

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Astronomical Happenings in May

During the month of May, at its beginning, middle and end, the times of sunrise and sunset and the lengths of the days are as follows:

Date	Sunrise	Sunset	Length of Day
May 1	5:58	7:17	13 hours 53 minutes
May 15	6:08	7:30	13 hours 22 minutes
May 31	6:15	7:48	14 hours 33 minutes

The moon will be in its first quarter on the 5th, full on the 12th, in last quarter on the 19th and new on the 25th. Mercury becomes morning star on the 5th, and although its maximum elongation west of the sun will be 24 degrees on the 10th, it will be difficult to see in the morning twilight.

Venus is continually increasing in brilliancy and in its distance from the sun in the westerly sky after sunset.

Jupiter is becoming more prominent in the southeast after sunset. It is on the meridian at 11 p. m. on the 19th.

Saturn is 190 near the sun to be seen. WILLIAM F. RIGGE, Creighton University Observatory, Omaha, Neb.



WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat.



lamps, pictures, phonographs and other inedible stuff. "There is nothing left to pass the evening pleasantly with but to continue the work of dismantling until so late after midnight that the neighbors below pound on the steampipes. The unhappy pair finally fall on the bundled-up mattresses, close their eyes and the alarm clock goes off—for it is the first of May. "Why do they rise early? Because they have had the solemn assurance of the van man that they can have an early start. Experience has taught that an early start alone will make it a one-day job. So they eat feverishly at dawn and spend the morning quarreling with each other. Just about lunch time, and after frequent telephone calls for help, the van appears and leisurely ties up in front. Then the humbles come in and delicately inquire if the family can loan them a wash boiler to get the beds in. "Let us draw the curtain over the scenes of destruction which follow. Valuable paintings and pretty lamp shades invariably fall on May 1. Pianos never pass through doors or windows without a few preliminary jams at the jamb. It's a glad story, lads. "May festivals used to be the thing on May day," remarked the Chair Warmer, "but now moving seems to lead." "At least it's in the van," added the Hotel Lobbyist. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

Well, we never have to move on moving day, anyway," said the Chair Warmer, cheerfully, as he settled upon a leather upholstered settee.

"You must be Mr. Sterling, the silver-tongued man," scoffed the Hotel Lobbyist. "Man, man! You have sat around hotel lobbies so long you have forgotten the keen delights of moving day. Every little moving has its manias all its own, and the same goes on and over again, tripping over the hills on rickety boxes, has absolutely nothing on the tenant as he trips over a box of kitchen utensils in the darkest hour preceding the dawn."

"What are you fattening yourself about, anyway? Do you know anything of the joys of moving? How about it when you have had the consideration of giving your landlord a month's notice? Does he show his appreciation? Certainly. He hangs up a neat little sign about a yard wide informing all that the place is for rent, and your privacy is invaded night and day by house hunters, who rove in and out ostensibly to look over the place, but really to make haughty remarks about the furnishings, the pictures, and occupant and their poor taste in wallpaper."

"Those Sunday morning snoozes are gone for a month, for bright and early each Sabbath the house hunter arrives in regiments, troops, squads and skirmish lines, catching the unhappy head of the house diving out of his pyjamas into his Sunday clothes or trying to hurdie into the bathtub."

"If they don't break through in your body, with a megaphone brain lecturing on the points of interest and quaint inhabitants like a seeing-New-York-gutterpercha vehicle it wouldn't be so bad. But they spring through the whole day of rest and both at meal times during the week. The only appropriate retaliation the sufferer can get is to go and inflict himself on some other unfortunate in a similar hunt."

"Finally, the night before the battle arrives. Father stands off his business for a day and prepares to do the first work in years. He comes home to a chilly and dismantled shell of what he called his habit. His wife is cross from a day's work at tearing down and packing. His children are asleep on piles of rugs, the beds having been dissected. He eats a cold meal off the edge of the kitchen tub, the dining table, being loaded with curtains,

Are Women Worth the Worry

Have you heard that young Abbott and Miss Stoker are engaged?" asked the Feminine Oracle. "Yes," answered the Student of Femininity. "And then he asked slowly and thoughtfully: "Poor devil!" "Why do you say that?" inquired the Feminine Oracle resentfully. "She's one of the nicest girls I know." "Certainly," assented the Student of Femininity. "I'm just as sorry for her as I am for him." "One would think from the way you speak that your own marriage is a failure," the Oracle rejoined reproachfully. "Do you talk to other people like that?" "Then without waiting for a reply she added: "One would think you were a woman hater!" "So I am sometimes," the Student rejoined. "There are lucid moments in the life of the most confirmed scoundrel when the smell of whiskey is loathsome to him. There are hours when the devotee of dope turns from his soothing poison. There is a time when the most inveterate admirer of your sex asks himself the question: "Are women worth the worry? It is a bad quarter of an hour which no married man can hope to escape." "You're just talking now!" returned the Oracle with her most superior manner. "You know very well that if every married couple told the truth they would admit that no day in their lives is without its bad quarter of an hour. In fact they're lucky if it isn't three-quarters of a day."

Nubs of Knowledge

The hide of the hippopotamus is in places four to five inches thick. Reports of the proceedings in the House of Commons were not permitted until 1847. For short distances the salmon is stated to be the swiftest fish.

House for Kwang Hsu

The late "Son of Heaven," the lamented Chinese Emperor, Kwang Hsu, having followed his ancestors into eternal desuetude, must necessarily occupy one of those magnificent mansions of cunningly carved and almost indestructible precious woods, whose size as well as quality must be extraordinary and almost unapproachable. The forests of Asia have been carefully searched and after much competition the contract to supply this material has been awarded to a Manila lumber company, whose first shipment of 50,000 feet will inaugurate the work of adding another splendid mausoleum of the tombs of the Ming Dynasty near Peking. Some of the giant hardwood trees for pillars have already been felled in Mindanao, and are sixty feet high by four feet in diameter, weighing over seventeen tons each.—National Magazine.

Where the Pins Go

For some centuries, the scientists and curious questioners of mankind have bled themselves with vain guesses and vain speculations as to "What becomes of the pins?" says the National Magazine. Everybody knows in a general way that a very few realize fully that many hundreds of thousands of tons of copper, tin, steel and other metals are made into pins every year, only to go into use for a brief period and then, like the fated hunter of the "Boojum," quietly vanish away. An English gentleman, who wanted to know, you know, has quietly experimented with pins of various kinds and has announced that a very brief time elapses, not over one hundred and fifty-four days, before the indispensable hairpin is resolved into dust and blown away by the wind. Bright pins last nearly eighteen months, polished steel needles, two years and a half, brass pins are very short lived, and steel-pens even when not exposed to acids in ink are nearly eaten away in a year.

A Puzzle.

Why is it, you suppose, that a farmer who wants to use the garden hose Only in his best of clothes?

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the "Good Fellow" Girl



You are not a good fellow. You cannot be a good fellow. You are reaching for the impossible. You and the baby who hurls his little back bone stretching for the moon are alike. Not just alike, either. For the stretching strengthens the small spinal column, which has a way hard to keep it from breaking. You have not that hand, in your social gymnastics, to keep you from hurting yourself. Unless you let me play the part. And I warn you I shall presume upon the privilege and spank. For it is so stupid, so futile, so undignified, so getting-in-her-own-way-and-stumbling-over-herself for a girl to try to be a good fellow. I think of an old riddle that asked: "When is a sailor not a sailor?" and the answer was, "When he's aboard." Inspired by it, I made a riddle of my own: "When is a girl not a girl?" And I make the answer, too: "When she is trying to be a good fellow." In the depths of your heart, you do not want to be a good fellow. What you are after is to enjoy the privilege of good fellowship and not the disadvantages. But you cannot do it. Always you get sour with the sweet. And the particular acid that comes from your effort at this kind of fellowship is the contempt of the men you are endeavoring to please. It's rather cruel to be misjudged by the very ones with whom you are trying to be jolly and informal. But it always happens. You see, your idea of good fellowship is too ladylike to be the same that a man entertains. If he were ready to treat you as he would another fellow—well, even clever men cannot do the impossible. And certainly a clever man would be the last to attempt it, for clever men have the wisdom to guard their illusions, even if a stupid and imaginative girl gives them a chance to spoil them. Gilbert Chesterton says, in one of his books, that a lady asked him if he believed in comradeship between the sexes. He says he was driven back on offering the obvious and sincere reply that he did not. "Because if I were to treat you for two minutes like a comrade you would turn me out of the house." I am not so sure that he knew all about

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

MONDAY, May 1, 1911.

Name and Address	School	Year
May Anderson, 3118 Leavenworth St.	Farnam	1903
Hayman Broude, 1833 North Twenty-third St.	Long	1904
Amy Berquist, 1318 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Park	1897
Arthol B. Brophy, 2803 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1898
Millard Baughman, 2361 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1897
Adolph Benson, 2578 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1898
Edgar Beebe, 4910 California St.	High	1896
Charles W. Barry, 2710 Shirley St.	Dupont	1903
Harry H. Bailey, 540 South Twenty-fourth St.	Central	1897
Frank Bosance, 1307 William St.	Comenius	1900
Rachel Cameo, 2210 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1894
Gwendolyn Cheek, 2060 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1905
Edith Clifton, 1306 South Sixth St.	High	1895
Elias Domet, 1424 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1903
Agnes M. Doran, 1556 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1896
Allen Dowling, 3915 Binney St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Lola May Eschler, 4315 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1901
Charles Ellis, 1810 Grace St.	Lake	1900
R. I. Furay, Fifty-ninth and Center Sts.	Beals	1908
Maud Frankland, 4731 North Forty-first St.	Central Park	1895
Edith M. Grosjean, 3816 Brown St.	High	1889
Antonio Gilotte, 2020 Pierce St.	Mason	1905
Frank Granor, 1918 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Minnie Greenberg, 1454 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Katie Graff, 917 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1897
Raymond Hahn, 2322 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1904
Lima Hinkhouse, 3334 South Nineteenth St.	High	1893
Wildner Hill, 3522 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Mildred M. Jack, 2022 Howard St.	Central	1904
Hazel Jenkins, 4825 Cass St.	High	1891
Frank Kriss, 620 Hickory St.	High	1894
Vivian G. Kaspar, 1421 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1903
Arthur Lindell, 704 North Thirty-third St.	High	1892
Izzie Levine, 2629 Patrick Ave.	Long	1901
Charles La Hood, 2739 Elm St.	Bancroft	1901
James L. McDonald, 1224 South Fifty-third St.	Beals	1900
George Miller, 3508 X St., South Omaha	St. Joseph	1900
Clarence Murray, 901 South Fifty-second St.	Beals	1905
Emery F. Morse, 4216 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Foy Parter, 1512 South Twenty-ninth St.	High	1894
Hulda Peterson, 3415 Dewey Ave.	High	1893
Ethel Pilgrim, 4021 North Twenty-sixth Ave.	Lothrop	1900
Laura Rube, 4523 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Warren Richmond, 2767 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1902
Pearl Russell, 2207 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1903
Tony Satorio, 1322 South Third St.	Train	1896
Anton Skellenger, 514 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1897
Sam Spector, 2007 Paul St.	Cass	1889
Herbert Schroeder, 1114 South Twenty-seventh St.	German Lutheran	1893
Leona H. Shannon, 1429 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1899
L. Dewey Webber, 2909 Mason St.	Park	1898

Serious History in Comic Vein

Well, who'd have thought old Quaker-on-the-Delaware had that many up her sleeve?" exclaimed Show-Me Smith. "What's the matter with Philadelphia, Show-Me?" was asked. "Why, here's a paper says in one column that they're going to cut down the number of saloons in Philly by five or six hundred and in another column that the whole town's going to be lit up. "It'll be an awful drain on the places that's left. "Why, it'll be almost a national calamity to yank five hundred saloons out of Philadelphia that way when she needs all the excitement she can get. That's why they're going to light her all up, I suppose, so they won't miss 'em. "Looks to me like it's casting reflections on Quaker William Penn, and he was the first man in Pennsylvania to buy too. Stood treat to the Indians like a real sport. "There's another little matter history is twisted on—Billy Penn's case. They've always put Quaker Bill down in the books as a real estate dealer with an A. No. 1 rating, but he wa'n't nothing of the kind. William was the first base ball magnate in this country, because he was the first umpire the Indian Athletics of the time found that they didn't kill after the ninth inning for robbing 'em of the game. "Bill Penn's decisions were always on

the level and usually in favor of Philadelphia, so there never was a kick coming to him. "Just to show his good feeling in the matter when the first season was over Bill bought the team and went into the magnate business, payin' part cash down and the rest in Philadelphia scrippie for his share of the stock. Bill's first season as a manager was a big hit, for they put the state of Pennsylvania up for a pennant and Bill's team won hands down. "The next season they played for Delaware and Maryland and they'd have won this time, too, only Big Chief Three-Strikes forgot to touch home plate and it cost 'em the championship that year. Bill had the Quaker meeting with the Big Chief after the game, and that saw it said they judged the spirit was moving old Three-Strikes ten feet at a time. Bill introduced a good many reforms in base ball. He was the first umpire to appear on the diamond in a frock coat and get away with it. He stayed in the magnate business for many seasons, until he got his present job as night and day watchman in Market street. "But what gets me is why Philadelphia wants to drop five or six hundred of her guided saloons. I should think she'd be afraid of lowering her batting average." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Long-Lived Family

A Philadelphia paper gives a remarkable instance of family immunity from death. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bierman of Shenandoah, will shortly celebrate their golden wedding. Eleven children, seven boys and four girls, were born to them, all of whom are living. Indeed there has not been a death in the immediate family in forty-eight years. "There are now thirteen grandchildren. Mr. Bierman is 72 years old and his wife is 63. Longevity seems to be common in the family, for an older brother of Mr. Bierman, a veteran of the Civil war, who resides with him, is hale and hearty in his 80s. A sister of Mrs. Bierman recently celebrated her golden wedding.

"Have you any serious trouble with your new automobile?" "Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—Cleveland Leader.

Nubs of Knowledge

Mails were first sent by rail in 1835. The Star Chamber was abolished in 1641. "Cash" originally meant a case of money. The first bicycle with pedals was made about 1865. A penny weighs one-third of an ounce avoirdupois. Three tons courts have been laid out in Pittsburg on land valued at \$1,000,000. July derives its name from Julius Caesar, who was born in that month. A Belgian pigeon trainer has been experimenting with swallow in the place of homing pigeons, and says they have the advantage of great speed.

DID YOU KNOW



"When I got home I found my wife had gone to her mother's." "What did you do?" "Hurried over, there and had a good meal, too."

LET'S ALL HOPE



"Jack called me a bird." "Not an old hen, I hope."

DRAWN BATTLE



"I've wrestled for ovals an hour with no scarf this morning." "Which won the victory?" "Neither. Match resulted in a tie. Howl!"

MAGIC



"Ah, speaking of electricity that makes me think—" "Really, Mr. Sapleigh? Isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?"