

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

Tells Friend Wife All About the Camorra Trial.

"Can't make out whether that Camorra case is supposed to be a trial or a riot?" observed Friend Wife.

"It's a case of hysteria," replied the Tired Business Man. "If I was attending court, though, I'd kick for a change of bill every week. And they should have had a judge who in early life had been a train caller or umpire or old clo' man—some calling which developed the voice, hence the term 'calling.' The judge didn't boller loud enough, and as a result there were often only the prisoners, lawyers and witnesses yelling simultaneously.

"Picture that noise scene in the quaint old court house of Viterbo, Viterbo county, where the scales of justice were vocal scales. Envisioning this temple of oratory the stranger might imagine he was in a menagerie, only not so tame. The prisoners at the bars—also reaching through the bars—presented a beautiful and touching sight, only it wasn't safe to get within touching distance. With their maniacs waxed to jagged points, they whistled their teeth on the steel bars of their cage, growling in filthy, beastly tones.

"After feeding the prisoners raw meat on the ends of pitchforks, the keepers stirred up the cage-dwellers by pricking with long poles, so that they would howl impressively when the judge and jury entered. They were in excellent voice and yawned grandly at every performance. The judge was put in a cage. The jury was put in a cage. The complaining witness was put in a cage. The handsome gentleman of the press were put in their cage. The audience was put in a cage.

"Owing to the crowded condition of the big cage, the beautiful lady prisoner was given a position outside the bars, where she could faint unrestrained and with plenty of room for fits. While the prisoners amused themselves by awaiting the carabinieri with their chains and shooting paper wads at the jury, President Banana shouted himself hoarse trying to be heard above the tumult. Long after 6, President Banana in order to make a little joke, as it were, of course, he was laughed to scorn.

"Presently, when every one was hoarse and too worn out to yell any more for a few minutes, the jury prisoners settled themselves down to throwing large brass strings and lead balls at the beautiful lady, husband and informant. One of the prisoners, having knocked him cold with a bottle of smelling salts, the defendant to be tried for the day was elected by popular vote. For instance, there was Prof. Popul, who had terrified himself

with one gross of inflated, hamstitched handkerchiefs for weeping purposes.

"The prisoner, trying to make himself heard above the customary clamor, announced that he had led a regular, honest life—ever since he had been in jail, interrupted occasionally by his lawyer, who attempted to butt in. The prisoner recited that aside from having been a common gambler and barred off the race tracks for cheating, he considered himself one of the classic objects of vester even aged. As for killing Cookoolulu and the beautiful belle—oh! Whereupon he leans through the bars and weeps on the clerical prisoner, Prof. Popul faints. The lady prisoner faints. The informer faints. The jury faints. The carabinieri faint. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion.

"Everybody weeps. I suspect they were trying to weaken the foundations of the court house by weeping, swamping the building and escape. The prison bars are rusty with weeping. The carabinieri faint. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion. The judge faints. The court house is a scene of confusion.

"The audience jumps up and is forced violently back into his chair. The gentlemanly representatives of the press have a difference of opinion and pull each other's spade shaped beards. The jury engages in a free-for-all, the minority taking refuge in the top of the cage. During the excitement somebody throws a bag of peanuts into the prisoners' cage and the hubbub becomes so intense that President Banana adjourns court for the day. It being time for the mail.

"How would they try anybody under such conditions?" exclaimed Friend Wife.

"Well, at least they could try their voices," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Getting Off the Goat



## Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who Asks to Sit in Balcony

"I love to see the future from the balcony. Can you get the seats there?" she actually asked the girl, as if it were a matter of course. "I'll try to get you a pair of seats," she said, and she looked unconsciously enthusiastic and sincere. Her expression was exactly right in giving meaning to her words. I could not tell whether she was deeply artful or just naturally nice.

"It was not the only unkind word she said. She looked as if a pleasant bomb had been let off near her to show her love and agreement. And there was a queer look of wonder blended with her smile. He appeared a bit uncertain whether he should say 'no' or 'yes'.

"She really had a bright look, however, decided him for the moment. He had expected to pay for orchestra seats and a carriage to convey them to the expensive plush cushions. He had carefully considered the item of expense, and had decided to induce himself in an effort to please the girl. And now she asked him by reversing the process. A vision of many easy evenings rose before him, conjured by her apparent willingness to make herself a moderate instead of an exorbitant expense. And there was a hundred-dollar-and-a-cent aspect. She actually cared enough for

music and for him to enjoy both without the frigidities that he had come to believe meant more to girls than opera itself.

"And he breathed a long, long sigh of content, a climax to his satisfaction. He need not wear evening clothes. The girl was willing to go in a place and a costume that did not demand that its appearance be as good as new. It was a relief, a relief, a relief.

"Loretta, he never found a reason why men should have the clothes in which they look so well. Women would love a straight-jacket if it was so becoming. But I know positively that the most men hate evening clothes most.

"This balcony girl had struck a key that vibrated tunelessly in the man's very heart. She had made a bid for his favor that won instant response. He liked her common sense. She could peel off the frills and leave the essentials to be enjoyed. He injected the idea of modesty, into his consciousness, that she would like comfortable companionship with him better than shining in the parquet.

"She was a wise girl. And it was the kind of wisdom that suited the man. She showed the kind of judgment that could be trusted because they felt right rather than because they looked right. She would not be asking the man she married

## Old City in Arizona

Still another "oldest city in the world" has been discovered. When T. Hewitt Myring found vases in Peru in ruins which were said to be 7,000 years old it was imagined that the remains of early civilizations had been pushed as far into antiquity as they would ever go, according to the Chicago Tribune.

"But A. Lafave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in an Arizona tableland near Phoenix which he insists are at least 10,000 years old. The buildings are on a level, stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet the ruins were covered with ten feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer claims required ages to accumulate.

"The buildings of sandstone show great architectural skill and in the walls were found a box of cotton balls and a sealed jar of corn, both well preserved. The Arizona climate does not permit the growth of cotton in the present age, so Mr. Lafave assumes that sufficient time must have elapsed since the cotton which

he found was grown to have wrought a complete change in the character of the country. This period he also gauges as something like 10,000 years.

He is satisfied that the ruins are older than those of Nineveh or Babylon. He believes that the race which built this town was possessed of a high civilization from the abundance of artificially wrought pottery and that it subsequently was broken up by internal dissension and possibly degenerated into the cliff dwelling tribes.

"The Girl and the Prophet." "That South Sea islander is considerably like the prophets of old." "How is that?" "This hasn't much on her in her own country."—Lippincott's.

"Good Fortune for Two." The Debtor-Well, old man, I'm going to marry a rich widow next week. The Creditor—Indeed? Well—ah—congratulate me, old chap!—Toledo Blade.

Suppose you had lived for several years in a town where there was a man who afterwards became governor of the state.

And suppose that after he had been elected you found that you were on the friendliest of footing with the executive of the state.

And suppose that he had told you that he recalled with delight the pleasant intercourse of olden times, and that his door was always open to you, and to come in and put your feet on the desk and do as you pleased.

And suppose that you felt mightily tickled about all this, and that you could fix it at any time.

And suppose you had a bill in the legislature that you wanted to be made a law, and wanted it awful bad.

And suppose you got that bill passed after a long and hard struggle, and just as you were about to sign it, and you would sign it for your friend.

Wouldn't it jar you?

Change.

Thirty years ago today the Missouri river was showing the world what it could do when it set out. Just look at it now.

Bad.

Joe Thomas will get lots of sympathy from everybody. When a man gets so sticky he counts money. It's prissy.

POEM.

Charley Black, the hatter man, Never yet for office ran. But to show that he's no claim He'd sell stamps for Uncle Sam.

Charley's handsome brother Ben He'd sell socks and neckties then, Keep the business running This would make it out of sight.

Hatty Black for our postmaster He would make the mails go faster. All in favor holler "Yes" That will hold 'em now, I guess.

## Kansas Students Weak on Table Manners

The following comment touching the students of the Kansas State Agricultural college appear in a recent issue of the A. S. London Yorker:

"While the New Yorker is grappling with the chewing gum mania, out in the middle west, at the Kansas State Agricultural college, 30 young men have petitioned the faculty for the appointment of a professor in table manners. These students do not want to know what to eat. Evidently with them it is not so much a question of chewing on the least refined breakfast of mawing than the mere dust and most graceful way of eating them tender. While saving your 'titles' should your elbows

go up like raised wings, or should they tap well over the fifth rib like the flappers of a well skewered goose? The whole question bristles with difficulties, seeing that this is an age in which manners are becoming more and more cosmopolitan, like morals, and one of these days some bewildering faddist will declare the correct mode of eating peas is not with a western carving knife, half as big as a swallowing sword, but with Chinese chop sticks, and that the proper way to drink champagne is with a soup ladle.

"The consciousness of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom. These Kansas students are certain to win. Henry Ward Beecher once said: 'Clothes and manners don't make the man, but when he is made they improve his appearance.' Now most of the students at Yale and Harvard seem to think that clothes make the man, and very little thought is even given to manners; and the smart young snobs of the eastern colleges will howl in derision at the hundred braves who want to know how to hold a fork, wriggle with soup and sample dessert in the very best and most civilized fashion. Nevertheless, I bet on the noble hundred of the Kansas State Agricultural college, for if it comes to fighting with fists or pitchforks, twenty-five Kansas men would clean out fifty from Harvard or Yale; while if it came to a question of patience, perseverance, originality and native strength of character, I should still put my money on Kansas.

Go In Right.

"But, my dear, if I buy you this gown, it will put me \$50 in debt."

"Only \$50. If you are going in debt, why not go in like a gentleman and make it \$100?"—Pittsburgh Courier.

The Right Time.

"And what shall I take the sleeping draught doctor who want to know how to hold a fork, wriggle with soup and sample dessert in the very best and most civilized fashion. Nevertheless, I bet on the noble hundred of the Kansas State Agricultural college, for if it comes to fighting with fists or pitchforks, twenty-five Kansas men would clean out fifty from Harvard or Yale; while if it came to a question of patience, perseverance, originality and native strength of character, I should still put my money on Kansas.

Put down crosswise wood block on sixteenth street is going to help the thoroughfare a lot, but it will not detract from the popularity of Farm street as a speedway for autos.

Judge.

At that, Tom Deakins would make a better police judge than a lot of the fellows who are chasing after the job.

Surprise.

Wonder if Charley Loback was surprised when he heard that Fred Cosgrove was doing so the office, indeed.

## THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I OMAHA, APRIL 14, 1911. NO. 232.

**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.

**Fans.**

If he seems restless and his mind doesn't attach itself peacefully to the business in hand; if he has fits of abstraction, and his attention seems fixed on something far away, don't worry. He isn't ill, nor losing his mental balance, nor anything like that. He is just thinking of next Friday, and is living in anticipation of the great joy that is to be his that day.

It will be the opening day of the greatest base ball season in all history, and the loyal fan has it marked down with red on a day of which he will not be found at his desk or any other accustomed place.

For a great grand stand, with comfortable seats and a wonderful view of green sward and blue sky awaits him, and its call will not be stillied. The joy of the throng and the glory of the base ball and the wonder of the safe stand or the lightning throw are before him, and he will be satisfied with nothing less.

**Watch.**

It's nearly time for the Water board to make another announcement. The next one will be to invite the citizens to vote \$2,500,000 bonds to buy a plant that was to have cost us only \$2,000,000 going up.

**Merry.**

The farmer is the blithe boy these days; he sees ahead of him a bumper crop of corn and hogs and other things that make the vaults of the bank bulge when he goes to make his deposits.

**Pavement.**

Putting down crosswise wood block on sixteenth street is going to help the thoroughfare a lot, but it will not detract from the popularity of Farm street as a speedway for autos.

**Weather.**

Dare the weather man to turn on the rain spout today week.

**Big!**

Of all the words That give us pain, The worst we know, Is "no game" again.

**Resting.**

Bill Bluestern, our pet little old helper, was in our midst on Thursday. He says he expects to rest until Monday, and then he will take up the work of chasing John D. with renewed vigor and zest. Bill says crops look bully.

**Reception.**

One week from today Pa Bourke will keep open house at his new headquarters, Bourke park, and hopes to see all his old friends and many new ones. Seats will be provided for 10,000, and all will be taken.

**FOR WHY IS THE WAR?**

Senior Colorado Maduro Says His Family Will Not Pay Taxes.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

ARROYO MONDO, Zacatecas, Mexico, April 12.—(Special.)—Forque el guerra? "I've been trying to answer the answer, but can't. Put in two hours yesterday trying to get an idea of the situation. Mr. Lafave, who is boss of this whole section of country. As near as I can make out, Senior Maduro, for whom the cigars were named, objects to the idea of paying taxes. He only owns, with his family, something like 10,000 acres of land, with a few thousand silver mines, and he can't understand why the government should want him to help pay its expenses. Aren't there enough people in Mexico who don't own any land, who have no family tree, whose contributions to the government needs? Saperli! Agala, cara! It is not the thought of a Maduro never pays anything, and the Diaz man must be losing his mind to think of such a thing as collecting taxes from one of the family, who were grandees when Diaz was but a Lieutenant in the army of Benito Juarez.

"An occasional outbreak up-town is the only evidence on the surface of the fire that smolders beneath. A lot of good folks would like to express their feelings, but it seems they just can't. The Holy City intends to remain holy, but not so awfully holy that an ordinary wayfarer stranger from some less favored place can not breathe without difficulty. It is even possible to get a drink without joining a secret society.

"I'm going to jump out of here tonight. I've earned my crown by having here five months, and as soon as I can get my thought arranged so that I can be on company for ordinary folks, I'll show up somewhere else.

**Resting.**

Bill Bluestern, our pet little old helper, was in our midst on Thursday. He says he expects to rest until Monday, and then he will take up the work of chasing John D. with renewed vigor and zest. Bill says crops look bully.

**Change.**

Thirty years ago today the Missouri river was showing the world what it could do when it set out. Just look at it now.

**Bad.**

Joe Thomas will get lots of sympathy from everybody. When a man gets so sticky he counts money. It's prissy.

**POEM.**

Charley Black, the hatter man, Never yet for office ran. But to show that he's no claim He'd sell stamps for Uncle Sam.

Charley's handsome brother Ben He'd sell socks and neckties then, Keep the business running This would make it out of sight.

Hatty Black for our postmaster He would make the mails go faster. All in favor holler "Yes" That will hold 'em now, I guess.

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate

FRIDAY, April 14, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Edan Ackerman, 2014 South Second St.	Train	1901
Pauline Adler, 3229 Harney St.	Columbian	1894
David Blalac, 1317 Pacific St.	Pacific	1904
George Bernstein, 1410 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1904
Emma E. Babbitt, 4152 Davenport St.	High	1894
Mary Berney, 3526 North Seventeenth St.	Lothrop	1901
Janette Bell, 1822 Spring St.	Vinton	1894
Oscar E. Brackbill, 1054 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1901
Margaret Bruner, 315 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1899
Catherine E. Blind, 1108 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1899
Leonard Clapper, 3721 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1905
Donald L. Coffey, 3816 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1899
Chester Clement, 1017 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1903
Violet Eyan, 2421 Cuming St.	Kellom	1904
Frederick Edgeller, 2625 Franklin St.	Long	1903
Ruth Emery, 2141 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1901
Everett L. Elkins, 1625 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1899
Marie Gross, 3326 Seward St.	Franklin	1902
George Greenblatt, 1920 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1904
Irma Lou Gregg, 2220 Chicago St.	Central	1906
Bernard E. Howell, 1522 Canton St.	Edward Rosewater	1901
Daisy Hetchner, 4626 Blondo St.	Walnut Hill	1901
Dorothy Humphreys, 2443 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1902
Alvin Johnson, 3848 Parker St.	Franklin	1894
Ferdinand Kunes, 1704 South Eighteenth St.	Comenius	1897
Sung T. Ko, 124 South Thirty-ninth St.	Saunders	1896
Margaret McNico, 3608 Charles St.	Long	1902
Cecelia I. McClelland, 908 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1901
Paul D. McIntosh, 2028 Pierce St.	Mason	1900
Helen McDonald, 2222 Grace St.	Lake	1903
Harry V. Morgan, 1613 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1899
Doris McMichael, 3822 North Fortieth Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Harold H. Moulton, 2850 Binney St.	Hovarth Kennedy	1904
Ralph O. Norgard, 3724 South Sixteenth St.	Edward Rosewater	1903
Emily J. Phelps, 3407 Decatur St.	Franklin	1909
Edward Perkins, 3065 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Vinton	1898
Simon Richardson, 843 South Twenty-second St.	High	1894
Mary Romana, 2210 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1904
Edward Radman, 2516 Blondo St.	Long	1899
Ruth Russell, 1613 Corby St.	Lake	1896
Helen Rogers, 3718 Dewey Ave.	Columbian	1901
Leroy Ryan, 2789 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1902
Irene Roberts, 2618 Decatur St.	Long	1901
Marguerite Rosenberg, 708 North Thirtieth St.	High	1895
Lydia Read, 3212 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1903
Gretheen C. Swoboda, 5807 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1896
Willie Spangenberg, 2435 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1903
Elizabeth Sinclair, 408 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1901
Mildred Sorenson, 1508 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1897
Ludvig Schnoor, 2405 Cuming St.	Kellom	1899
Earna Stidham, 2024 Miami St.	High	1893
Rosina Sacco, 1019 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1898
Edward Simonson, 1105 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1896
Lucile Wolcott, 906 South Thirty-fifth Ave.	High	1895
Helen H. Weeden, 3214 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lothrop	1896

## History of Transportation

(Copyright, 1911, by Union Pacific Ry. Co.)

(Compiled by Charles J. Lane and D. C. Buel for the Union Pacific School of Railroading for Employees.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"When the line was extended and completed from Libava to Scranton, and to Great Bend, I was sent to help establish the company's coal trade in Birmingham. In 1857 I was appointed agent at Pugsley's station and in 1859 the Caroline depot was built, and I remained in that depot thirty years as agent."

No apology is offered for the space yielded in presenting the remarkable record of this veteran railway servant. Mr. Alvin Merrill of Tompkins county, New York. He was born in 1826, and entered the service of this confessedly pioneer American railroad when a mere boy. He continued in its employ a lifetime; he recently retired, an octogenarian. It is safe to say that there is no other such character living, who has served transportation interests in so varied and practical a way, without interruption, for such a length of time (three-quarters of a century); and no other man, therefore, who can span so great a period of actual experience in the evolution of American transportation. He has seen every phase of it so far.

Prompted by the pleadings of his friends, he leaves this modest record under the fast falling shadows of his setting sun. It will certainly be more impressive to the student than any second-hand assertions of present-day writers.

"The use of steam under pressure, suggested by many early inventors and scientists a possible source of power. The first conception of what might be called an application of this power is generally assumed to have been the Aesophs of Hero of Alexandria. However, as history is somewhat vague on this point, perhaps it would be well to accord the distinction to Sir Isaac Newton, who in 1680 proposed to generate steam in a ball or sphere, mount the sphere on a vehicle, and propel the latter by means of the reactive effect of a jet of steam issuing from a nozzle at the rear of the vehicle.

The first actual propulsion by steam on land in the world was achieved in 1769, when Cuznot, a French soldier, built a steam carriage for moving artillery. On trial this machine was found unsatisfactory and impractical, although it ran, and developed a speed of two and one-half miles an hour.

Richard Trevithick, in 1804, built a locomotive which was tried on the Merthyr-Tydfil tram road in Wales, and which successively hauled five loaded cars. This was the first steam locomotive used for transportation on rails in the world.

From this time, until the actual, practical, commercial application of steam as a motive power, scores of engines and vehicles propelled by engines, were invented and experimented with, both in Europe and America. This continued development of the steam carriage, was in response to the demand for a better tractive power than horses; and, as the construction in advance of the practical development of the steam carriage, the early types of locomotives were numerous in response to this demand.

Among the early types of locomotives several are worthy of note: Trevithick's, in 1804, built a second locomotive; Matthew Murray in 1811, built for John Rankinson a locomotive which worked by a tooth wheel on a rack rail; William Hedley, after a series of experiments to determine the sufficiency for railroad operation of the adhesive between smooth cast iron wheels and smooth cast iron wheels and smooth cast iron wheels, built his first engine, the

"You want more money. Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment, and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Protections.**

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Pittsburgh Post.

**No Justification.**

"What do you think of the idea of an extra session of congress?"

"Well," replied Farmer Cortnessel, "some extra sessions is like some extra newspapers. They ain't enough in 'em to justify the botherin'."—Washington Star.

**Joe Was Right.**

"Pa," said little Joe, "I bet I can do something you can't."

"Well, what is it?" demanded his pa.

"Grow," replied the youngster triumphantly.—Lippincott's.

**Good Time to Forget.**

"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"

"Sometimes," replied Farmer Cortnessel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—Washington Star.

**EASIEST WAY.**

"What shall I do about the Goodland's bridge whist party? I just can't go."

"Send her a check—it will come back the same thing."