

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

Tells Friend Wife That Boys Will Be Vegetables.

Bernard Shaw says a child should be allowed to leave school as soon as he is bored," reported Friend Wife.

"Fortunately," few children read. It is a waste of time to send them to school. What do I mean? As that's a point of considerable safety, razor-edged Shavian stuff, that however, and be that as it may, we are not likely to take his advice to bore the child and spare the rod. "Fit a brass child who knows his own leeway. If anyone should ask me, however, I would say that most school children in springtime are chalk-and-black bored. True, you will hardly expect that when Johnny is called to account by Dear Teacher for sitting with chin in hand, elbow on desk and gazing out of the class-room into the distant fields and woods, where the early work is doing his turn, where the sparrows are running loose, where the squirrels and other beautiful songsters are assembling, where the hum-bie bee is soon to sharpen up his red-hot stinger and the restive grasshopper is awaiting for a summer's supply of chewing-plug—I say that it is not likely that little Johnny will languidly remark that school is a deuced bore and that he is 'olly well going to cut it. Maybe school boys speak right up like that—I've seen such language attributed to them in English single weeklies—but I Jones it. It is more likely to turn a brick red, fumble a button on his coat and mumble that he was thinking hard over the problem.

"Johnny may yawn or fall into a gentle doze while thinking of the places where the wild strawberries, lady's-slippers, nettle and stone bruises abound, but he wouldn't know that he was bored.

"I don't know how the school kids were when G. Bernard was a lad. Maybe he was equipped with that shade-like beard and chop-top set of epigrams at school age, but they make boys different here. They are incapable of being bored. Little Johnny will listen to the most improbable story by little Willie hear it over again several times, and yet won't remark he's bored. Possibly, like the Irishman who couldn't remember "efficiency" to end the fight, he doesn't know the word "bored."

"He may say, 'Oh, rats' or 'You make me tired,' but in both cases he expresses a lively emotion far from being bored. He hasn't reached the stage where he's heard



every story, seen every show, eaten every cake, thought every thought—or at least says he has. Life is full of mystery and adventure still. Around every corner may lurk some mysterious stranger, by turn a pirate captain, a detective, a foreign spy—or a benevolent old gentleman, who will reward a brave act by making the youthful hero a half partner in the firm.

"Every sand lot is the launching yards of a career for him if he can launch up into the Lajoie-Cobb-Matthewson-Wagner class. He is sceptical on learning that the umpire has been examined by oculists and found to have telescopically keen eyes. He isn't bored by the report, but becomes violently belligerent, knowing full well that umpires are blind as bats and have ingraining dispositions as well. School may be an awful punishment for a boy, or an exciting place for his wildest pranks, the shrewd throwing of paper balls and the crafty placing of best pins, but bored? Bah! In the bright Rubicon of Youth there is no such word as bored. Although if it would look at the official school stationery heading the ought to know that should be the effect.

"What heading do you refer to?" asked Friend Wife.

"The one reading 'The Bored of Education,'" replied the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

PUDGE PERIS' PETS



Remarks on Money
Money—otherwise known as tin, dough, cash, gold, rucks, etc.
The corpuscles of national circulation which indicate the strength of our constitution.
It is often called a 'snake,' some swear by it, others swear for it, and still others swear at it.
It is the feature of social distinction.
It is the measure of intelligence; those who have it are wise; those who have it are not a foolhard. Possession of it entitles one to the use of moneygram.
It often causes a species of mental de- rangement or delirium called moneymania. Many are willing to die this inoculated.
Thought a medium of exchange, it has no connections with souls or astral bodies.
It is the religion of today, often called moneytheism. Preachers pray for it; laymen lay for it.
It is the be-all and end-all. Children cry for it, women sigh for it, men die for it and all lie for it. —Samuel Salinger in Smart Set.

Daily Health Hint
Tannic acid, which may be had at drug stores and easily dissolved in water, is an antidote for some poisons, and is useful as an external application to stop bleeding.
Wouldn't Be Caught.
Teacher to new pupil—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?
Little Man—For the same reason as the 'er crossed his road. 'Ter don't catch me with no puzzles.—Sydney Bulletin.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to Mother Who is Her Daughter's Confidant



"My daughter tells me everything." You say this as if you really believed it. You fling the statement broadcast. Every sister mother who listens reproaches herself for her inefficient motherhood. She knows that her daughter has many little secrets which she falls to communicate, and she suspects that your daughter has them also.

But no! You make your assertion with a positiveness that proves you possessed of a belief that you are absolutely in your daughter's confidence.

I am not quite sure what a "sardonic" grin may be, but I never hear this statement but I regret my lack of "knowledge" and my consequent inability to grin the grin. No other word than the rural descriptive, adjective "pig-headed" can define your stupidity. For all their foolishness, girls have a peculiar faculty of keeping their own secrets out of the ears and mouths of those who display a marked inability to hear and speak.

The strange girl of it is as curious as she was when she was 3. Then the baby fingers poked into everything. Now it is the undeveloped mind which investigates and usually finds out.

The mother who makes the startling assertion that her daughter has no secrets from her proves only one thing—her own lack of penetration. No girl tells such a mother any of her real secrets, but she does develop an artistry in playing the role of innocent that deserves the foot-lights and applause to set it off properly. Of course, you mean when you speak of your daughter's not having secrets from you that she confides in you the facts she learns, and the curiosity she feels in regard to her own physical and emotional makeup. But she does not. Now and then she asks you a question. But it is only now and then you think you silence her mental inquiry when you say, "My dear, you are too young to know this. When the right time comes mother will explain everything."

The right time has come. When your daughter had the intelligence to ask the question she had the intelligence to have the answer. But no! You have her instructed in music. You have her taught Latin. She goes to dancing school. You decide yourself into thinking you are training her for her future by giving her a smattering of knowledge about everything but herself.

But, fortunately, your daughter is not so stupid as her mother, or even as her

Song of the Snowbird

(In the army a snowbird is a man who enlists in the fall and deserts in the spring.)

I'm leavin' the army behind me— I'm hittin' the road today; I served four months and I learned all their stunts. And in over the hill and away, with its drill and fatigue and guard; I had to walk straight and I couldn't sleep. So how can you blame me for pullin' my freight? And the magazines say I'm a martyr— That the service is cruel and hard; I was driven to leave it, if you don't be! Just so and ask Bailey Millard.

Who is he? Why, man, don't you know him? He writes for the big magazines; They call him a faker and a dirty muck-raker. But you bet he says what he means! And he sure does say the army. From kitchen poole to guard; He's a high-minded youth full of pity and And his breath smells sweet with the essence of truth. And he tells the officials about us— He gives 'em the facts good and hard; Why, no one would know they're abusing it if it wasn't for Bailey Millard!

They made me work just like a farmhand— They say you're seen 'em here. I've worked with a hoe for an hour or so, As much as three days in the year; And the kitchen poole was the limit! I worked like a hired girl there; I had to wash dishes three hours a week— When I think of it now I'm too tired to speak. And they treat you just like common poeple.

They don't show the slightest regard; They don't call you 'Mister'—look at this mucker. They've been mean to me and I'll tell my big sister; I ain't no place for a white man— Here, take another drink, boys! Just open your throttle and swallow the We're drinking to Bailey Millard.

If Bailey Millard should get busy Anybody visit the army some day, And see what a terrible life we lead; There's no tellin' what he would say; He'd sweep the poor soldiers a-workin' like slaves. He'd sweep the poor soldiers a-workin' like slaves. He'd sweep the poor soldiers a-workin' like slaves. He'd sweep the poor soldiers a-workin' like slaves.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, APRIL 7, 1911. NO. 231.

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.

Now.
Ye Editor would like to suggest to his readers that to a good time to do several things.
Mayor Jim hasn't yet issued his call for a spring clean up, but that shouldn't deter anybody from starting. After you've counted the chips and split the "jackpot," if any such thing is to be had, it is better to start cleaning up now. Hon. Galt of Clay county is a real nice gent, a fine fellow, but he's got a little thing against him. In fact, if he were to be put in a pen and exhibit, he might prove a real attraction for the county fairs. It is a cinch that he can borrow money from any editor in the state-not.
Hon. Aldrich and Hon. Byrne are sparring over who killed the Sunday base ball bill. It doesn't matter a great deal, the bill is dead, but every body who tosses a ball in Nebraska on Sunday will still be at the mercy of any wooden-headed peace officer who may want to take him into custody for violating the Sunday statute that is still on the books. Both the hon. gentles assert that they are in favor of base ball on Sunday, and would have been glad if the bill had become a law, but each blames the other for killing it. Maybe the voters will feel a very clear conscience. He couldn't kill the bill himself, but somebody did, and the state university will give sustenance to Lincoln's greatest industry, the board-ing house.
It will take some time to clear away all the muck suffe- ringly by determining just up to now the season is most busy. For what it didn't do, and maybe the people are the ones who ought to feel satisfied with a very clear conscience. Up town the forces are lining up a little closer each day, and the prospects are that the fur will begin to fly as soon as the law makers get out of town. Four weeks for fire- works.
Guns.
In the meantime nothing has been done to restrict the sale of firearms locally. Anybody can get any kind of a gun who has the price. This simply means that anyone is likely to be shot at any time by some fool boy who has turned high- wayman rather than work.

DOWN AT LINCOLN
Hon. Legislature About Ready to Split Jack- pot and Go Out.
(From a Staff Correspondent.)
LINCOLN, April 6.—(Special.)—Hon. Taft told the boys what to do, now let's watch to see if they will do it. The hon. insurers are just beginning to realize that the net result of their great effort in support of a principle has been to land Hon. Clark in the chair where Hon. Cannon used to sit, and to put the house into control of the Chase Saunders faction in 1911.
Hon. Burkett and Hon. Meeker are on the spot, but what is going to happen to Hon. Thomas isn't made public yet. It's a cinch that he is going to suffer, because his interests were not looked after.
Hon. Lobeck is already beginning to look after votes from outside his district. Wouldn't he like to have some have two democratic gen- erators?
Bill.
Dair.
Ye Editor would like to di- rect the attention of his readers to a duty that is before them.
Each man who is able to be present should be at the open- ing of the fair at 10 o'clock. No excuse short of sickness or in- ability will be accepted, and in event of either the mis- sing one must provide a sub- stitute.
Our duty is to show Pa- tience that his efforts to pro- vide Omaha with a real fair team and a real grandstand are appreciated.
So, turn out.
Why?
Ye Editor wonders why the waterlogged statement of the Omaha Water board spends so much of his time at Lin- coln telling the members of the legislature what to do. The water plant is located in Omaha, you know.
Veto.
Just a little veto.
On a little bill.
Just a little knock.
Hard enough to hit.
Just a little ball fan.
Waiting for the chance.
Just a little town man.
Mad enough to prance.
Just a little veto.
I'll be sure to forget.
Just you watch his ballot— He is angry yet.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



April 7, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Claire L. Abbott, 3210 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1905
William Beindorf, 3501 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1903
Lillian P. Black, 2923 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lothrop	1904
Rose Bloch, 2019 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1898
Willie Brodkey, 2548 Chicago St.	Central	1900
Lavern Colson, 2121 Burdette St.	Lake	1903
Nomean P. Cahow, 1314 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1897
Thomas Coll, 3529 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Austin D. Crew, 3263 Arbor St.	Windsor	1900
Tom Cavanaugh, 2705 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1896
Mary Dolan, 1120 Sherman Ave.	Kellom	1899
Theodore Davis, 3225 Seward St.	Franklin	1904
Donald Downs, 1124 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1902
Elizabeth Ecker, 1032 Atlas St.	St. Joseph	1901
Martha E. Eiseley, 4020 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Veronica Freyer, 2711 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1900
Blanch R. Frank, 611 South Twenty-ninth Ave.	Farnam	1898
Veronica Gray, 107 North Twentieth St.	Central	1902
Fanny Gerelick, 1115 William St.	Lincoln	1901
Rosie Gentis, 1124 North Twelfth St.	Cass	1901
Gloria Gilson, 4840 Poppleton Ave.	Beals	1904
George Gilbreath, 505 South Thirty-third St.	Farnam	1897
Sophia Holland, 909 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1903
Mattilda Hermansky, 1415 Lincoln Ave.	Comenius	1896
Howard E. Heyden, 1904 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1902
Andrew V. Hislop, 3182 Fowler Ave.	High	1891
Rosalinda Hirschman, 4528 Cummg St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Josie Highsmith, 3177 Grand Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Clara Harris, 3333 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Ether Houser, 2524 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1901
James A. Jenkins, 3348 Harney St.	Farnam	1903
Hannah Larkin, 2626 Burdette St.	Long	1905
Minnie Lohrman, 2330 South Fifteenth St.	Castellar	1895
Hona Learning, 3715 North Eighteenth St.	Lothrop	1898
Glen Larson, 1203 Pacific St.	Pacific	1904
Linnea Lundgren, 3010 Webster St.	Webster	1897
Nathan Muskin, 123 North Twelfth St.	High	1896
Augusta Marsceck, 1446 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1902
William L. Mason, 921 South Thirty-eighth Ave.	Columbian	1900
Clayton W. Midlane, 1542 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1904
Louise Noctia, 402 South Fourth St.	Train	1905
Edith Okerblom, 4636 Izard St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Herbert O'Leary, 1012 North Sixteenth St.	Holy Family	1897
Clarence Ott, 4719 North Fortieth Ave.	Central Park	1900
Ethel L. Potter, 5909 Fort St.	Sherman	1905
Edna Rudd, 3117 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Clyde G. Rice, 3620 Grand Ave.	High	1895
John M. Steffen, 1015 Park Ave.	Park	1905
Ralph W. Stone, 2608 North Thirty-third St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Jay Sigafos, 4014 Nicholas St.	High	1895
Will Schmittroth, 3024 Meredith Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897
Nora May Shepherd, 3433 Sprague St.	Monmouth Park	1903
Bessie T. Sigler, 3908 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1896
Fred Tronder, 809 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1897
Charles Taylor, 2625 Decatur St.	Long	1905
Edman Tobin, 1036 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Anton Vanhouser, 2036 Elm St.	Castellar	1897
Mildred Wallen, 2415 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1899
Aily F. Willigong, 909 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1905

Lightning Rods Up
Several Prominent Gen- tlemen Invest in "Protection" Against Storm.
That April shower, which had all the characteristics of a June storm, reminds Ye Editor that the lightning rod business in our town has been very good of late. Among others who have rods up are: Berks, McDonald, Boland, Eummel, Burnester, Leagan, Saunders, Flynn, Tanner, Foster, Thummeil.
Each has expressed a preference as to the quality of lightning he would like to attract, but most of them are not so particular that they would question the quality, just so something hits them.
Antos.
It is a poor department of the city government that hasn't got an outfit of its own these days. Just a little while back these same departments were begging for car fare. We are making headway.
Worry.
The worry district at Sixteenth and Dodge streets shows about 300 pounds to the square inch, and that isn't far from the breaking point.
Regret.
Some of our citizens regret that Schellenberger didn't have the courage to use his veto pen as freely as does Governor Aldrich.
ODOROPLANES.
Some time ago Friend Q. Ree O.—A live open question, in writing to The Bumble Bee.
Mer- One remark that seemed to me A mighty good suggestion. In speaking of that vagrant smell The southern breeze doth oft propel.
I grieve to say it, upward, He said the pest might be compressed— To carry airships to the sky And thus perform a mission high.
Oh joy! Oh bliss! That scent to nise!
Would save me many a cuss word! If this prove not an idle dream, I'll put some money in the scheme.
Twixt take like wildfire in the town, And Q. Ree O. will gain re- now!
While I shall have to be con- sidered.
With making dollars from a scut!

History of Transportation

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Approaching our own country's history, the first evidence of transportation on the western hemisphere, in the sense of power and draft as distinguished from burden bearing, the most primitive of all methods of conveyance was undoubtedly the "travois," or trailing poles used with the ponies of the North American Indians. This came into the era of turnpikes, dating from the last years of the eighteenth century. The most noted and best remembered of the many turnpikes built about this time, was the one from Philadelphia to Lancaster, begun in 1792 and later merged into a highway, 340 miles long, extending from Trenton to Stuebenville, O. During this period the state of Pennsylvania alone aided in the construction of more than 100 of such improved toll-roads, aggregating in length more than 2,300 miles, and costing approximately \$10,000,000.

About the year 1805 the United States government began the construction of the "National Pike," since first as the Cumberland road. It passed through Wheeling, W. Va., and Columbus, O., and was extended some twenty or thirty years later to Vandalia, Ill.

The building of these turnpikes encour- aged the staging traffic for passengers and valuable packages. The time from New York to Philadelphia was reduced to six- teen hours and from New York to Boston to thirty hours, while an overland journey from Boston to Washington was made possible in four and one-half days.

About this time the "Conestoga wagons" came into important carrying use on the routes serving Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia, as well as on the improved roadways over the mountains to Pitts- burgh.

The construction and operation of the first public toll roads as a means of more rapid transportation, naturally attracted the attention of those interested, to the possibilities of artificial waterways.

The history of American canals opened when, on July 4, 1817, Governor De Witt Clinton of New York, broke ground for the construction of the Erie canal between Albany and Buffalo. This canal was to be 365 miles long, forty feet wide and of varying depth. To celebrate the comple- tion of this canal, in 1825, a keg filled with water from Lake Erie, was taken by canal from Buffalo to Albany, and thence down the Hudson river to New York. In the course of the ceremonies on this occasion Governor Clinton said: "This keg represents navigable communication between our Mediterranean seas (the great lakes) and the Atlantic ocean."

Where Things Hurt

The most favored place for smuggling on the American-Mexican border is in the region of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, irreverently known as C. P. Diaz. Here the railway enters Mexico and makes its way south- ward through the typical cattle country. Here the blithe cowboy sings of "Fun in Texas," where the devil began to put thorns in all the trees. And amidst up the sand with millions of fleas. And scattered tarantulas along the roads; Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the loads. He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers. And put an addition on the rabbit's ears; He put a little devil in the bronco steed, And poisoned the feet of the ortoped.

The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings, The mosquito delights you with buzzing wings; The sand-burrs prevail and so do the ants, And those who sit down need half-soles on their pants. The devil then said that throughout the land He'd manage to keep up the devil's own brand. And all would be mavericks unless they bore The marks of scratches and bites and thorns by the score.

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ad.



Sign of the Times.
Good year for crops? Why, man, there are more automobiles in Kansas than there are in New York.