



The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"That strictly American grand opera seems to have aroused conflicting opinions," remarked Friend Wife. "Why don't you ever enthuse?"

"Because they could understand every word of it," replied the Tired Business Man. "Half the charm of grand opera, like that of chop suey, is the mystery. Dress the same characters up as Germans, or ancient Egyptians, or Norse mythology, and let them gun their words. Then it would have been a riot. Personally, I can't see why they didn't have the American characters at least in Italian like 'The Girl with the Cold on the Chest.' As it was, the spectators gave their unstinted praise to the performance."

"Understanding opera imposes an awful strain on the listener. If he knows that nobody else has any more line on it than he has he can talk during the entire performance, pouring only at each curtain to clap his hands and shout 'Brava!' 'Bis!' or 'Raus mit em!' As long as it's all foreign to him he can pose with the best of them, but when it is rendered into regular talk he has to come down out of the critical pose and begin to explain just why he is strong for this or doesn't care for that."

"For years people have been just yearning for opera in English, instead of Wopera. They knew it was just what was needed to make their happiness complete. Then one night it was laid right on their doorstep, and were they happy? No, they were only annoyed. They were not about to become flustered just like they do about plays written down to their intelligence. It was, what we can get that we plan for, it is what we think is just out of reach."

"In justice to the late Mr. Asop's much maligned leading role, Mr. Fox, I have been told from a reliable source that it was Reynard who had obtained a stipend and garnered in that bunch of grapes which dangled above the head his comments upon them and their inferiority to the Concord and California brands would have been biting. Ha! Ha! Not bad, that 'biting' bit."

"Nevertheless, we must remember that the present generation of Americans were in the habit of witnessing an Indian opera, or rather, Indian opera, free of charge, without paying \$50 per seat for the opening night. Ha! you start in surprise. You are incredulous. Let me retail to you the scenario libretto of one of the first I witnessed in the eighties, when, as a golden haired lad-at-right, we'll omit the overture."



"PLOT."

"The scene showed an Indian village with several practical jokes. The tribe, attired in fireproof paint, not made by a trust in those primitive days, rendered the opening chorus, chanting their weird-cries and hurrying themselves around with all the abandon of esthetic dancers. Bare feet, too. Nothing new nowadays. The main scene and basses would cast off some solos and then, without aid of a libretto, one became aware that they were paving the way for the arrival of the white man. At this psychological point one paleface would materialize, attired in a sombrero and long hair. He might carry a banjo or a guitar and on it render sweet strains. Then he would reveal the plot so that all could understand. Without all the frills and coloratura which he added to his vocalizing the argument was this, that Wickup Indian oil would cure rheumatism, sprains, burns, toothache, headache, other aches, including f-ake. After which he would pull a horse's tooth from another star who emerged from the audience, and then offer his great blessing to humankind at a dollar-a-hour. And would all go home laughing at the jokes and humming the songs and reading the libretto of all the songs sung in the show, entirely delighted, and talk about it for a month afterward. Oh, these were the days!"

"What kind of medicine do you think they ought to sell at this latest Indian show?" asked Friend Wife.

"Something for ingrowing criticism," replied the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Grandpa Couldn't Resist Temptation

Grandpa Deexions felt a great desire to chuck the waitress under the chin. It was the eleventh meal with which she had served him.

She had brown hair, blue eyes, there was red in her olive cheeks and a humorous, large mouth sweetened the respectable sophistication of her countenance. Her footsteps as she brought his rice pudding were not jerky lambics, nor nervous anaesthetics, lagging, trochees nor wearied apostrophes; they were blithe dactyls.

With his \$1,000.50 a year from government bonds Grandpa Deexions could not always tread upon Broadway or the Fifth avenue paces. Emerging at dawn from the hall bed room on Brooklyn Heights, he would be for long strolls from navy yard to Erie Basin, or, firmly treading Brooklyn Bridge, descend soon into the Manhattan he saw from it. South street and Fulton Market knew him well. At noon sharp he sought out the marble hash-slinging portals within which he walked and sang.

The first time Grandpa Deexions had sat at her table he had known that he wanted to do something kindly, advised by his immediate administrator. The matter had worried him a good deal. He had taken some of his long walks upon it.

If he had been gifted with a ready wit he might have rendered her a tribute of happy words. But grandpa had never approximated an epigram in his life. Younger men might have flattered Grandpa thought of that and then realized with despair that one wearing a beard two feet long could not flirt if he wanted to. Those hairs would have obscured an earthquake of joy emotion.

Kiss her? Well, whatever Grandpa Deexions lacked in moderation. The very idea of osculation terrified him. He would undoubtedly be arrested and freely insulted if he did that. Besides the thing was as true as gold.

He had made several visits to the glittering and tessellated eating place before his native instincts assailed itself, and it occurred to him that what he had really wanted to do from the start was to chuck her with sly politeness under the chin. But dwelling upon the consequences was painful.

Grandpa Deexions did not believe that he would be dragged to a police court as undoubtedly would if he kissed her. He did not fear violence at the hands of a frenzied mob if he chucked her chin. But she would instantly draw in her breath and utter a series of short, piercing screams or a long outcry similar to that made by a steam siren and serving the same purpose. Having sounded the alarm, she would play his face as likely as not in her hasty energy, carrying away en-

tirely his beard. He did not think she would pull his hair.

The manager would come rapidly to the table and demand explanations and there would be several minutes of horror and embarrassment. Then he would be told to leave the restaurant at once and never to come there again.

Perhaps she was not of a nervous temperament and would merely say, "Sir, how dare you?" very loud so that persons at the table would become cognizant of his misconduct and the inertia of their states would drive him outside.

Dire as any or all of these contingencies would be, Grandpa Deexions felt the desire to chuck her chin getting stronger with each visit. It may be said that he was foolish to continue to eat there, but judgment and sentiment aside, his pocketbook had a say in it. His visits continued primarily, however, because he wanted them to.

This was his eleventh sitting then, and he had fought inclination through the buck-wheat cakes and oyster stew, but as the rice pudding came swift on her dainty fingers grandpa felt an odd sinking within him, and knew that discretion was lost. She drew near, and hovered over him, croaking his forehead he reached up and brushed her chin, effacing for a moment the dimple in it. Then he braced himself for her cries.

Noise came. Instead Grandpa Deexions felt a sticky trickle. It was the rice pudding, dripping from his chin, and he was not alone his beard. At the same instant a contrite voice said:

"Oh, pardon me, I'll get you another order right away."

Grandpa Deexions found voice hurriedly to decline, and depositing his customary what had happened? He felt he would never know.—New York Sun.

One Way to Win a Suit

During the trial of a personal injury suit at Ottawa, Ill., jurors and spectators were surprised when two wheelbarrows, a shovel and several sacks of coal were hauled into the court room, and John Schneider, plaintiff in a suit for \$20,000 damages, was called upon to give a shoveling demonstration.

He asked damages from the Illinois Zinc company, having been injured while employed in a mine owned by the defendants. It claimed to be permanently injured and that he had lost for \$20,000 damages. The defendant claimed he had been employed in a coal mine in Ohio and also had become a brakeman on the Erie railroad. In the effort to convince the jury that he could not shovel coal or twist broken if his arm was injured, the coal-shoveling exhibit was arranged.

Schneider, to the discomfort of the defense, seized the shovel with his left hand, braced the handle under the elbow of his right arm and shoveled the coal from one barrow to the other. The jury gave him a verdict.

Hard on the Dog

A politician who was making a house-to-house canvass came to a farm house, when he observed an elderly woman standing at the gate, and the candidate graciously lifted his hat and politely asked: "No doubt, my dear madame, your husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman. "Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture burying the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate. "What killed him?"

"He wore himself out a-barking at the candidates," said the woman.—Tit-Bits.



Mining Coffin Lumber

One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in Upper Tonquin, a portion of the French possessions in southeastern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs, which probably were the trunks of trees engulfed by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature at a comparatively recent period.

The trees are a species of pine known to the natives as "nanhou." The wood is almost imperishable and has the quality either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of coffins, and for this purpose it is largely exported to Europe.

The trees often are a yard in diameter. They are buried in sandy earth, at a depth of from two to eight yards, and are dug up by native labor as demand is made for them.

Man—Is This You?

The horrible dignified man never did have a good time.

A man who passes a magazine to a girl on a train does it because he is lonesome. Young man, never ask a girl to live with you until you have first asked her to let her go.

Some men in for hunting "dear" often get swamped. Strong men are not afraid of boxing gloves, but let a girl give them the mitts and they go to pieces.

Some men look and act like an interrogation point. A club is a place where a man never is when he is called on the telephone.

One man's loss is another man's game. You can't pay bills with artistic temperament.

An optimist is a man who says when a fly is "in the soup" it is "at the bottom of the glass." Some men get used to marriage, as to tobacco, only they want the brand changed. Women delight in remnants of anything but a man.—Sophie Irene Loeb, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Nubs of Knowledge

Fifty-seven unmarried persons commit suicide to forty-three married.

Argentina leads the nations of the world in the exportation of beef.

An average crow is given credit for destroying 70,000 insects a year.

Electrocution as a humane way of slaughtering cattle is being tried in France. It is estimated that there are 28,000,000 square miles of fertile land in the world.

A too hot gas stove even can be cooled quickly by placing a dish of cold water within it.

Perfect skeletons of a man and a woman of the neolithic age were found recently in England.

Potato parings baked in an oven will light more quickly than wood when used to kindle a fire.

On one lot of a crowd shot recently in Germany was a silver band showing it had lived more than a century.

Italy plans to build four 24,000-ton submarines which shall be the greatest fighting ships in the world.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. 1. OMAHA, MARCH 10, 1911. NO. 227.

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.

Spring.

Although the almanac does not admit it, other things all agree as reliable indicate that spring is with us.

One of the certain signs is that Boss Tom Flynn has his street washing brigade at work again, and the downtown thoroughfares are being laundered daily. And then there are others. Among them: back beer.

But it will be well to remember that the groundhog still has a few days yet in which to get his record good. After that the real test of the coming of spring in this locality is not final until about the first of May.

Remember.

One absolutely certain way to keep one of jail is not to do anything for which you may be sent to jail. Also, if you don't want to see your name in a sensational story, behave yourself.

This is not aimed at any one, in particular.

Option.

Ye editor notes that the solemn decision that the present local option law is good enough for Nebraska. The fact that it doesn't suit either end to the controversy ought to commend it to the citizen.

Job.

That may have been a put-up job between the detective and Tom Dennison to get poor Frank Erdman into trouble, but what about the unfinished sentence at Canyon City.

Schools.

Bob Holmes has undertaken the job of regulating the Omaha schools. This ought to help, for Bob is a dandy little regulator when he gets to going.

Incomplete.

The job of whitewashing done by the legislative committee was very thorough as far as it went, but Frank Southfield hasn't got his pay yet.

Caution.

These warm sunny days will make you think of it, but don't take 'em off until after the sun crosses the line.

WHERE WAR WAVES

Bumble Bee's Intrepid War Correspondent is on the Spot.

(From a Staff Correspondent.) PRIO FRIOLES, Mucho Caliente, Mexico, March 9.—(Special)—Delayed a bit at the New Union Depot Post-office.—Just what rummy game Hon. Taft is up to in sending the standing army of a like to Texas isn't plain to any one. It certainly did shake things up, just as the men are coming out of a hard winter's rest, to be stirred up like this. Some awfully successful social campaigns were simply knocked out of kilter by the order. Anyhow, what the good of sending the army to Texas, when Hon. T. R. is heading that way.

Hon. Ballinger got away under the cover of the war cloud, and will not be missed. I understand the new member plays a corking good game of meadow pool, and so will be right in it, though he is in good to the eye, and ranks considerable as a highbrow. This ought to suit Norm as long as he doesn't mind the hard work of the game.

Hon. Guggenheim is marked for the committee that some of Hon. Brown's home folks thought he was going to get. Hon. Brown isn't mentioned in the list of good things. Oh, very well.

Some folks thought the madness of the party last Saturday was the real thing, but it was not. He is coming off about the 5th of next month. Last Saturday's farrowish will be given entirely to the discard by the sorrow that is about to be realized. It will have some of the best of the country, and that a lot of hungry democrats will show when they connect with the war roll. If I hear anything about the war I will write at once.

BILL.

added, "Caros usted por ciar." And I am smoking that cigar now. It is a good deal of fun, but I don't think I find down here—pinkerino.

Tell the home folks that I am doing my duty, and that I'll be on the job, after the fashion of the country, which is still "hasta mañana."

PEDRO.

Clear.

The water works situation is almost as clear as the water used to be.

Streets.

One morning this week the streets were really clean. (Rained all night.)

Happy.

Bill Murray is happy this week. Eddie Cook is in town. Who's Eddie Cook? Why, the ideal.

Steady.

Artie Mullen likes a steady job, so he doesn't propose to let go of the one he's got until he sees another.

Stung.

Roy Wall, "the man who couldn't stay rich," was arrested recently in Chicago, charged with having forged checks for \$200. About two months back Wall was employed at the Blackstone hotel in Chicago as an elevator boy—and to get "ups" when he could. One morning he was told that a relative had died and had left him several thousand dollars. The young man (Wall is just 22 years old) took his money and invested it in several small theaters. For a few days money came in quickly, and then the former elevator boy decided that he wanted to be known as a real theatrical magnate and a "spender." So he started on a round of pleasure.

The money left him was not so very much and his ideas of pleasure did not correspond to the amount of money at his disposal. So two "bad" checks were received by people to whom Wall is said to have given them. The complaint followed and Wall was arrested.

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

This is the Day We Celebrate



STELLA MAE SMITH, 1039 South Tenth Street.

March 10, 1911

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Donald A. Boyce, 3523 Burt St.	Saunders	1900
Hazel Born, 1212 South Fourth St.	Pacific	1896
Henry Berghain, 1906 Center St.	Castellar	1903
William Bosworth, 2438 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1905
Pearl A. Brackhill, 1054 South Twenty-second St.	High	1896
Katherine Baum, 3545 Harney St.	Columbian	1893
George Clise, First and Spring Sts.	Bancroft	1903
Arthur Clark, 1323 Howard St.	Leavenworth	1900
Elizabeth Dinkel, 2424 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1893
Herbert Donnelly, 2429 Franklin St.	Long	1898
Lola V. Dorris, 4508 Izard St.	Walnut Hill	1905
Irene Eckman, 2615 Erskine St.	Long	1898
Martha Funk, 1714 South Eighth St.	Train	1905
Alan W. Fries, 4086 Burt St.	Saunders	1905
Lola M. Foster, 2582 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1897
Frederick E. Graham, 1714 Georgia Ave.	Park	1900
Gertrude M. Garrison, 2208 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1904
John F. Gatchell, 1814 Corby St.	Lake	1896
Lillie Goodman, 1717 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1905
Jacel H. Hart, 519 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1904
Ethel G. Hughes, 1021 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1898
Aleen Hansen, 2414 Larimore Ave.	Miller Park	1903
Annie Holzman, 1923 Paul St.	Kellom	1901
Charles H. Horsens, 2916 Seward St.	Long	1903
Carl Heinze, 2635 Seward St.	Long	1894
Bessie M. Hruby, 1952 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1900
Charlie Johnson, 2433 Burt St.	Kellom	1897
Hazel Jensen, 4251 Patrick Ave.	Walnut Hill	1901
Annie Kohlberg, 1220 Capitol Ave.	Cass	1902
Henry Leonard Kerr, 2245 North Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Sarah Kesselman, 718 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1902
Eduard Keppenhaber, 2602 Dewey Ave.	Columbian	1898
Daniel Landfield, 4205 Dodge St.	Saunders	1902
Herman Lewis, 2107 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1901
Frank Lockwood, 4511 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Percy D. Lewis, 3428 South Fourteenth St.	Forest	1904
Lydia Mattson, 713 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1903
James McDowell, 1631 Burdette St.	Lake	1897
Gladys E. Messenger, 3878 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Joseph Morrissey, 2509 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Jean Maxwell, 2734 South Twelfth St.	St. Patrick	1902
Helen Mancuso, 1026 South Twenty-first St.	Leavenworth	1903
Louis A. Metz, 523 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1901
Joseph M. Marks, 2804 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Marie C. Olsen, 2416 South Tenth St.	Vinton	1896
Conrad Olson, 320 North Thirty-third St.	Farnam	1902
Esther J. Oney, 4807 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1901
George A. Pakieser, 3018 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Russell Perkins, 4018 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1903
Myrtle Paulsen, 2217 Howard St.	Central	1903
Ancy Parr, 2403 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1897
Mildred Paulsen, 2217 Howard St.	Central	1903
Sarra Rubenstein, 2108 1/2 Chicago St.	Cass	1898
Vernon C. Russell, 2207 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1900
Alma Ratloff, 2706 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Clarence Sewell, 2416 Cuming St.	Kellom	1897
Jack Singles, 423 North Thirty-ninth St.	Saunders	1898
Thomas Staley, 3855 California St.	Saunders	1902
Joseph Satrapa, 703 Marcy St.	Pacific	1900
Marie R. Sherwood, 2740 South Ninth St.	St. Patrick	1903
Fred H. Schanlan, 3801 North Twenty-second St.	Lothrop	1905
Glennard Sutton, 1521 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1900
Stella M. Smith, 1619 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1902
Abel E. Thall, 4108 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Joseph Vacants, 1228 Park Wild Ave.	Pacific	1895
Charles B. Waugh, 2817 North Twentieth St.	High	1891
Florence Emma Worm, 1016 Davenport St.	Cass	1905

Queer Kinks of Sailors

The conversation had been of the sea and ships, and naturally enough it included sailors, says the New York Sun. No one proposed to be able to comprehend that breed minute to minute to gaze at the brilliant sky and ejaculate:

"Blow! Blow! Damn ye, why don't ye blow?"

"The man at the wheel was a negro criminal. He stood the cursing a while, and then with a look of cold disapproval said:

"Cap'n, yo' bettah stop dat. Yo' gwine git all de wind yo' want."

"Our admiral was also a Welshman, a man past 70, who had been fifty years at sea and had been dismissed off Cape Horn in his time. His knees shook under him, but in him burned all the fires of youth, all the energy of Celtic blood. Post he was, of course, by virtue of his race. He cramped the fresh water and was in a frenzy if he spilled a drop. One day he took a stroke too many with the pump handle. He drew in his breath with a hiss, uttered an intense oath, then both his voice and feeling underwent instant an change. He murmured:

"We are wasteful children."

"We are wasteful children," I reckon. No, I don't understand sailormen."

Better Go Slow, Lad

Roy Wall, "the man who couldn't stay rich," was arrested recently in Chicago, charged with having forged checks for \$200. About two months back Wall was employed at the Blackstone hotel in Chicago as an elevator boy—and to get "ups" when he could. One morning he was told that a relative had died and had left him several thousand dollars. The young man (Wall is just 22 years old) took his money and invested it in several small theaters. For a few days money came in quickly, and then the former elevator boy decided that he wanted to be known as a real theatrical magnate and a "spender." So he started on a round of pleasure.

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