

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Astronomical Happenings in April

By William F. Rigge,
Professor of Astronomy, Creighton University.

The winter constellations, especially Orion, are disappearing in the evening twilight. The days are rapidly becoming longer, the sun rising sooner and setting later, and the twilight also lengthening. On the first day in 12 hours 34 minutes, on the fifteenth 12 hours 31 minutes, and on the thirtieth 12 hours 29 minutes. On the first the sun rises at 6:11, on the fifteenth at 6:47, and on the thirtieth at 7:11. It sets on the first at 5:58, on the fifteenth at 7:31, and on the thirtieth at 7:54.



WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

The planet Mercury reaches its maximum elongation from the sun on the fourteenth of this month. It is not the greatest elongation of the year, it is used to best advantage in raising the planet above the horizon. Keen eyes will have but little difficulty in picking it up in the western sky after sunset of that day.

Venus is continually receding from the sun in the western sky after sunset, and increasing in brilliancy. On the first it makes a pretty picture very near the crescent moon, and sets at about 9:30, seven minutes before the moon.

Mars is unfavorably placed low down in the southeast in the morning sky.

Jupiter is coming into better position for evening observation. It rises at 9:24 p. m. on the first, at 8:22 on the fifteenth and at 7:15 on the thirtieth. On the last of the month it is in opposition with the sun and becomes technically evening star.

Return is disappearing from view in the evening twilight. It sets at 8:47 on the first and is in conjunction with the sun on the thirtieth.

The moon begins the month in the crescent phase, reaches first quarter on the fifth, is full on the thirteenth, in last quarter on the twenty-first and new on the twenty-eighth. The full moon of the month is the first full moon of spring, and is called the Paschal moon, on the Sunday following which, according to the rule, is the feast of Easter.

On the twenty-eighth there will be a total eclipse of the sun. It will be visible, however, only on a line drawn across the entire Pacific ocean from the southeast corner of Australia to Mexico.

The longest duration of totality will be about five minutes. Father Coggia of St. Ignace, Enkland, who passed through Omaha last September 13, on his return from the International Solar conference on Mount Wilson, California, is at present located at Vavau, a small island one of the three groups in the Pacific ocean, on which alone the total eclipse

will be visible. He has been commissioned to observe this eclipse by the English government, and has a workshop at his service. On account of the all-water track of this total eclipse, only two other, and private, parties have set out to observe it.

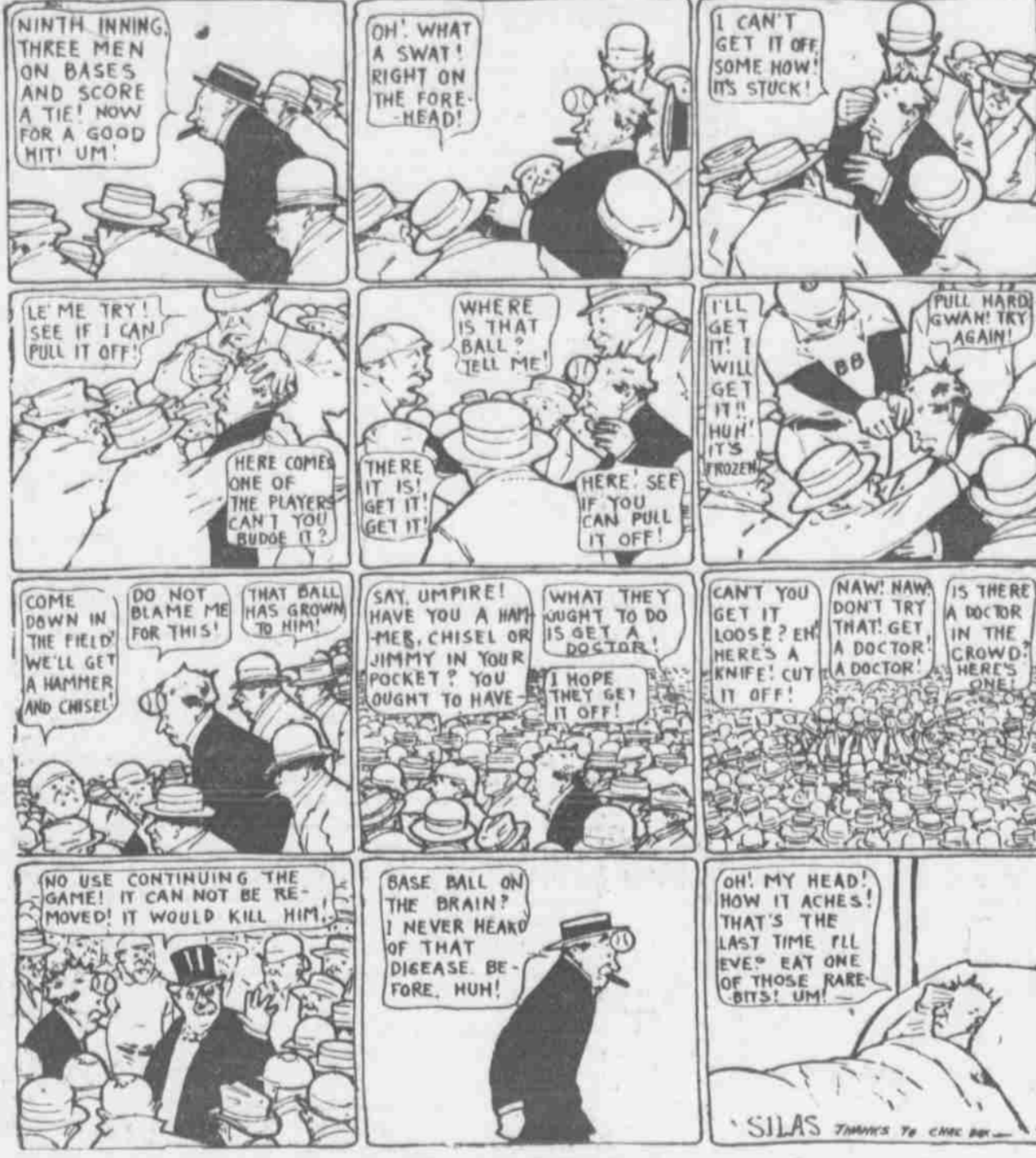
This solar eclipse of the twenty-eighth will be visible as a partial eclipse to a large part of the Pacific ocean; the eastern half of Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, Central America, Cuba and the greater part of the United States, where it will occur near the time of sunset.

In Omaha the eclipse will be a very small one, only one-tenth of the sun's diameter being observed. It will begin at 5 o'clock, 26 minutes 34 seconds, p. m., and end at 6 o'clock, 26 minutes 54.2 seconds, lasting therefore about fifty minutes.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE, S. J.,
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Thirty Ones Wanted Seeds.
A prominent politician in the middle west gave a banquet to a score or so of his neighbors, and, as he lived in a "dry" state and wanted some way to serve wine at the dinner, he had some trouble figuring out a scheme, but when the watermelon was brought on it was found it had been plugged and filled with champagne—and, do you know," said one of the guests, "I saw every farmer there slipping some watermelon seeds into his pocket!"—Milwaukee Free Press.

DREAM OF THE AFBET FIEND



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THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



This is the Day We Celebrate

DEWEY BEATS,
81 South Twenty-fourth.

March 31, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Erna C. Anderson, 2118 Maple St.	Lothrop	1900
Dorothy Briggs, 2818 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1898
James A. Becton, 1712 North Twenty-second St.	Long	1898
Rowan C. Balcom, 1741 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1904
Dewey Beats, 811 South Thirty-fourth St.	Columbian	1898
David H. Ferer, 2541 Chicago St.	Central	1897
Grechen Bryant, 2225 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1901
Netty Calabretta, 612 Pierce St.	Pacific	1900
Ferdinand Cook, 1194 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1901
Zelpha E. Case, 1115 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1903
Madeline Disting, 2719 Webster St.	Webster	1904
Clem Dicky, 2210 Wirt St.	High	1894
Walter Farwell, 2425 Templeton St.	Saratoga	1902
Dorthea Goertler, 119 North Thirty-seventh St.	Saunders	1901
Lavern Gilliam, Twenty-fourth St. and Woolworth Av.	Mason	1898
Margaretie Hlavka, 703 Castellar St.	Bancroft	1900
Katherine Herdman, 3504 Harney St.	Columbian	1904
Bert Johnson, 3830 Seward St.	Franklin	1904
Mator Johnson, 2212 South Fortieth St.	Beals	1895
Mary Kysela, 1909 South Second St.	Train	1900
William August Kuehn, 2514 Marcy St.	Mason	1900
Violet Kahler, 3414 Cass St.	Saunders	1898
Loretta Keenan, 1901 South Fifth St.	St. Philomena	1896
Harry F. Kliffmann, 3512 South Twentieth St.	St. Joseph	1901
Alice Longenecker, 1501 Vinton St.	Castellar	1903
Arthur O. Lloyd, 5707 Florence Boulevard	Miller Park	1903
Ruth Morgan, 1923 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1904
Thomas J. Malone, 1809 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart	1902
Elles Mann, 1311 Thirty-first and Haskell St.	Windsor	1900
Amanda Marguardt, 2506 Maple St.	Lothrop	1896
George Leonard Nelson, 2038 Pierce St.	Mason	1899
Francis Olenfza, 2429 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1904
Myrtle R. Parker, 1907 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1900
Floyd Parker, 4016 North Twenty-sixth Ave.	Lothrop	1903
Lloyd Prey, 4103 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Druid Hill	1902
Albert Rasmus, 4219 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1899
Thomas Robel, 1512 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1899
Edna Reinhard, 3226 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
August Sjarlato, 1115 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1898
Maria Schmidt, 2329 South Fourteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
Margaret Smith, 2717 South Twenty-fifth St.	Vinton	1904
Roy Sharp, 1908 South Fourth St.	Train	1904
Edith Wenninghoff, 1813 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1900
Angela Wijlbrands, 574 South Thirty-fifth St.	Columbian	1902

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to Girl Who Scoffs at Old Maids



The way you have of making fun of the old maids me with the righteous indignation I should feel toward the wifed desecrator of a holy place. You shrug your shoulders and smile as if to say: "She is left-over, an unwanted article in life's basket!"

I know a small brown house on a village street, where the fall roses bloom in the warm autumnal days. To me it is a shrine and the modest blossoms deck it appropriately. It is the home of an old maid, she gave her womanhood, its promise, its hope, to a kindly couple who had adopted her in her forsaken childhood. She quietly gave up the lover who could not afford to provide for her and for them, too, and devoted her life to looking after them.

There was no rolling music to signal the sacrifice. There was no lauding tongue to glorify its greatness. And now, you laugh at her.

Don't you see that she paid her debt in coin from the resin of heaven? She laid her treasure on the altar of duty, her lover who would have been her husband and one with her in the home where their children were, she stripped herself to enrich those to whom she was indebted, then you laugh at sacrifices like that?

Yes, her hat is a funny little old-fashioned affair. But can you not see that she wears a halo, the precious millinery

of the soul wrought by the artists—self-forgetfulness and love?

And I know another old maid who, once in her long-gone youth, felt the touch of the right man's hand and looked into his eyes with the promise of a life-love in her own. She has lived on, always loving, letting the years enfold her in their beneficence, because she held love so sacred and so steadfastly kept her faith.

Perhaps she wears a queer bow in her hair. And you laugh at it. Can you not guess that she does it because the dead lover liked it there? Can you smile at the symbol that love makes sacred?

And you, who coquet lightly, using the charm that draws men to you, has the beauty of her fidelity no appeal to you? You ought to go to her, carrying fresh roses like bridal blooms she will never wear, and apologize for your cheap and silly misunderstanding of her.

And oh, that host of old maids, who, in loving others, have never taken time nor pains to be seen and loved and courted. They have given up their chances to educate and clothe younger sisters. They never wore pretty clothes or went a-pleasuring where men and maids find each other. They are old maids because they never gave themselves a chance to be wives.

Do not laugh at them.

They are wonderful women. Laying youth and lover, husband and children on the altar of duty, they serve a lifetime.

Jolts from Juveniles

A Boston school teacher had been explaining to her class about the three kingdoms of nature—the animal, the mineral and the vegetable. When she had finished she said to the class:

"Now who can tell me what the highest degree of animal life is?"

A little girl in a rear row of seats raised her hand and replied:

"The highest degree of animal life is the giraffe."

Elsie's mother had given her 5 cents to buy Fido a bone. On her return she had a beautiful orange and Fido a very lean bone.

"Why, Elsie," expostulated her mother, "is that all the bone you got Fido for 5 cents?"

"Yes," replied Elsie, hesitatingly.

"Well, I don't think that is much of a bone for 5 cents," said her mother after a pause.

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, "I bought this orange for 5 cents and the man gave Fido that bone; and Fido isn't making a bit of a fuss about it, so I don't see why you need to."

"Mamma," said little Elsie, looking wistfully into her mother's face, "may I try the baby awhile?"

"No, indeed, my little darling; you are 3 years and small, you might let it fall."

"Well, mamma," was her disappointed response, "then may I have it when it is worn out?"

While traveling through Ohio a few years ago Prof. T. C. Mendenhall of the Worcester

ter Institute says that he consented to address a few remarks to the pupils in the district school that he had attended when a boy.

"Did any of you," he asked, "ever see an elephant skin?"

A boy held up his hand and wriggled excitedly.

"Well," said the professor, "I have," said the boy, "Where did you see it?"

"On an elephant."

Two Tries and Out.

The Rochester Post-Express tells of a youth who was about going out to his first formal dinner party. His mother said: "Now don't forget your manners, James; be sure to say something complimentary to the food." When butter was served he remarked pleasantly, "This is pretty good butter, what there is of it." The remark was not well received; he saw that he had made a mistake, and he endeavored to correct it by saying, "And there's plenty of it, such as it is."

Very Tortuous, Indeed.

The late Hugh J. Grant of New York once talked at a political banquet about a noted corporation lawyer.

"Oh, yes; he's got a grand mind," he said. "A great legal mind. He's got the most tortuous mind in America."

Mr. Grant shook his head.

"A tortuous mind, indeed," he repeated.

"Why, if he swallowed a nail, he'd bring up a screw."—New York Times.

Nubs of Knowledge

A French inventor claims to have made durable automobile tires of paper.

One thousand horse-power has been developed by a Scotch locomotive driven by electricity generated by a steam turbine with which it is equipped.

A calorie, the unit of heat-measurement, is that quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of one gramme of water one degree centigrade.

Tenth place among the nations in the world's shipping is the rank now attained by Canada.

Wave power, obtained through elastic floats attached to the bow and stern, is utilized by an Italian inventor to propel a boat.

If the appetite of a man were as great as that of a sparrow in proportion to his size he would eat a whole sheep at a sitting.

Swell Garbage Men

John Mitchell was talking about strikers and strike breakers.

"Once," he said, "the garbage collectors in a small western town struck for higher pay. When the strike was on the municipal employees—the cashiers and clerks—were called on to perform the collectors' work. As they went about the town doing this work, clad in high collars, patent leather shoes, kid gloves and fur-lined overcoats, they attracted a great deal of attention. One old dame was heard to say:

"My goodness, the slop men must have got that raise they struck for. Look what duds they are now. And so proud and cold like. They hardly speak to you as they take your slop."

London's Hebrew population numbers about 150,000.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. 1. OMAHA, MARCH 31, 1911. NO. 230.

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.

April.
Puddin'head Wilson said of the 1st of April: "On this day we are reminded of what we are on the other side."

April has other advantages. It is April showers that bring May flowers. Also the variegated quality of weather that keeps one between a lined duster and an uster all the time. But, with all its vagaries April is an important and welcome month.

Now the farmer will tie him away to the fields, and the air will be heavy with the odor of new turned earth, and the great stretches of fertile land, the sea of the prairie, whose waves are the long, low ridges of fruitful soil, will show the preparations for the seedtime and the harvest. For in April has a new birth come to Mother Earth each year "since first the flight of years began."

And finally, George Gordon, Lord Byron said: "In three things no man should put faith—the word of a woman, the health of a horse and the sunshine of an April day."

Mas-vel-lous.
The bloodhound of legend used to run the escaping fugitive to earth and then tear him limb from limb. The bloodhound in practice takes the police over miles and miles of vagarious wanderings, and brings them back empty-handed. Verily, the bloodhound is like a lot of other things in the world.

Hatfield.
Hatfield of Lancaster, reminds Y. Editor of what Aristides Ward said of the same town: "It was an almost little town."

Love.
Maybe new Mayor Love will have time to look over some of the other towns in the world and find out wherein they actually differ from the holy city.

Dynamite.
A little bit of dynamite properly placed will make a lot of noise and not do a great deal of damage.

March.
We never had much regret in saying farewell to March, and less than ever this time.

NEW TOWN ON THE LIST
Brave General Gonzales for Himself a City Does Name.
(From a Staff Correspondent.)
CIBOLA, N. Mex., March 28.—(Special.)—You can look for the town of Cibola at any time you stopped Thursday, and this town isn't fond of doing something for nothing. So the time for adjournment will be fixed very soon.

This is the most exciting event of the week. I understood that a sortie had been made by the federalists against Frijoles, but learn since that it was a mistake. Another army moved out and went into camp in the arroyo south of the hacienda. The two armies met near the town house, and this gave rise to the report that an attack had been made.

The insurgents in this section object to the idea of having a charter for the American Federation of Labor. They contend that they are free and independent, and enjoy the right and privilege of making individual contracts for their services, and do not propose to allow any gringo to dictate to them the number of hours they are to work daily or what they shall ask for their services. The effect of this is going to be that the eight-hour movement in the rebel army will fail. This is the government's great disadvantage, as its contract with its soldiers runs for several weeks yet and is for a strict eight-hour day. You will readily see the difficulty of the situation. Suppose the regular army should encounter the insurgents just as the white blow-you-out not the government be at a decided disadvantage, especially as the rebels are forbidden to work overtime?

I am going into Chihuahua for the Easter parade, and the bull fight on Easter Sunday will beat the war game. Adios. FREDKO.

Down at Lincoln
Pay Day Has Stopped and End of the Season is Not Far Away.
(From a Staff Correspondent.)
LINCOLN, March 29.—(Special.)—You can look for the Bumble Bee the following unstopped Thursday, and this town isn't fond of doing something for nothing. So the time for adjournment will be fixed very soon.

Hon. Hatfield had the spotlight most of the time lately. He is of the opinion that the only place for a medical college is somewhere close to Lincoln and O. It wasn't his fault that the rest of the legislature didn't agree with him. He was willing to concede that another good location for such a school might be found, but it wasn't in Omaha. At any rate, Hatfield has his place among Lancaster county immortals.

Hon. Aldrich slammed a couple of additional vetoes into the boys, just to show them that he was serious. He was largely in the way of saving money for the taxpayers, and will be rewarded with general approval of his acts.

Hon. Metzger and Hon. Eager furnished some fireworks, but it was easily subdued. Question: Why do the boys at the University call Hon. Eager "Dug"?

Up town things are simply awful. The voters actually turned down the archangel of the holy city, and refused to give him a second term or even a chance to win a second term. He has been a rough treatment, especially to a man who has been a mighty power in the ranks of those who worked to make Lincoln a city where the saints could find rest, and where the unsaintly couldn't do anything but rest.

Well, have the big dots here Tuesday. IKE.

ODE TO HAREM SKIRT
Effect of an Omaha Episode on a Tender, Shrieking Maid.
Some modest poetaster, blushing, no doubt, at his temerity, has mailed The Bumble Bee the following unstoppered effusion, the outburst of a tender maid. The envelope bears the postmark of Lincoln, but as Doc Bixby sticks to an old worn-out typewriter, and this is written with a lead pencil in firm hand, he is excused. Also Dick Wietzke is freed of suspicion, for, while he uses a pencil most of the time, his chirography has much the character of his politics. However, comma, here is the Lincoln impression of the harem skirt:

Long time ago when things were new,
And on old earth were only two,
I quickly roped Mrs. Adam in,
By telling her of naughty sin.

Since then I've been in every guise,
And never had but one surmise,
Upon its streets I walked real proud,
Hoping to draw a jolly crowd;

But from the hearts of Omahans
Came only scorn, I cried aloud,
And just to think the way I'm made
Has an empty can and me!

With any color for a shade;
You'd think the Eves in that wild town
Would quickly place on me a crown;

Oh, Omaha, you good old town,
I'll never forget you, when I'm down.

WILL HE BE GOOD!
Here goes "Concerning P. B. The Sherlock Holmes of the Bumble Bee."
Whoever could have guessed, had an empty can and me! Could inspire a "pome" in the lofty dome
Of the gifted F. B. T.
And whoever could conjecture With what zeal he'd get in line
And dance to the tune of a rollicking rime
On that old quip of cup of mine,
But there's some information I'd like to extract, if able,
Has my opponent ever heard
Of the kid and the wolf in the fable?

If so, I simply would suggest,
In a tone of mild reproach,
That F. B. T., with his reputation
Ought to come down off that roof.
—Q. REE OSSITY.

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

"Never would have thought it was so easy to get large sums of money from banks and wealthy men," exclaimed Friend Wife. "They seem so trusting."

"Have to have trusting men to officer trust companies," exclaimed the Tired Business Man. "If they didn't trust somebody it wouldn't be a trust company, any more than a millionaire who wouldn't give up when told he resembled Washington would be a trust director. He directs his trust in human nature and occasionally it gets misplaced and lands in a side pocket. Then his aim may be poor."

"This is the age of personality in business. Hardened financiers who would look with a cold, 'yes,' clammy eye on any proposition not as solid as Gibraltar or their heads; men who wouldn't even lend their depositors money on schemes where there was an even break, will melt and unbelieve in grand style to the accomplished conversationalist who cultivates the Oxford stroke in handshaking with the right people and wears his cravats correctly adjusted."

"Apparently soft soap is as efficacious nowadays in getting to large banks of Treasury department lithographs, either in banks or in the jeans of a wealthy philanthropist, as it was in the days of the Brothers James—referring to the Missouri branch of the family—when they spread it on the rails just before the midnight express reached Blue Cut. Even the young man uses soft soap for funneling 'soup' into a country postoffice's mothproof safe. There seems to be an impression that using soap sort of makes for 'clean money.'

"The modern art of collecting money in cumbersome quantities has become very simple. Either you take around a bunch of waste paper or you develop a slap on the back which deadens the keen business perception. Of course, you have dealt in waste paper. Don't deny it. You have gathered together bales of magazines, jammed to the guards with the brains of the nation, highswawa on the evils which are throttling our nation and other fiction features. And you have piled up stacks of newspapers, bulging with news red hot from the press—oh, a whole lot of really good stuff that you might send to some hospital or missionary where fresh reading is scarce."

"But, no. You heard it up until you have upward of a ton and one day the mass who always acts like a smugger and yells like a circus announcer bellowing along that he will give up regular cash for waste paper, after haggling an hour, you part with a carload of it for 12 cents—if you're a good business person. But that isn't the way they do in financial circles at all, at all. I suppose traveling in financial circles makes one dizzy, hence an easy victim, when a soft-voiced person with a persuasive, genial manner whispers in his ear that he needs a million or two, waves a handful of tastefully engraved stock under the banker's nose and departs from thence. Or, mayhap, if the visitor has had a musical training, he sings a song and borrows on that."

"Anyway, the trusting, trustful trust company man never comes to until the prosecutors and bank examiners come leaping gayly through the holes in the deposits. We're used to that kind of financier who can march into a bank like a lamb and go out like a lion, but it's new to hear that one can go up to a great trust millionaire, wallop him between the shoulders, tell him he has all the compo-



"SONG."

ments of Washington, Lincoln, Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Great, Machiavelli, "Knockout" Brown and several ingredients all his own and then patiently extract two million bucks from his roll, leaving him beaming and murmuring in phonetic spelling.

"I'm trying to think of some wealthy individual I can edge up to long enough to whisper that he reminds me of 'Chris' Columbus, Thomas Jefferson, Cromwell, King Midas and 'Diock' Turpin. Maybe he would come across if I made the resemblance plain and asked for enough cash. I'm sure I'd be glad to date the notes on the first day of April. It would be appropriate."

"I can't understand it," murmured Friend Wife. "They were supposed to be such hard-headed business men."

"Or bone-headed," suggested the Tired Business Man.
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Vinegary Sarcasm

A man traveling westward on a through express, one day last week, left his seat in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman. When he returned, in spite of the fact that he left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sit," she remarked, haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."—Philadelphia Times.

Daily Health Hint

Stimulation is merely hurrying and must be followed by resting to equalize matters. After the physical stimulation is removed there comes the time of rest for the heart, during which time a feeling of

A Chinese mining company is trying to interest the Pacific coast in its coal, coke and cement.