

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Guess crooks will be careful not to leave their finger prints lying loose around the scene of the crime since the New York detectives made that burglar confess," observed the Chair Warmer.

"The sleuths had what you might call a finger 'tip,'" said the Hotel Lobbyist as he lighted a lean, yellow cigar with freckles on it. "Believe me, when crooks learn that they have whorls, loops and dufflers on their fingers that cannot be duplicated they will all get dizzy looping-the-loops."

"It makes me smile to see the same police convicting men on the evidence of the finger prints and then sending out the patrol to arrest a load of palmists. Why aren't they consistent? It makes great reading, though, to hear how the keen-eyed sleuth could pick out the first edition prints of the right man's fingers in four minutes. 'I will behave every secondary worker, burglar and safe breaker to use sand soap plentifully before tearing off a job. I am informed that the safe blow uses soap, but not on his hands. However, it is more than likely that future burglars will not use the old-fashioned mask on their faces, but will disguise their finger tips."

"Of course, this will bar from business the 'Comic Valentines' who open safes by the delicate sense of touch in their finger tips, but a good journeyman murderer can probably wield a crowbar over the head of his victim or jimmy open a house without pausing to carefully scatter a set of identification finger prints around the room. Although I have never been murdered, I understand that some rough assassins handled their victims without gloves, so there is hope for the finger print sleuth."

"This all brings me to the plot of a great melodrama I am going to write around this. You know how the old school mello went the kind where innocence always got it in the collar button until one minute before the drop of the final curtain. Of course such antiques had to go, because even if we stood for it we didn't have a Jew left for the villain, and—
"You recollect that the first act in—"



"SLEUTH."

variably showed a library with a safe in the background and a dear white haired man doddering around with no other purpose than to be murdered so that he could put on red whiskers in the second act and double as a policeman. The villain with the piercing black mustache always killed the dear old soul and then carefully scattered around the rifled safe the hero's initialed handkerchief or his calling card. Or maybe he borrowed the hero's pocket knife on pretext of paring his nails and stabbed the leading old man. After which the play went on, the hero being arrested, of course, for being so imbecile as to leave his initials lying around loose. After three acts of agony it was all cleared up.

"Old stuff, eh? Well, I'm going to have a villain who will get the simple-minded hero to lend him his finger prints which the scoundrel will place on the white shirt front of the aged victim. Business of sleuth convicting hero by the finger print ruse. Great, eh?"

"But how will you solve it?" asked the Chair Warmer.

"It will cost you \$1 a seat to learn that," said the Hotel Lobbyist.

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Cabby's Cribulations



JOY UNBOUNDED! LOOK AT THE ROYAL ENTERTAINER WHO HAS BEEN SENT TO DELIVER ME FROM AN ATTACK OF ENNUI.

SLAUGHTERED TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY, ARE WORDS FITTED TO THIS OCCASION, OLD CRUSTY.

I COULD TAP YOU ALL DAY, LIKE THIS, AND NEVER GET PINCHED FOR IT.

TRA LA, TRA LA! IT MUST BE AWFUL TO BE SO HELPLESS. WHAT DO YOU USE THOSE ICE TONGS FOR, ANYHOW?

O, YOU PETITE BIRDIE!

HELUP! HE'S LOCKED ON TO ME AND LOST THE KEY!

Secrecy in Wire Messages

In the presence of prominent representatives of the army and navy, distinguished scientists and the country's foremost inventors, a demonstration was given in New York recently of an invention designed to prevent foreign spies from tapping government wires and learning the secrets of the war, navy and state departments, either in times of strife or peace.

The demonstration, which possessed an added interest because of the frequent reiteration of future trouble with Japan and the uncertain conditions prevailing along the Mexican border, was held under the joint auspices of the New York World and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The two wires were controlled and operated from an ordinary single Morse key, and the message was received over a single receiver at the end of its journey in the same way as a regular communication. Each alternate dot or dash traveled over one wire and the other dots and dashes over the other.

The invention is the work of Patrick H. Delany, inventor of the telepost automatic telegraph system and multiplex, the anti-pulse relay and other improvements to the telegraph and cable. It breaks up the dots and dashes forming a series of meaningless characters and requires the use of two circuits, traversing widely separated territory. One went to St. Louis by way of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis and Terre Haute, and the other by way of Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo and Chicago.

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The mechanical device that accomplishes this is very simple, requires no special skill to operate and can be used in any combination of two circuits of which the telegraph is susceptible. It makes the coding of confidential government messages unnecessary, thus saving hours of valuable time in periods of urgency when minutes are vital to the success of a movement, and will defy the ingenuity of a foe to extract from the wires anything

that can be made of service or profit to it. Delany presided at the demonstration in the World office on this end, where it was witnessed by Thomas A. Edison, Hudson Maxim, General A. L. Buffington, U. S. A., Major J. B. Hecker, U. S. A., chief signal service officer of the department of the east, stationed in New York; officials from the Brooklyn navy yard and signal officers of the Atlantic fleet, Admiral Seta Shroeder, commanding, now in port.

The Post-Dispatch office in St. Louis were army officers from the Jefferson barracks and a number of prominent laymen.

Nubs of Knowledge

It is unlucky to measure a baby, as it will not grow.

Bretons throw pins or small pieces of money into wells for luck.

To sneeze on Monday hastens anger; to sneeze on Friday gives a gift.

To sweep dust over the feet of a girl will prevent her from getting a husband.

Sitting cross legged or with fingers closed is accounted a sign of bad luck.

Gambler's think that a change of seat or a new deal of the cards will bring luck.

In the Isle of Man the superstitious believe that the wren is a transformed fairy.

Five hundred and thirty-five thousand men work in British coal mines.

Bohemian peasants hold it to be unlucky to walk under a rainbow, because the rain that descends through the bow brights all it falls upon.

Crying children are lucky; they will have fine eyes and broad shoulders.

If you sing before you eat in the morning you will sleep before you sleep.

Babies' finger nails should not be cut before they are a year old, or they will turn out thieves.

In certain sections of rural England it is supposed to be unlucky to look at the new moon for the first time through a window.

Witches like the shapes of magpies least in Russia. Rustics there often gibbet a dead magpie to scare away witches from stables and cowsheds.

A new moon seen over the right shoulder is lucky; over the left shoulder unlucky, and straight before you means good luck to the end of the season.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who Studies to Beat Men



I am not laurel-smatching. I want you to have the poor pay of your wretch for all you have done. But I do complain of you. I bitterly resent the slur you cast on my sex.

Stunt! Yes, I mean just that! I know you think by making grades that are higher than the ones made by men you are showing the superiority of girls to men. But you are not. You are just showing your ability to do some of the things we do as well or better than they.

Just now a lot of mistaken girls are gloating over the Cornell triumph. They are shouting forth the glad news that thirteen of the twenty-five eligible for Phi Beta Kappa are girls. If there ever was an unlucky thirteen, that certainly is it!

It is another bit of fertilizer for the root of that malignant growth of sex antagonism. It is a regular scholarly nightshade. Why do we crow over doing things that men do better than we? In our crowing enthusiasm we are losing sight of the fact that we are accepting a masculine education as if it were of all things desirable instead of forcing the colleges to get practically busy in adapting their teaching for feminine needs.

You "grind," you are deferring the day of our real education. You are making a martyr of yourself to furnish data for the conversational ladies who want to make speeches on "woman's achievement."

And you are not doing what you think you are—beating the men. You are just showing that by devoting all of your en-

ergy—frequently sacrificing your health—to study you are getting higher grades than men who are playing foot ball, tennis and taking an active interest in fraternity or society, debating and others, as well as dances and week ends, and still keeping up grades that let them stay in college. You are not proving that you can beat men who are giving their whole energy to the same thing that absorbs you—grade making. The men who are too poor to go into the broad life of the well-to-do collegian are almost invariably obliged to give a part of their time to self-support. So why get puffed up about those high grades?

And you have given the intellectual woman a kind of black eye that is not attractive. You have so squeezed and wrinkled yourself to be come a "grind" that your narrow interests and apparently unsympathetic nature have come to be blamed on all women of brain.

I do not believe in foot ball, because I cannot bear to see a fine young male incapacitated for future usefulness by a kick in the wrong place. But I think the senseless competition of grade getting has the crusty and uselessness of foot ball beaten a hundred times. Wakes up, you man beating girl. Take what the college gives you; that suits your need—as a woman. And fling the rest back in the faces of the faculties till they are forced to afford you an education which is adapted to your needs. Make them let you learn to live with people, not with books. Don't let this man beating excellence de-

ceive you to the fact that it is a first-class pulp maker, grinding your distinctive self, your woman self, to death.

Wasn't Good Soap

A New Jersey farmer came to the city the other day and, among other things, he visited a high class restaurant, says a Philadelphia paper. His appetite ran to cheese, and, inquiring of the waiter what sort of cheese was listed, remarked that he desired "something new."

"Why don't you try a bit of Roquefort?" suggested the waiter. "What's that?" asked the farmer. "Hang it," he added, "bring me some. I like the name anyway." He ate of it and liked it. So he thought he would take some home to his wife. Arriving late, he laid the small cheese wrapped in silver paper on the sideboard. He forgot to inquire about it till next night and then he asked his wife how she liked it.

"Oh, I s'pose it's mighty stylish up to the city, but I see kinder couldn't use it. I couldn't get no foam out of it, and when I washed the children they smelled kinder funny, and I can't say I like it."

Up Against It. "In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theater to get a breath of fresh air!"—Washington Star.

The cuckoo's cradles were believed by the ancient Poles to be actually given by the great god Zywia, the life giver, who transformed himself into that bird with the object of giving his oracular utterances.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate



May 22, 1911.

JAMES V. LINDSAY, 309 Evans.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Carrie J. Andrew, 5, 39 North Thirty-third St.	Monmouth Park	1897
Harry W. Baty, 3815 Blondo St.	Franklin	1903
Mearl C. Bosteder, Fortieth St. and Curtis Ave.	Central Park	1901
Frank Brown, Thirtieth and Grace Sts.	Lake	1900
Charles Belman, 710 Hamilton Apartments.	Farnam	1886
Marie Bergman, 939 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Long	1903
Harry M. Carlson, 3209 Seward St.	Franklin	1900
Rene J. Cowan, 3217 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1898
Gertrude Craig, 3217 Pacific St.	Park	1897
Francis Connally, 3916 North Twenty-third St.	Lothrop	1903
S. M. Cohen, 720 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1905
Margaret Daly, 2015 Oak St.	Windsor	1904
Delmar C. Eldredge, 1709 Park Ave.	Park	1901
Ernest J. Eggers, 809 Pine St.	Lincoln	1900
Leroy F. Flood, 2117 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1905
Charles Gardner, 1911 Charles St.	Kellom	1901
Marie Gresham, 1532 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1898
David Green, 1919 Vinton St.	Vinton	1896
Henry Gouber, 3509 South Fourteenth St.	St. Joseph	1890
Jeannette Goldsmith, 3204 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1900
Walton L. Guss, 1613 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1898
Matha Graniewska, 2528 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1900
Arthur Higbee, 2011 Maple St.	Lake	1901
Lillian M. Jensen, 2634 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Gerald Kyle, 2407 Davenport St.	Central	1900
Charles Kane, 2721 Grant St.	Long	1900
Leonard Kipp, 2142 South Fifteenth St.	Castellar	1893
Charles Laux, 2767 South Ninth St.	St. Joseph	1902
Ethel G. Lawrie, 4229 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill	1904
W. Floyd Lane, 4932 North Thirty-fifth St.	Monmouth Park	1904
James V. Lindsay, 3309 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Leo Lehre, 1931 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1903
Louis Meyers, 3340 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1903
Charles Mohr, 1951 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1901
Ernest Murphy, 2749 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1903
William Newman, 3337 Spaulding St.	Druid Hill	1904
Vincent Nelson, 1007 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1900
Helen Nodgaard, 2808 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1897
Marie Niesmann, 2702 Lake St.	High	1892
Winfield Oviatt, 1931 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1895
Alfred Pottvino, 915 1/2 Pierce St.	Pacific	1896
Arthur F. Rustin, 3503 Seward St.	High	1894
Ray F. Reel, 503 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1890
Thomas Arley Richey, 4833 Pierce St.	Beals	1905
William C. Russell, 3109 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1895
Mary Satorle, 1322 South Third St.	Train	1899
Sidney Schlotfeld, 5603 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1899
Ella B. Schultz, 2609 Grant St.	Long	1904
Hannah Tobin, 1036 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1901
George Voelker, 1920 Lake St.	Lake	1898
Theodore Williams, 2772 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1902

Dangerous Strip of Land

The stranding of the Princess Irene on the Fire Island bar was a serious mishap, although no lives were lost. It is no uncommon thing for a liner to poke her nose in the mud and remain stuck for a few hours either coming up or going down the New York harbor; but the beaching of one of these big ships, equipped as they are with wireless apparatus, for signals and every appliance that makes for safety in the open sea is an unusual and costly accident.

Not only does it cause delay and alarm to passengers, but it also involves a considerable expense to the owners of the ship. A parallel to the case of the Princess Irene is recalled in the experience of the American liner St. Paul, which stranded in the Jersey coast about thirteen years ago, but was floated again without loss of life, though not without difficulty.

Of course the accident inspires the usual references to Fire Island as an ocean "graveyard." It is true that the beach at that point has been the scene of some notable wrecks since the ship Prinz Mauritz, Captain Dirk Cornelius, was lost there on March 9, 1857. July 14, 1859, saw the stranding on Fire Island of the ship in which Margaret Fuller and her husband, Count Ossoli, together with their young son, were coming to revisit Margaret Fuller's home.

Other, father and son were drowned. The loss of the schooner Louis V. Place in 1865 and that of the schooner Benjamin C. Cromwell of Bellport in 1904 are memorable among the more recent disasters on the forty miles of sand popularly known as the Fire Island beach. As a matter of fact, the Oak Island and Rockaway sands farther west and the Quogue and Hampton beaches farther east have been quite as destructive to life and shipping as the Fire Island sands. Southampton records, for instance, the loss of the British sloop of war Syph January 14, 1811, when only six men survived out of a crew of 117.

Oak Island is charged with the wreck in 1822 of the Savannah, the first ship with steam power that ever crossed the Atlantic. The Rockaway and Hempstead shores have been the scene of many disasters, of which the most notable are the wreck of the Liverpool ship Bristol off Rockaway on November 28, 1856, with the loss of eighty-four lives, and the wreck of the ship Mexico in January, 1857, at a point in Hempstead township ten miles east of the spot where the Bristol stranded. One hundred and sixteen people perished in the Mexico wreck. A curious fact about each of these wrecks is that the captain had brought his ship safely to Sandy Hook, but being unable to obtain a pilot was compelled to stand off shore. In each instance a heavy gale sprang up before a pilot could be secured and the ship was driven on the sands to the eastward.

We have established life-saving stations and perfected life-saving equipment. Invented wireless telegraphy, organized fleets of revenue cutters that are ready to stand by any wreck, and generally effected a vast improvement in the conditions of navigation and life protection since the days of the Bristol and the Mexico. But that the risk of sand fronting the Atlantic still remains, always dangerous and ever insatiable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

They were talking about the nosy woman who knew everybody in the middle of the block.

"Apparently she's got it in for those people who moved away from No. 8 last week," said he. "What did they do to her?"

"Nothing," said she, "except to borrow their opera glasses the day before they moved, and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on her back-room furniture."—New York Times.

That Was Enough.

"Nothing," said she, "except to borrow their opera glasses the day before they moved, and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on her back-room furniture."—New York Times.

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.

Trials of a Hero



THIS IS ADONIS J. CLARKE SMITH

THE DROWNING MOTHER!

GAZE ON HER CHILD!

THAT DARING RESCUE!

SHE LOVES ME! SHE LOVES ME NOT! SHE

Trouble on the Border



DEARIE THIS SUIT NEEDS TO BE PRESSED. SEND IT OVER TO THE TAILOR AND TELL HIM TO HURRY, I NEED IT AT ONCE.

NOW, I'LL JUST SURPRISE HUBBY AND PRESS THESE SUITS MYSELF. I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE TAILOR.

NO! NOT A BIT!

PRESSED THEM MYSELF, DEAR! AREN'T YOU SURPRISED?