The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Tells Friend Wife Smoking Volcanoes and Women Startle.

"All this fuss about Boston and New York women having rooms where they can enjoy a smoke!" exclaimed Friend Wife, peevishly. "Is there anything that will attract more attention that a smoking woman?"

"Not even a smoking volcano," admitted the Tired Business Man. "I don't see why they get so excited now when a few dames smoke coffin nails, as long as they have been complacent for years while the fishermen's wives have smoked herring.

"Of course, users of rice powder naturally get around to rice paper tubes eventually, and if the Boston descendants of the stern and rock-bound Pilgrims wish to be pill rollers—oh, very well. But why should the ladies devote their smoke house to the little paper smoke bouquets when there are so many other more effective smokes to prove that they are not too effeminate?

"Why doesn't some fair society dame wrap her hand painted features around a black Havana panetela occasionally or pass around a coupie of Manila cheroots for a Philippine? I can't think of any more pleasingly masculine sight than a fair debutante puffing a brunette Puerto Rico weed—extra coupons today.

"If that is too dainty and ladylike for her, let the fair would-be smoker acquire the pipe habit. Believe me, it is far more vigorous and the perfume is more pervading and lasting. A society woman who has colored a meerschaum, or, better still, has smoked a clay dudheen until it is black in the face, will not have to say a word to advertise the fact that she is an advanced female.

"Of course, it is only natural that, as the fair sex is enrolled in Colorado, it desires to have a few rolls of Colorado Madura. Why shouldn't lovely woman prefer perfecto to perfection? Although, truth to tell, she does not inclined to the fragrant Havana nor the humble domestic, except when her musical tastes cause her to get the cigars for their bands.

"I suppose the dear creatures who take to smoking work up to smoke puffs through the rest of the puff family—powder, hair and newspaper. I doubt whether, if they had to choose between the smoke ring and the solitaire, they would cling to

"STOGEY."

the brand that fades in a moment, but you can't tell. Some female Kipling may rise up, blowing clouds to one side and the other, and dash off something classy about.

"What is a man but a piece of cheese?
What is a man but a joke?
A man is only a man to please,
But a cigamaroot is a smoke.

"Although some may deny that latter assertion, nevertheless the fair ones favor those perfumed contrivances which give off a blast like a drug store fire communicating to a barber shop. You don't catch society dames—not even Pittsburg ones—sampling the delights of the stogey, a grand old smoke, although switchmen, telegraph operators and copy readers prefer them for eatings. And that reminds me, if the women are going to wear the harem trousies, why not outfit them with hip pockets to carry plug cut chewing tobacco in? If the others of the swagger, waggle and wobble set could only see how cute a woman can look chewing plug cut I'm sure it would start a fad."

"Are you advocating a double code of ethics on cigarettes?" said Friend Wife.

"No—double certificates," answered the Tired Business Man.

(Copyrighted, 1911, by N. Y. Herald Co.)

WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE.

BY ED. GRINHAM

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

ECRUH

ELMER ANDERSON,
555 South 34th St.

March 24, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year
Madeline Augustson, 2434 South Twentieth Ave	Castellar	1900
Elmer Ralph Anderson, 555 South Thirty-fourth St	Columbian	1901
Clarence W. Adams, 1134 South Thirtieth Ave	Park	1900
Charles Boyden, 2620 Manderson St	Lothrop	1902
Agnes Byrnes, 2918 South Eighteenth St	Castellar	1895
Gwendolyn P. Bean, 4760 North Twenty-fourth St	Saratoga	1904
Peter Casey, 3203 South Twentieth St	Vinton	1902
David Clark, 701 South Sixteenth St	Leavenworth	1897
Walter Campbell, 4213 Center St	Beals	1898
Gertrude Dodge, 405 North Twenty-seventh Ave	Webster	1905
Alice C. Douglas, 624 South Nineteenth St	Leavenworth	1901
Ella M. Eidson, 2910 Manderson St	Druid Hill	1904
Clara Ely, 2208 North Twenty-first St	Kellom	1900
William Girvits, 312 North Twenty-second St	Central	1899
Hugh Galt, 3116 Curtis St	Saratoga	1900
Alfred Green, 1919 Vinton St	Vinton	1894
Eva Goldberg, 3042 South Eighteenth St	Castellar	1902
Blanche Harris, 3008 South Thirty-first St	Windsor	1905
Ralph Henry, 1054½ South Twentieth St	Mason	1902
Roy Harvey, 2132 North Twenty-seventh St	Long	1900
Ethel Jackson, 3020 Franklin St	Long	1901
Lester Johnson, 2820 Fort Omaha Ave	Saratoga	1898
Edward Kuppig, 2802 Grand Ave	Saratoga	1898
Elizabeth E. Laux, 3340 Larimore Ave	Monmouth Park	1899
Minnie M. Meyer, 1136 North Nineteenth St	Kellom	1897
Mabel G. Miller, 3105 Marcy St	Park	1899
Keith H. Nichols, 2407 Chicago St	Central	1905
Paul O'Leary, 1619 Dodge St	Cass	1899
Russell Olson, 2919 Erskine St	Howard Kennedy	1901
Otto Pitha, 1910 South Eighth St	Lincoln	1899
Mark Pilley, 3520 South Twentieth St	Vinton	1905
Vernon Leon Potter, 2118 South Forty-sixth Ave	Beals	1902
Daisy Rich, 3319 Dodge St	Farnam	1904
Lucille Redgway, 816 South Twenty-second St	Mason	1901
Rowena Ryan, 515 North Twenty-fifth St	High	1895
Mary Stauniak, 2507 Bancroft St	Im. Conception	1903
Hazel Solomon, 2619 Decatur St	Long	1897
Nathan Schulze, 2864 Ames Ave	Saratoga	1894
Helen Schort, 310 Bancroft St	Bancroft	1901
Arthur Sholkofski, 2710 South Twenty-first St	Case	1901
Harlan Weigel, 423 North Thirty-fourth St	Webster	1900
Paul A. Yager, 4602 Maple St	Clifton Hill	1903

Spring and Summer Wearing Apparel

For all save the plainer morning gowns and traveling dresses short sleeves are smartest. On a few of the most elaborate afternoon gowns the sleeves are as short as were most evening dresses of the past winter, being little more than sleeve caps, but this feature is only seen among the most exaggerated of the French models. And will not be followed by the well dressed American woman who allows good taste to be the ruling feature of her outfit. The new three-quarter sleeves are a narrow kimono shape—that is to say, they are loose from the shoulder. To finish the sleeve there is generally a band of lace or satin about three inches wide. The shirtwaist sleeves and the sleeves in the morning gowns are either long or shorter length, as preferred.

Mousseline de sole or th esheerest lawn of batiste procurable forms the yokes and collars of all gowns and waists save those with transparent lace yokes. A narrow yoke of this very thin material is sure to be becoming, and this season all colors and yokes must be sheer.

Fichus of chiffon or finest lawn are noticeable on the latest importations. They are the narrow fichus of the French revolutionary days—small and draped close about the shoulders so as to give as narrow a line as possible. The Martha Washington fichu is quite a different shape, it will be remembered—wide and pointed in back, covering great part of the waist instead of simply forming a pretty trimming just beneath the yoke.

High round waistlines have been adopted by all, as this style of dress is becoming to the matron as well as the miss. No matter how closely a fashion plate is copied the dress will never look well if the lines are unsuitable to the wearer, but in the matter of the raised waistline one need have no hesitancy on this score—the style is becoming to any figure.

The useful dress this year escapes the ground but only by an inch or two. Short skirts are in favor for matrons as well as young girls. The fashionable train of the moment is a little fishtail or really bird tail affair cut very short and narrow. Panels are seen on many of the newest skirts. When striped materials are combined with plain skirts this panel is frequently of the plain material. In cloth frocks the panel is of satin or of silk.

For all daytime wear the smart gloves this spring are a light champagne color. These tan gloves come in just a sufficient grade of shades to make it possible to find a tone for a gown of nearly any hue. Suede are generally preferred to glace kid, but the latter certainly give far more satisfactory wear.

Tan shoes in a low Oxford last are in fashion again. For afternoon there are brown suede pumps that are extremely pretty and far more comfortable in warm weather than the long popular patent leather.

Just Pay Your Money and Take Your Choice of Titles

Herr Direktor Podzus has rented offices in New York and is only awaiting the arrival of two assistants from Berlin to begin business. So he told the interpreter at the Waldorf.

Perhaps one has not heard of Herr Direktor Podzus, says the World. Nevertheless he says he is known to princes, dukes, barons, and all other grades of continental nobility, many of whom have been his clients in seeking matrimonial alliances.

The herr direktor came over to the United States about two weeks ago and spent three days looking about. Then he announced that New York was ripe for his enterprise, that the woods bordering on Fifth avenue and other thoroughfares were teeming with persons anxious to get married, and said he was the person to bring them together. What induced him to come over in the first place, he said, was that so many Americans called at his offices in Berlin, and so many others wrote to him from over here, disclosing a desire to quit the single life and asking if he could not help them out—and incidentally supply a title.

Chicago heiresses who have been pining for alliances with the youth of the European nobility need pine no longer, according to the Inter-Ocean. Their prince awaits only an introduction, and Miss Yrma Biever of Vienna is ready to take care of that small detail.

Fraulein Bieyer knows two Austrian princes and twenty fine looking Austrian counts who only wait her word to sail for this country and carry away a bride.

"We, in Vienna, know," said Fraulein Bieyer, "that in the United States there are many daughters of millionaires who have had every possible luxury showered upon them since their birth, but who long for what has always seemed to them unattainable, namely, pride of family and social position. I can give them both.

"I have on my list two princes, brothers, one 23 and the other 25 years. Both are officers in the Austrian army, and their regiment is stationed at Vienna. Their family is of ancient lineage and they own two castles in Bohemia. Each has a fortune of $3,000,000.

"The American girls must bring them fortunes equal to their own.

"Another of my clients is a Bohemian count, 35 years old. He is of fine family and ancient ancestry, and is a member of Parliament. It may interest American girls to know he is so popular that women who attend the sessions of the Parliament wave their handkerchiefs when he speaks."

Fun With Colored Easter Eggs

All real boys and girls enjoy helping to dye the pretty colored eggs for Easter day and searching for them hidden in Easter nests around the garden; but perhaps few know what splendid games may be played with them before they are finally cast aside.

Not a party or anything arranged in advance with fuss and feathers, but just good sport that can be played at any time during the holidays, when six or eight of you are together and each has a colored egg or two to lend.

RESERVED SEATS.

A very exciting game which will remind you of "Going to Jerusalem" is called "reserved seats." It is a splendid laughter medicine, and this is the way to play it:

Have just as many chairs as there are children playing, eight or ten of them if possible, and arrange them back to back. On one chair put a colored humpty, leaving the other seats without. This is the reserved seat and no player may use it.

The company forms in line and some older person plays a lively tune on the piano, to which the children march, circling around the chairs. When the music stops, which is always suddenly, the players scramble for the seats, but the one reserved by the egg cannot be occupied, so that one person is sure to be left out in the cold. Play several rounds, changing the position of the reserved seat all the time, and let all those who are left out in the cold during the different marches do funny things to amuse the company.

THE SILENCE GAME

For this amusing pastime choose a dark colored egg, as small as possible, and give it to the player who is to begin the fun. This player remains in the parlor, while all the others go out for just a moment into the adjoining room or hall. A moment later they are called back and by this time the person holding the egg will have placed it in some prominent position where it is not exactly hidden, but rather inconspicuous, so as to be immediately seen. The idea is that as soon as any one perceives the egg, he or she says nothing, but quietly takes a seat and remains silent.

This is a signal for all those playing to sit down, too, whether they have seen the egg or not. But so many players will be too busy searching and talking to remark that some one is sitting down. One by one the players sink quietly into their seats. As soon as all but one have sat down the seated players cry out in chorus "Silence" three times, and the person who is caught must pay a forfeit. A funny forfeit is to condemn the person caught to roll an egg all around the room with a match stick.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, MARCH 24, 1911. NO. 229.

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.

Commission.

Far be it from us to enroll ourselves among those who are listed as being opposed to good government in any form, but, at the risk of being so catalogued, Ye Editor proposes to unburden himself of some certain definite thoughts concerning recent proceedings, here and at Lincoln.

First of all, let us again take a look at that proverb of Solomon, which says to keep your temper if you expect to win.

Next, do not make the still greater mistake of calling a corruptionist every man who does not agree with you. This is too commonly done by the reformers. They insist that each man who does not hold to their peculiar views is an enemy of righteousness. Above all, remember that your opponent may be your neighbor, and you didn't know anything bad of him until he refused to join you in your crusade.

Also, remember that Omaha is not the worst governed city in all the world. And finally, pity us in our dreadful condition, when it requires the active co-operation of experts from Des Moines, Plattsmouth and South Omaha to tell us of what we need to be saved.

Government by commission is perhaps what we need; it will very likely be given a trial. But it will be well if we approach the transition in good humor, and not carry over to the new regime any of the animosities that have made the old unpopular.

Lobeck.

Hon. Lobeck hasn't said so in public, but he did tell a friend he intended to dress the part when he got to Washington. Remember how Dave Mercer spruced up? Cheer up Charlie; once Dave showed up at a Commercial club dinner with an evening suit on, and he was the only one there who was so attired.

Singular.

Has it occured to you that for a project against which no real opposition is directed, a great deal of noise is being made in the campaign for government by commission?

Read The Bumble Bee.

DOWN AT LINCOLN

Spring Fever Sets Hon. Gents to Hurry Along Law Making.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LINCOLN, March 23.—(Special.)—Heaglo! Looking out of the dust-covered windows on the glorious Nebraska sky, lighted up by the warm sun of early spring, doesn't incline one to real work, and the members are being affected by the real thing in the way of spring fever. They know that they can't stand it here much longer, and that they have been loafing on the job too long already. So they are pushing legislation at top speed, feverish to get into the open once more. This is the only reason for the apparent peace that prevails here now. They are all too busy to fight.

But, don't think they haven't got the willingness. I'll bet that more bad temper per square inch can be found at the state house right now than anywhere else on earth. The flash may come at any time, and when it does, you'll hear from Lincoln in a way that will make the Mexican revolution sound like a doll tea party.

Hon. Aldrich took a hand in the work of making laws this week, by slapping a veto on a stock yards bill. He knows what he wants when he wants it.

Hon. Ollis still can't understand just why it is that all men do not think as he does, but maybe he will some day.

Hon. Placek is a nice little dealer, all right; his bill to fix up the legislative districts looks as if he didn't expect the people ever would change their minds again. But at that it's better than what we have had to put up with in the past.

Uptown all is going like it was greased. Hon. Wet is coming to the front and center with his petition, and Hon. Dry is getting ready to see that he is beaten. That's all that disturbs the holy hush that marks the daily doings along the spacious thoroughfares which are so busy during the state fair times.

IKE.

Answer.

Frank Harrison doesn't think much of the legislature. It refused to vote for county option. That ought to be in favor of Frank, for if the bill had passed, he'd have had to look up another graft.

Taxi.

Hush, little cabby,
Don't you cry—
You'll be a chauffeur
By and by.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

Manana Still Rules in the Land of the Cactus and Frijole.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

AGUAS HONDO, Poco Tiempo, Mejico, March 23.—(Special and Particular.)—This war is getting on my nerves. It is something awful. At the present outlook, in a month we will have two correspondents in the field for each soldado under arms, and then who can tell what will happen?

As it is, the available space for moving picture operators is about all taken up, and what the late arrivals will do is more than can be foretold. General Laguna de Arroyo, who is in command at this important point, complains that his army is worn out from its marching and counter-marching in front of the camera, and that all three of his men demand that an eight-hour schedule be adopted, with half-holiday on Saturday, and not more than forty-eight hours per week under any circumstances.

It is understood that this is the practice in the west, where General Villareal is maintaining a closed shop. I am told that no one without a clear card, showing dues fully paid up, is permitted to bear arms under General Villareal. As his army has been recruited mostly in and around Los Angeles, it may be well understood that his men are all reliable unionists. Application for a charter from the American Federation of Labor has been made, and this gives Villareal's army a real international aspect.

I have seen nothing of the insurrectos since writing you last week, having been the guest of General Laguna de Arroya for several days. A man came in last night and reported that the rebels were eating regularly, and that as long as the supply of tortillas and frijoles held out active hostilities would be postponed.

Un grande baille is scheduled for el Sabbado noche, and I am told that at this a fiesta will be planned, which will bring all hands together. Viva la guerra! PEDRO.

Sport.

When the dull days of the summer come, some real sport may be had by arranging a series of auto races between the various city departments. Of course, the school board will be given a handicap, and the health department will be debarred from competing.

Seasons.

E. E. Brands says Ponce de Leon was wrong; there's no spring in Florida; it's all the time summer.

PERSONAL.

Ed Sizer took a look over the metropolis Wednesday.

Bill Huseneter was at the banquet the other night, and he didn't have one on either.

Old Doc Hoffman has gone to Old Point Comfort for a spring vacation. Old Doc Getz is looking after his patient.

Chet Aldrich looked the town over the other night, and said he could see some improvement. He promises to help out frequent along the same lines.

John Kennedy is there and over when it comes to handling mixed assemblages. If John had staid in congress, he'd have been speaker by this time.

HIS QUART CUP.

I'm glad to know that Q. Ree O.
Is starting something up.
I see this time in dainty rhyme,
He sings of his quart cup.

Out at the sink, he takes a drink,
And finds it doth his big.
It faileth not to touch the spot,
Like high-balls or gin-fizz.

In stanzas three, I do not see
Just what he's driving at.
Joy fills the cup—he drinks it up—
Is water good as that?

It beats the Dutch to drink so much
Of "Muddy Missou" juice.
And lo, we see a mystery!
It turns a poet loose!

Right at the sink, he takes a drink—
There's "method in his madness."
From his quart cup he takes a sup
That fills his heart with gladness.

Now whisper, boys, and make no noise—
We've surely got him fixed.
The son of a gun—what has he done?
The drink he took was mixed! F. B. T.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

I do not like people who do not like me.
For people like that have poor judgment, you see;
But those who say nice things of me I esteem,
So gracious and sensible they always seem.

And why this is so—I am sure I dont know—
I suppose you would call it a coincidence,
But if people I see with my views will agree,
I am sure they're endowed with good sense. —E. C. M.

Way of an Optimist

"You'll always find me on the sunny side of the street," laughed one woman whose family Bible accredited her with 49 years, though an age expert would have said she was not a day over 30.

"How do you do it?" she was asked.

"Well, it's a long story, but I'll tell you how I began," the woman confided from lips that were as soft and fresh and scarlet as those of a debutante.

"One day I happened across a brief paragraph about the effect of doleful or unpleasant subjects for conversational use. Then I began thinking what a disagreeable impression of myself I might leave with the other person and how I dampened my own spirits by the recital of glum things.

"Right then and there I began forming a new habit. Whenever I introduce a subject I mentally look it over and select its bright points. When some one else begins to talk of the dark things I slowly turn the trend of conversation into another and more optimistic channel.

"The result is I have grown to avoid unpleasantries. I never say unkind things about my friends and when I meet acquaintances even for a few minutes I leave them with a cheery thought that radiates its sunshine to all who pass that way."

Poor Little Fido.

"Hubby, dear," she said, "won't you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had a bit of exercise today."—Life.

Successful.

"Has Perry ever done anything to add to the gayety of nations?"

"Yes. He tries to speak French, German and Italian when he is in those countries."—Harper's Bazar.

DEDUCTION.

"A man has been borrowing money under my husband's name."
"Must be something in a name then."

Chinese Irishman

"Samuel Mahoney!" cried Judge Shortall of San Francisco, having arrived at the fifth case on the morning calendar. As there was no response, the judge called the name again somewhat impatiently, says the Call.

"Call that defendant in the hall," he said to the bailiffs. While the stentorian voice of the bailiff was roaring down the corridors a small, blinking Chinese stole quietly to the witness chair, and, with a deferential attitude, faced the magistrate.

"What are you doing here?" asked Judge Shortall.

"Me alle same Sam Mahoney," said the Chinese. "Me catchum laundlee, 372 Tent stleet."

"Where did you get that name?" asked the judge sternly.

"Wan time me alle same Lee Wong Ho. Some time me catchum blisness; sabbe blisness? One man he say, 'Sam Mahoney, him pletty good name fo' blisness,' so I fix um sign alle same Sam Mahoney."

"Do you mean to say that you have that name over your laundry?" asked Judge Shortall in a horrified tone.

"Suah, him pletty good name."

The charge preferred against Sam Mahoney was cruelty to animals, and he was specifically accused of driving a horse the shoes of which were far too small. The importance of the case, however, instantly was eclipsed by the defendant's startling announcement that he was Sam Mahoney.

"Are you sure your name is no Oppenheim or Anderson?" asked Judge Shortall.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the Chinese, screwing up his mouth and wrinkling his eyes. "No, me no Popyline. Me alice same Sam Mahoney."

"Are you going to leave that sign up over your laundry all the time?" asked Judge Shortall.

"Suah," answered Sam Mahoney, nodding his head. "Him good name fo' blisness, sabbe?"

Turning to Detective Sergeants Billie Minnehan, John Collins and Policeman James Cullinane, Judge Shortall said: "I will appoint you gentlemen a committee to investigate this.

"Me send him boose to blicksmith," said Sam Mahoney. "Catchee big shoe dis time."

"Very well; have it done immediately and take off that name and I will dismiss the case."

EXPLAINED

"Why are marriages so much cheaper than divorces?"
"Luxuries are always high."