

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

"That Georgia judge who ruled a woman didn't have to stay home darning socks—ne get a precedent, didn't he?" ask friends wife.

"He got a darn egg," retorted the Tired Business Man. "What's the use of being married if a wife can put around darning egg in the sock and beat it?"

"If the men understood positively in advance that they would have to do their own darning—and other mild professions—there would be a marked decline in matrimony. Of course, we know there are frequent declines now, although the girls seldom mean 'No,' but that's mere individual opinion.

What I mean is that men could master sockology if they had to, and do it better than the women, too. Instead of the slow device of darning up a ragged rent in the toe, as is the present antiquated method, a man would cut a string above the torn part and then cut off the late side.

"Why, look at the advertisements of socks we can't wear out in daytime at least, unless we're awfully reckless. Don't you realize that they're just part of man's preparations to free himself from dependence on woman? Let me warn you that when an absolutely punctureless sock is perfected man will cease to toe the mark or mark the toe with the engraving made by course darning.

"This Georgia wife said she would rather wait for a living than sit home darning socks, and had a court restrain her husband from interfering with her employment. But could the court restrain the husband's socks from wearing out? Could the learned judge repair the damage? Remember, it is easier for a toe to pass through a hole in a sock than for a rich man to pass through the eye of a darned needle, which is blind, like justice.

"I'm not up on law, but when it comes to socks I'm there with both feet. My idea is that the court should have made the order reach both ways—the husband to let the wife work as hard as she wanted at her outside job and she to spend some of her salary every week to keep her spouse amply provided with pairs of new and faultless hose. In that way it would



"SOCKS."

be Christmas every week, with wife hanging up the socks as presents for hubby. "Darning socks is one home job which the wife from time immemorial has kept to herself, refusing to delegate it to others. It's the epitome of married life, or maybe the oh-pretty-me. It is the obedient wife's chance to prepare something to place beneath the tyrant foot of man and often the only thing which stands between him and the cold, cold world. That's when he has his shoes off. "Apparently this Georgia wife has been misled by the example of the beautiful actress who abandoned the false, fictitious life of the stage to just darn socks. For her life was to be just one darn thing after another. After sacrificing one husband to get a good sock darning she settled down to a life of darning. And alas! what do we see now? The darned wife and the sock, before the false, fictitious footlights. Are we to believe that the husband joined Ray Duncan's barefoot cult? Or did the wife decide that holes in the sock feet were like eyes? "Like eyes!" echoed Friend Wife. "Yes, windows of the sole," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

DREAM OF THE ABEHI FRIEND



Human Body Strangely Made Up

As every man may feel a personal interest in knowing what the average full-grown individual is composed of, here is the official formula: He has stored within him sufficient material for thirteen pounds of candles and the following other useful articles of commerce: One pound of nails, 800 carbon pencils, binding for sixteen books (octavo), 500 knife handles, twenty-eight violin strings, twenty teaspoonsful of salt and one pound of loaf sugar. Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, New York, has been conducting a series of experiments which the New York World thinks may point to the future possibility of taking the component parts of a man and endeavoring to develop from them a living, breathing being. Dr. Carrel has been able to take tissue cells and grow them apart from the living organism, to alter the character of these cells and even to take cells from a body from which life has departed and cause them to grow and multiply as they did when a part of the body. Incredible as it may appear, Dr. Carrel has found that by surgical operation it is possible to graft the vital organs of animals on other beasts in such a fashion that the strange creature of ancient mythology can be created. He has made the kidneys of one cat grow in another, the legs of one dog grown on another and one head of one animal grafted on another, and so forth until the weirdest combinations had been made. In growing tissues taken from living organisms they are put into a plasma, or nutritive fluid, and sealed in hollow glass slides. These slides are kept at a temperature slightly higher than that of the blood. The tissue of an old animal will slowly develop new cells under these conditions, and then if artificially grown cells are taken away and incubated under the same

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



CLIFFORD P. STONEY, 1521 N. Thirty-fourth St.

February 24, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Earl Boyd, 505 Pierce St.	High	1895
Tréne Barnett, 217 South Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1893
Walter Bastian, 423 Cedar St.	Trin	1896
Thyra M. Bloom, 4221 California St.	Saunders	1897
Douglas Cooper, 4520 Blondo St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Roy Coulson, 1971 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1906
Anna S. Ericson	High	1895
Willard Eekman, 2633 Chicago St.	Farnam	1899
John S. Flagg, 3601 South Twentieth Ave.	Vinton	1900
Luther Fraser, 1338 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	High	1892
Frank Graf, 313 North Twentieth St.	Central	1902
Mary Gibbs, 3322 Hamilton St.	High	1894
Richard Hays, 1915 Martha St.	Castellar	1898
Myra Hinman, 3420 North Twenty-eighth St.	Central Park	1903
Clifford W. Hammond, 5305 North Thirty-fourth St.	Central Park	1899
Maudie Hodgson, 1955 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1896
Mildred Hungate, Thirty-seventh St. and Elliston Ave.	Lake	1901
Carl Hull, 1019 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1904
Veré Jensen, 4111 Corby St.	Clifton Hill	1898
Anna Jensen, 2808 Leavenworth St.	Farnam	1899
Frank Knapp, 3337 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Eugene L. Lowe, 2639 Parker St.	Long	1902
George D. Martindale, 4203 Farnam St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Leonard McGrath, 510 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	High	1896
James H. McMinn, 1808 California St.	Cass	1904
Charles Mansfield West, 3810 South Forty-eighth St.	Beals	1903
George Nielson, 3302 Vinton St.	Windsor	1903
Arthur R. Ringwalt, 3110 Chicago St.	Webster	1899
Fay E. Rompaugh, 2602 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1899
Lena Strangler, 1075 Kavan St.	Forest	1900
Clifford P. Stoney, 1521 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1904
High Sherwood, 2737 Chicago St.	Webster	1894
John Wachter, 2212 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1902
Arcen Westrook, 3533 Maple St.	Lothrop	1900
Fred Woodcock, 1015 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1901
Pauline Ziegman, 1123 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1897

Breaking Si's Spirit

A letter in the New York Sun from Medford, L. I., tells of a woman who ought to be able to tell Madame Curie how to break into the French academy against all odds. Mrs. Elias Cornelium, Si-Cornelium's wife, who has shared his triumphs and adventures in the petroleum business, who has picked Si's huckleberries and raised his children and made a home for him and mended his swallow-tail coat, which he wears to Riverhead when summoned to be a juror. Mrs. Cornelium, who has done all these things and many others, unwept, unmoored, and unmourning, has succeeded in getting into the local barbed-wire academy which is in session every day but Sunday in the store and postoffice here.

Awaking in the morning he found that his wife had not got up and made a fire. He had to do it himself. When he had she cooked his breakfast. After breakfast he felt better and went over to the store. Mrs. Cornelium went, too. She stayed there all morning and gossiped with the academicians as they came in and lingered. Si was greatly upset. Mrs. Cornelium was calm throughout. She went home with Si at noon, but dinner was not ready till 2 o'clock. The dinner by that time was pretty well scandalized. This kept up for two days. In that time Mrs. Cornelium lost her composure twice and whacked her husband with a broom. As both assaults were committed at home with no witnesses Si had no reason to get a word in edgewise. On the third day he gave in and stayed at home to work in the woodshed. The fourth day he could not refrain from visiting the store. Mrs. Cornelium said nothing, but went along and stayed all morning with him. In the afternoon he did some more work in the woodshed. They argued all day Sunday and by Monday had reached a compromise. Si was to have a couple of mornings to spend in the store. Mrs. Cornelium was to go to the work. Mrs. Cornelium was to go to the sewing circle and the Phoebe society two afternoons. These terms were to be enforced at any time by strike or lockout by either.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, FEBRUARY 24, 1911. NO. 225.

THE BUMBLE BEE.
A. STINGER, Editor
Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return address required. Address the Editor.

NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.
NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Congratulations.
Ye Editor desires hereby to extend his congratulations to his admired contemporary, Editor Buscher of Grand Island who will hold down the postoffice job at his home town for the next four years. It's more in the way of congratulatory than anything else, as it is a year under the constitution, which says he shall have no more in the way of simultaneous or perquisite. This shows how fast we are getting on.

Another blow has been struck at the Lincoln. A bill has been introduced which will hold 'em down to even lotteries. This serves them right. If they had gotten together in the great nation for mutual interest and protection, as outlined by The Bumble Bee, they would have been subject to this unreasonable raid on the part of European nations. Let's have done with this.

How slow is going out of office in a few days; but he wants it very distinctly understood that for the time he is on the job, and no dissatisfied administration can get by him. He doesn't propose to let any president get the notion that he can hurry the senate. What's the use? Japan will be there in a hundred years, for the same reason.

Much correspondence of an interesting character has been received from the members of congress do not dread a vacation is that their pay goes on just the same. The prospect of an extra session to interfere with their journey to Europe and back is not at all relished. So we may expect to see a record-breaking legislative action during the next few days. I'll be right here till the blow-off comes.

Vindication.
The ground hog simply couldn't stand the job of the poets and others, who made him target for their wit, and that's why he's upset the weather again. He is vindicated. Maybe the Smart Ales will let him alone the next time.

Doings at Lincoln.
Progress Shows by Appropriation to Pay for Governor's Servants.
(From a Staff Correspondent.)
LINCOLN, Feb. 23.—(Special)—By courtesy of the R. S. M. Brakeman.—We are making progress; a couple of years ago we were in a state of expressed doubts as to his right under the law to accept rent free the mansion provided by the state. Now an appropriation bill is reported in which is a "new item" of \$2,500 to pay servants at the governor's family at the mansion. As the governor gets but \$2,500 more in the way of simultaneous or perquisite, this shows how fast we are getting on.

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Good Time is Coming.
End of Brutal Assaults on Innocent, Honorable Lorimer at Hand.
(From a Staff Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—(Special)—Outside Delivery.—One thing recollects me of the approaching end of this session. It will bring with it the identity—but not a word as to his name or business, suffice it to say that he is a "live wire" and when his batteries are connected he can turn the trick.

He's always maintained that it is the proper paper to face our troubles bravely. See you know, with great understanding. Our friend was in a peck of trouble over the condition of the streets and the prevalence of tin cans on other erwise vacant lots; then the clock from South Omaha increased him.

Did he pine or did he mope? He had to be a rope.

Not he; nor did he get him to a summer or other resort, there to ease away his heart in the restlessness upon the instability of this earthly life. Not on your career! Instead, he sent a list of questions to your able and demanding the reasons why—"wanted to know you know."

And now, bless his heart, he hold him writing with charming vivacity and verisimilitude on other and happier themes. The Great is the power of the press! Yes, it pays to advertise.

He says, in closing, "It's the fall can we say 'After, isn't it?'" "accept the invitation—but don't forget they close at a sharp. After that you canteen get a canful."

Here's a drink to animosity! Three cheers for Reciprocity! Good luck to Q. Bee Cestry—Long live his corporator!

Feud is Now Ended.
F. B. T. Accepts Q. Bee Cestry's Tender of Amity.
OMAHA, Feb. 23.—To the Editor of The Bumble Bee: Our friend, Q. Bee Cestry, blossoms forth like a new spring lily. He is gay and witty and his own happy self again. I know his identity—but not a word as to his name or business, suffice it to say that he is a "live wire" and when his batteries are connected he can turn the trick.

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Calamity.
The distressing accident which befell one of Colonel Mose's places of business on Cutting street is surely to be regretted. This reduces the average to about one saloon to the block in that neighborhood.

Unhappy Title.
"Tee—Mad as him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her."
"Jas—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it 'Lines on Mabel's Face.'"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Home Chat.
Bertha—Why, mother, just look! My pussy's got a lot of kittens in your new hat—and I never even knew she was married.

Making Sure

"Are you sure I'm the only man you ever kissed?"
"I'm sure of it. I went over the whole list only this morning."

The Guardhouse

"Prisoners! Turn out!" you can hear when it's time to see the Colonel in the morning.

The Clinging Woman—Do You Know Her?

Have you noticed the woman who clings—and clings? The woman who can't carry her own suit case from the car to the ferry, even when all it has in it is Laura Jean's latest and a lingerie shirtwaist? The woman who can't sew her own buttons on, or fasten her gown down the back, or do her own hair, or tie a bow on the back of her neck, or hook her cloak collar under her chin, or so home from the car on the corner alone, or get her rubbers unassisted, or stay in the apartment alone after dark while Central attends an absolutely compulsory lodge or board meeting? The woman who wouldn't know what to do with a quaver in her voice and tears in her perfectly adorable upturned eyes—if she were left alone, with no one to take care of her in this hard, cruel, cold world?

The Fat and the Lean

"Wow!" shrieked the Fat Guy.
"What are you 'wowing' about?" asked the Human Nall, with elongated acidity.
"Look! Look at the bulletin in the window!"
The Human Nall looked as directed and there read the announcement that the senate committee had, by a unanimous vote, endorsed San Francisco as the site for the Panama exposition.

GOING UP.



Daily Health Hint

It is possible to provoke biliousness by despondency, fear and worry, which are said to be deadly enemies of the kidneys and the skin, and seriously prevent the elimination of poisons.