner speakers—I refer to the inebriated ones—aren't nervous. If they only would be! Lawyers—well, when it comes to nerve they are mountains compared to the silent, nerve-racked clients. When one is walking up a dark road or past a cemetery at midnight would the effort of answering some brisk conversationist make one more nervous than moving along in silence? I wot a couple of wots.

"Silence is golden! Yes, but gold has depreciated terribly of late years. Pull that golden sentiment on the milkman who makes the rounds before anyone else is up or the man who goes around turning off the street lights for salaries not so awfully nobby, and then tell it to the monologue actor who gets his \$500 a week—some weeks—or the high-priced trust lawyer who argues, thinking up the tuppence under the law. Talk is a safety valve. Talk too much and one will either be declared a pest or elected to some high office, or both.

"There is Noah Webster's dictionary just lying with good words to throw around loose. Some of us can take it or leave it alone, meaning we can take it. The only dumb man I ever heard of who was any athlete was a sign-wor, Hercules, who developed strong fingers using strong language.

"Ministers talk a lot and they often have nervous breakdowns," suggested Friend Wife, timidly.

"That's when the congregation's money fails to talk," replied the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)



"DICTIONARY."

The Servant Problem

It has been more than ten years since I experimented with the servant problem by working ten weeks in a kitchen, writes Inez Godman in 'The Independent.' I have waited, watched and investigated, and am persuaded that the problem is one of money.

It thus resolves itself: Eighty hours of skilled labor—18 and board for seven days. Which is impossible of solution.

Counting board at \$5 per week, we have a rate of about 14 cents an hour, which simply cannot be in the present order of progress. The 12-year-old boy who rakes my lawn and does chores gets 15 cents an hour.

The work of an average household of four to six persons requires at least eighty hours a week, and to expect one person to carry it all for \$11 is unreasonable.

The striking shirtwaist workers make piteous pleas, and weary hands for sympathy while receiving from \$9 to \$14 per week for sixty hours of work. They have my sympathy, for they work among weary-making surroundings, but their wages and hours are far better than those of domestic service.

The service obtained from houseworkers is surprisingly good considering the conditions, but made scarce and will be scarcer unless we reform our way of thinking.

Let the man of the household consider his wife's clerk in the same light as his own. Let the wife so arrange that the maid has six to five hours a week and no more. Whatever is over let the wife carry herself or hire done—remembering that when the hours are over the maid should be free to expect to remain in the house to answer phone or door bell.

I have seen lately an experiment which promises something. Two maid—one Irish and one American—joined forces and means for a little home of their own. One was cook and one housemaid in a prosperous city household. After much planning and consultation they told their mistress that if she wished to retain them she must raise their wages and allow them to arrange their own hours.

She balked and became angry. The Irish maid followed suit, but the American kept her temper, and brought the conversation to a close. Here are their demands: Five dollars per week each. Permission to sleep out. No work on Thursdays or Sundays after 1 p. m. They were compelled to yield the Thursday. It could not be arranged for both to be absent, but the other demands were granted. They found rooms with difficulty. Low-priced apartments were not prepared in the residence districts.

Two four floor rooms, with bare necessities of furniture, more than a mile from work, cost \$4 a week.

No, I was early and went to work.

To Clean Metal

Pure aluminum can be kept in condition by washing with soap and water and wiping dry with a clean cloth. This metal is never as brilliant as silver or plated articles.

One teaspoonful of muriatic acid to a cupful of water is a solution that will clean copper successfully. After applying, wash off thoroughly with hot water and soap.

Steel knives can be kept bright by rubbing with bath brick. The brick should be scraped, and if the knives are much stained the powder should be applied wet—that is, a rag should be dipped into water, wrung nearly dry and then covered with the powdered bath brick.

This is rubbed vigorously up and down the knife, and allowed to dry, when it is washed off and a dry application given to produce a polish.

The bone and ivory handles should never be put into warm water. The best way to wash steel knives is to put them all, blades downward into a pitcher. Hot water is then poured over them until it reaches almost to the handles. This will remove grease, and the knives can then be immersed in a bath of warm soap suds, and both blades and handles will be washed. To keep the latter white they may be bleached by lightly touching with Javelle water, care being taken to wash it off immediately.

Wisdom at a Pinch.
Key Spink's automobile was speeding along the crowded thoroughfare, relates the National Monthly. Something went wrong with the car and the chauffeur became helpless. "Do something, do something," said Key. "I've done everything I can," said the chauffeur. "Then you've lost all control of it!" Key anxiously inquired. "Yes sir," said the chauffeur. "Are you absolutely sure that you cannot stop it?" "Yes sir," they lay back and closed his eyes. "Then run it into something cheap," he said.

Credit Where Credit is Due.
"I don't think much of Fletcher." "Remarkable the money cow." "I know he claims the credit." "But 'twas I who showed him how!" —Lippincott's.

THE QUESTION



"He shot a cat? I thought he was fond of dumb animals." "Well, is a cat a dumb animal?"

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ray Baker, 2218 Paul St.	Kellom	1898
Bernard Bergman, 937 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Long	1901
Nellie M. Boetel, 5301 North Thirty-fourth St.	Miller Park	1899
Clifford R. Bosteder, Fortieth and Curtis Ave.	Central Park	1899
Mary Brennan, 1738 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1902
Reuben Brisbane, 1430 Evans St.	Lothrop	1898
Muri A. Brown, 2357 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1900
Ester M. Clark, 2541 Davenport St.	Central	1898
Donald Collins, 550 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Farnam	1896
H. Govey Crandall, 2601 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1900
William Dokull, 1224 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1896
Eugene O'Donnell, 1336 Ogden St.	Sherman	1905
James Glassman	Central Park	1904
Melvina Goff, 2152 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Gunnar Grant, 1024 South Fortieth St.	Columbian	1899
Penelope Hamilton, 2833 Davenport St.	Farnam	1898
Mabel Harris, 2004 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1897
Frank C. Harker, 1104 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1901
John S. Harvey, 1509 Park Ave.	Park	1900
William Hercht, 4116 Camden Ave.	Central Park	1899
John Herring, 1954 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1905
Joseph Hiddleston, 2226 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1901
Harry Hobson, 4629 Davenport St.	Saunders	1900
Anna Hodek, 1503 William St.	Comenius	1905
Wilma Hoffman, 1915 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Ernest R. Holquist, 2831 Cass St.	Webster	1901
Larry F. Ingraham, 2304 Ellison Ave.	Miller Park	1904
Clarence I. Jacobsen, 2718 Ohio St.	Howard Kenedy	1902
Albert Jefferson, 1025 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1902
Florence Jenks, 2548 Capitol Ave.	High	1895
Walter Jensen, 3712 Webster Ave.	Central Park	1899
Mable Johnson, 1467 Phelps St.	Forest	1899
Ida Johnson, 974 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1905
John H. Kiewit, 1148 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1899
Edith M. Larsen, 3119 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1904
Clara Lingle, 1142 1/2 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1904
Helen A. Longacker, 2331 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1902
Lionel V. Lonsdale, 620 South Twentieth St.	Central	1899
Eugene O'Donnell, 1336 Ogden St.	Sherman	1905
Alma Parsons, 2019 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1899
Margaret L. Peacock, 2820 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1901
Lydia M. Peterson, 3220 Miami St.	Howard Kenedy	1903
Viola D. Pierce, 218 North Twenty-third St.	High	1893
Willis Pool, 2747 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1903
Ralph Richison, 1518 South Fifth St.	Tratt	1899
Herbert D. Robinson, 518 North Twentieth St.	Central	1904
Rocco Romano, 1911 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1902
Duff E. Sadler, 3616 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1904
Jessie Sherratt, 1136 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1897
Sam Shobodinsky, 1016 Davenport St.	Cass	1899
Irene Sullivan, 1830 Clark St.	Kellom	1899
Marguerite Tonge, 809 Pacific St.	High	1897
Gladys H. Walker, 2787 Capitol Ave.	High	1893
Mildred S. Walker, 2787 Capitol Ave.	High	1893
Allfree T. Weir, 3412 Dodge St.	Farnam	1901
Sam Younce, 4110 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1902

Fashions at Southern Resorts

This winter, as it apt to be the case when cold weather starts unusually early, the Florida and far southern resorts are to be the most fashionable, and the energies of all arbiters of fashion are now bent upon the evolving of the coolest of lawn and batiste frocks; the shops show almost entirely the sheers of fabrics, and in the military establishments are displayed only the most summerlike of bonnets. The mid-winter-summer frocks are all exceptionally attractive this year with their short skirts, narrow only in the point of gracefulness, for the intricacies of the "hobble" have now been pretty generally mastered. The waistline is placed but slightly above normal position and the semi-empire lines are carried out in many of the newest models. For warm weather short sleeves are so much more comfortable than those made full length that these are once again being made for the south, but there is an equal number of frocks seen with the full-length sleeve as it is contended by many that long sleeves must be worn frequently with the short sleeves that in the end this style is the hottest. No simple gown, however, have the short sleeves—that is, the plain lines and the style of gown designed for general morning wear. Dutch necks will be worn in the south this season by very young girls, but by older women in the evening only.

At the more fashionable southern hotels low-cut evening gowns have, during the last few years, sprung into general favor. The debutante and the bride with her generous trousseau will have charming evening frocks fashioned of lace and chiffon or net embroidered and combined with soft lace; but satin, silk and all the more elaborate dinner gowns that have done service in the winter outfit are quite permissible for evening wear at the great hotels of the southern resorts.

The overcoat in now opened up the back, leaving a line of the silk plainly visible, and the tunic does not fall quite so far down as was the case last year, or else it reaches to the end of the skirt. A surprise effect on the bodice is seen on a great majority of the new veiled frocks, the overcoat in marquisette draping being finished with an inch-wide hemstitched border. The little V-shaped poke thus formed by the surplice is left open for an evening gown, but for daytime wear is fitted in with an unlined yoke of ecru lace.

Puffed with Pride.
"Mamma, who is 'at funny man?"
"That, my child, is a politician."
"Why does he frow out his tummy?"
"Hush, child. He thinks that is his chest."—Judge.

MERS FOR KEEPS

"He married her, thinking she had one hundred thousand dollars." "And hasn't she, after all?" "Oh, yes, she still has it; that's the trouble."

