



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"Notice that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says politics have crowded all the poetry out of life," observed the Chair Warmer.

"If politics would only crowd out the poets!" exclaimed the Hotel Lobbyist wistfully. "Still, shoving off the poetry of life is an awful indictment to bring against politics. Politics has had something to do with taking the low cost of living out of life—and putting in the locus of seventeen years, politics may have defeated raw wool and substituted raw deal, but poetry—why, there's no tariff on it, no restrictions against a reasonable restraint of rhyme, no anti-poetry legislation, nothing to prevent the free coinage of poems at the rate of sixteen lines for one dollar, no troops have been sent to the border of Bohemia to put down the poets—not even to Hohobemia, where many of them hang out."

"Politics forces poetry out of our life! Poets! Why, politics puts poetry into our

maiden of poetry—the modern kind of hand-maiden who threatens to leave if you don't like her work or if she can't have two days off every week. Why, many's the time politics has been the reason why poetry was recited by the yard in congress instead of straightforward debate or argument. Take one of those senatorial war-horses with flowing mane and a frock coat with an epileptic fit and force him into a corner during debate. Get him to the place where he has to go on record as being for or against. What does he do but inflate himself and reel off several miles of poetical film, written by some obscure poet who makes a living not worth living by, plain and fancy poetry. Political problems boom poetry. Why, what was that rhyme Bryan was always talking about?"

"I don't know," said the Chair Warmer. "What was it?"

"Oh, yes! The rhyme of 'B.' exclaimed the Hotel Lobbyist.



## Military Magician

The story is told of General Grenville M. Dodge, president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, that he was talking one Memorial day in Council Bluffs about railroading.

"The best piece of railroad work I ever heard of," he said, "was performed in 1841 in Maryland. The confederates were in great need of a locomotive, and their only hope was to capture one. So a small band of men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a tall Georgian who had been foreman of a quarry and knew a good deal about derricks and rigging.

"Well, the Georgian took his men into Maryland, they tore up a section of the Baltimore & Ohio tracks, flagged the first train, and, with nothing but a rope, dragged a locomotive fifty-seven miles up hills, across streams through woods and swamps, till they struck a line built by the confederacy.

"When the president of the Baltimore & Ohio heard of this feat he wouldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the route, and he said on his return that it was the most wonderful piece of engineering that had ever been accomplished. After the war he sent for the tall Georgian and on the strength of that exploit made him roadmaster of the whole Baltimore & Ohio.

"Any man," the president said, "who can pick up a locomotive with fishing line and carry it over a mountain has passed his civil service examination with me."

Each of King George's sons will receive \$50,000 a year from the civil list on attaining his majority, and each daughter \$30,000 a year at her majority, or marriage.

## TRIALS OF EDITOR MOUSE

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## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



### This is the Day We Celebrate



WILLIAM WATTS  
245 Maple

June 12, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Robert Anton, 1803 Center St.	St. Joseph	1904
Marie I. Bowman, 3115 South Sixteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1901
Frances B. Boyd, 1711 Dodge St.	Central	1899
William Barry, 2624 Decatur St.	Long	1899
Scott Craig, 5820 North Thirty-sixth St.	Central Park	1903
William Dugdale, 4032 Seward St.	Wainut Hill	1905
Helen DeBuse, 4104 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	High	1895
Josephine Ellek, 5002 California St.	Saunders	1905
Emma Edquist, 802 North Forty-second St.	Saunders	1902
Samuel Fales, 2021 Center St.	Castellar	1900
Joseph Frank, 1210 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1898
Joseph Gross, 2423 South Twentieth Ave.	St. Joseph	1897
Robert H. Green, 1623 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1897
Marguerite Hess, 5416 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1902
Lucile Henaman, 5908 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1895
Carson Hathaway, 5011 California St.	High	1894
Johanna C. Jensen, 877 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1903
Benjamin Jacobson, 1802 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1903
Mary Kosik, 1407 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Eme V. Kelly, 1030 South Twenty-eighth St.	High	1893
Mary Kubick, 1917 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1896
William Lilley, 3033 South Eighteenth Ave.	Vinton	1902
Florence Marley, 1809 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1899
Richard Mena, 420 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1892
Edith E. Morris, 2424 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1899
Iris M. Massengill, 1609 1/2 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1901
Edwin T. Maddison, 4913 North Thirty-fifth St.	Monmouth Park	1905
Mary Miller, 3509 X St., South Omaha.	St. Joseph	1897
Oneida Moran, 3035 Leavenworth St.	Park	1895
Johannes P. Petersen, 3220 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Sophia Posovsky, 1433 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Johannes P. Petersen, 3220 Miami St.	Franklin	1904
Claire Patterson, 2423 Cass St.	High	1894
Leslie C. Palmer, 3316 Spalding St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Donovan Roberts, 2223 Burdette St.	Lake	1900
Anton Stepanek, 3130 South Sixth St.	Bancroft	1899
Floyd Stryker, 213 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1905
John P. Stuhldreier, Twelfth and Kavan Sts.	Edw. Rosewater	1903
Cecil W. Smith, 2212 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Marguerite Shum, 2622 Charles St.	Long	1905
Irma D. Savage, 2818 Crown Point Ave.	Miller Park	1904
Vit Sedacek, 1707 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1904
Clarence Van Dusen, 4819 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1899
Mary Vorel, 4624 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1901
William Watts, 3415 Maple St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Ruth M. Wall, 1205 Fifth St., Florence.	Sacred Heart	1902
John L. Welche, 2223 Binney St.	Sacred Heart	1904
Edwin S. Wilcox, 1314 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1899
Ruth Zimmerman, 3117 South Nineteenth St.	German Lutheran	1901

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Queer Quirk in Women



My guest burst in upon me with an appearance that would have done credit to a leading lady in a melodrama. Her lips were compressed, her eyes flashed, and the curls in her hat danced up and down as if they were on spiral springs.

"Merry! what's the matter?" I cried.

"That elevator boy! He is insolent! He asked me 'What's your name?' in the most offensive fashion! I told him it was mine of his business. And he said he would not bring me up! Oh! It's outrageous! I will not be insulted by a black man!"

To be appreciated this burst of oratory should be seen as well as heard. She tore her veil from under her chin. She yanked the ends of it loose and forgot to take out the long bairn that moored it safely and exercised a wise control over the curls. She flattered and twisted and wriggled as if in physical agony. I cried:

"And she would not be insulted by a black man!"

The black man had not insulted her, and I knew it. But she needed calming down, so I temporized.

"Think you would be willing to be insulted by a green or a pink one?" I inquired.

"Don't try to be funny!" she scorching rather than observed. "The idea of my having to tell him my name and have it sent up to you every time I come! It's absurd! As well acquainted as we are! He knows it anyway! You seem to think it's all right!"

The last observation came like a bolt out of a clear sky. For it was the truth; and she had been so busy with such a mass of mingled exclamations that she had not the sudden leap she made into the midst of me!

You see, I had given the elevator man instructions not to bring any one up without announcing the visitor. And he was executing my orders. I made up my mind that, in justice to him and in justice to myself and my time, that has a commercial value, I would make a clean breast of it.

"I told him not to, allow any one to come up. I had to go to it. It was necessary

to defend myself from my friends in order to get my work done," I said.

Then the queer quirk became evident.

"Oh! I supposed you and I were good enough friends to dispense with formality," she said stilly.

"Indeed we are!" I exclaimed. "I could enjoy myself doing just that—dispensing with formality. But the butcher does not like to have me generous in that way. He likes cold cash. And the grocer has the same bad taste. Sometimes I think he eats with his pocketbook!"

But being facetious did not help.

"I never supposed that you could make a stranger of me! Of course, I know you have your work. But you feel that I could not interfere with that, don't you? Naturally, other people might worry you; but I can just wait till you are done. I'm sure I never distract you—"

Well, the point of it all is that the queer quirk in many women is the fact that each of them sees herself as the exception; and she gets indignant and offended if you cannot see her in the same way. I have about twenty of these exceptional friends! And all of them disturb me as little as this one. At any old time they come. I have a day at home. They forget it. Then they make life a burden for me by engaging the elevator boy and exciting me till

## The New Man

We hear a great deal of talk about the "new woman"; and very little of the "new man," but of course there is a change in masculine, for without the new man the modern woman would be an impossibility. The amazing young women we see around us could hardly exist if men did not approve and sanction the change; certainly they would find what is called public opinion far more against them than it is. For the superior masculine person is inclined to let women take her own line in various (and even devious) directions, without any protest on his part. He is disposed to allow her the largest latitude in developing her character and personality.

If he has no objection to her being economically independent of himself, he is ready to admit that he cannot, locally, make harder and faster rules as to conduct than he does for himself. There are, already a considerable number of newly married persons, who go so far as to set up separate establishments in order to avoid the frets and jars which do so much toward devastating the married state. And invariably when that universal topic of conversation, women's suffrage, comes up, as it always does every dinner party nowadays, we find the new man advocating the claims of his feminine contemporaries to citizenship as strongly as the women themselves.

That rare event, a ruby wedding, was celebrated in Baylow Village, Shapansay, Orkney Islands, recently, by Mr. and Mrs. John Grever. They were married in 1841, and their respective ages are 91 and 94 years.

## Back Numbers

Sir Patrick Spens, London surgeon, praised at a dinner in New York the abundant and timely reading matter that American physicians have in their waiting rooms.

"The English physician offers his patients reading matter, but I am afraid it isn't always up-to-date." One of your American millionaires consulted me in Harley street last month. He was kept waiting about an hour. When he finally entered my inner office he looked very much bored.

"I see by your papers, doctor," he said, with a yawn, "that it is rumored that two Dayton men, Orville and Wilbur Wright, can actually fly!"

The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads.

## Tying Up Elephants

In Ceylon the natives capture wild elephants by lassoing them and tying their hind legs to trees. Thus tied, they are left to struggle for four or five days. If the ropes be well secured and knotted the animals struggle in vain, for they are unable to exert their full strength toward getting free. When they have grown tired of the fruitless fight they are tied by the neck between two tame elephants and marched off to the tea plantations or the railroads, where they are put to work. Under the tuition of tame elephants they learn rapidly to perform the labor that is required of them and soon are able to lay railroad ties accurately.

Oldest library in New York is the Society library. It was started in 1754.

## WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

## Why Women and Men Turn Smugglers

Are many rounded jars at heart and many meek thieves by design? And will some women keep on smuggling because they cannot help it and some men because they seek material gain by it? George J. Smyth, the special deputy surveyor of New York, sees no sex influence in the act of defrauding the customs; the purpose or the end to be accomplished alone is different.

A woman attempts to smuggle things for herself or her friends to wear, while a man tries to defraud the government so as to dispose of smuggled goods to his personal financial advantage, is the conclusion of Theodore Bean in the New York Telegram.

The customs court of third degree centers about Mr. Smyth's office. Mr. Smyth is affable, clear sighted, smooth faced, balanced, unprejudiced, but alert.

"The chances are that smuggling never will be done away with," said he. "Women always pursue a bargain, no matter the price others who have gone before have paid for the luxury, and any number of men won't shrink from making a dollar even if they take a risk in the venture. There are few new styles in smuggling.

"I have observed that women smuggle things for their own adornment, but men smuggle to make money. I am not speaking of dressmakers, milliners and other merchants, which are of both sexes. It isn't that women haven't a nice sense of honor, but rather they haven't always a sense of duty, while men know what they are doing."

"What has been the boldest piece of smuggling lately noticed by the customs inspectors?"

"That of Mrs. Adriance of Poughkeepsie, who brought in a pearl necklace in the piping of the chimney in her hat."

"How did you get the tip?"

"From the women inspectors at the docks."

There are four women inspectors at present, but the number will be doubled in a month.

"The tight skirt has helped us a lot," said the older of the pair. "Women can't wear furs and laces wrapped about them without having them show. We find jewels in their stockings, the toes of their shoes, in umbrellas handles, in muffs, in the hems of their skirts."

"Do they ever conceal them in their switches or rats?" I asked.

"Not so far. We always search the rats of a suspected person."

"One who is either tipped off to the customs or who betrays the fact by her anxiety, the signs of which are most familiar to us. Then we act."

"The funniest thing we have seen was the woman smuggling in Havana cigars in a petticoat quilted throughout and actually filled with cigars," spoke up the other. "It certainly looked queer under a tight skirt."

"What things make you inspired to act?"

The younger woman answered: "The passenger's actions at the pier. The women frequently try to pass in articles to friends who have gone to meet them. They say, 'Hold my muff while I find the keys to my luggage.' In that muff are often found jewels and laces. Sometimes they are hidden in the lining, but we know the muff episode means something, and we set about to find just what it stands for."

What the women inspectors did not tell me is that for a few francs a week sales-

men in Paris will report big purchases made by Americans. Hence the significance of the customs phrase, "We are acting on a tip."

Smuggling will go on quietly, and the virtuous mother of an estimable family will scheme to get the best of the port. Why? Because she isn't a citizen and has nothing to do with the making of customs laws?

Not necessarily; because she wishes to that is all.

## Primary Astronomy

"The late George Cary Eggleston was in the confederate army," said a New York editor, "and, at Memorial day approached, he would narrate at the Author's club many a memory of war time.

"I liked to hear his yarns about the child-like minds of slaves. He once told me, for example, about a grizzled slave named Uncle Cal, body servant to his colonel.

"As Eggleston sat before a campfire one coolish autumn evening, watching Uncle Cal mend the colonel's coat, the crimson and gold glory of the autumn sunset turned the talk to astronomy, and Eggleston said: "You see, Uncle Cal, the world is round, like an apple, and it goes round, too—round and round it goes all the time."

"His round an' 'hit goes round," said Uncle Cal skeptically. "But what I wanter know is, what holds it up?"

"Why, you see, Uncle Cal," said Eggleston, "the world goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up—by attraction, you know."

"Uncle Cal glanced from his coat mending to Eggleston with a patronizing smile. "Honey," he said, "Ah reckon yo' hain't gone far 'nough in yo' reasonin'. Fy, if yo' surmisation 'wuz correct, what would keep de world up when de sun went down? Answer me dat, hon!"

## BOTH EARLY.



"The early bird gets the worm." "Yes; but the early worm gets his."

## "CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

