

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

Get that about Chicago's corporation counsel allowing the girl employees fifteen minutes to "brimp" because those who did were the best workers? asked the Chair Warner.

All work and no playing makes Jill a dull girl," insisted the Hotel Lobbyist. "Haven't you noticed that a freshly adjusted ribbon improves a typewriter's work—machine or human. If a machine shop can be improved by tightening the belts, why not a law office? How can a girl keep her mind on her work when she knows her back hair is slipping down her shoulder blades and liable to drop off and be left unnoticed. The girl who powders may shine in business, but her nose won't."



"POWDER."

served yesterday or discusses some chocolates, having breakfasted almost an hour before. Then she produces a pocket mirror inspects her features and powders her nose. After carefully looking over her finger nails she gets up, wrinkles in her straightfront, smoothing the places where the hips of yesterday were, straightens her skirt and sits down. "After which she takes out a souvenir postal card and reads it with a reminiscent smile. She then takes a deep breath which necessitates a readjustment of the straightfront, after which she is ready to do a hard day's work, with interludes."

"You talk like a regular employer," exclaimed the Chair Warner. "You mean like an unmarried one," said the Hotel Lobbyist. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Nothing to It. Shoe merchants declare that women's feet are growing larger.—News Item.

Such statement makes fair Phyllis sniff. And out at hateful man: She vows at woman he will jeer Just every time he can!

That Phyllis' feet disprove such fact. All bystanders must grant. Her high-heeled boots refuse the saw: "Five into two you can't!" —New York Telegram.

Feminine Aspirations. No more the lady with garlands gay. Her hopes on the simpler pleasures set. She doesn't essay to be queen of the May. She wants to be boss of the suffragettes.

Put an eyewinker inside your clothes. Wish and you will have it granted.

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

A comic strip titled 'PUDGE PERKINS' PETS' featuring a boy and his dog. The panels contain dialogue such as 'IF I OWN A HALF INTEREST IN THE WE WANTA BE DIVIDED LONGWAYS, 'STID O' CROSSWAYS, AN' YOU OWN HALF AN AN' HALF.' and 'WELL THAT AINT NO WAY TO DIVIDE A DOG, AN' WE HAD HIM DIVIDED ONCE, BUT WE GOT DOWN TO DECIDE WHICH WAY IS RIGHT.'

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



WILLIAM ROBERT MOREARTT. 2024 Wirt Street.

June 16, 1911.

A list of names and addresses for the Junior Birthday Book, including names like Grace Abbott, Borgany A. Berg, and Walter G. Bruning, along with their respective schools and years.

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to Human Bind-Vine



Of course the clinging-vine woman is out of date. You would be the first to laugh at the mere suggestion that a girl would cling like a frail vine to the sturdy oak of a man. You would sneer at the assertion that some women like to lean. You would fairly hoot at the statement that they even cultivate the art of twining gracefully and lovingly around the more vigorous husband. You would frown at a lurid, acrid accusation of weakness and silliness. Oh, yes, you would scorn the clinging-vine woman with a top-lobty and affronting disapproval meant to wither and blight.

But you do not hesitate to be a vine yourself. The only difference is that you choose to be a bind-vine, while the other may prefer being a gentler growth that inspires by its own dependence.

You do not know what a bind-vine is? Well, it's a kind of floral policeman. It gets stout and powerful, then lassos all the amiable-vegetable luxuriance in its neighborhood. It flings strong spirals about the roots. It climbs up and, in a businesslike way—a regular monopoly fashion—confiscates branches and leaves and flowers. It literally squeezes the plant attacked to death.

Some poet or other has announced the Motic dictum that "men kill the thing they love." If he had happened to know some of the bind-vine variety of women, he might have spoken with more truth. Husbands are the pet and particular victims of the human bind-vines. You, for instance, have been squeezing the courage, the character, the curiosity, the courtesy, the animation, the very life out of yours

till you have wrunged him, root and branch, in your destroying tendrils. Yes, root and branch, you have plinked him. You pull him up at his very feet. He is actually so enveloped with your bind-vine that he cannot get away.

Then, when you have chafed him to you so that he never goes to a club or never lingers on his way from the office, but hastens home pulled by the conjugal bind-vine, you begin to climb. You hamper his speech, you curb his imagination; you kill his attraction for other men and women! At last you have him, tight and fast! He is a dried-up, squeezed-to-death phantom of the live man who came within your bird's influence.

The birds of prey and the dreadful ootops, the enraging quicksand and the voracious pitcher-plant, all capture their victims. But none of them has the demonic persistence and the absolutely inexcusable gluttonous hang-to-himness of the human bind-vine.

Is there a reason in the world that you should ask your husband where he is going every time he goes? Is there a cause for your steady insistence on his continued presence in your society, which gradually gets so it neither cheers nor inebriates, but just naturally dry-rots, him? Why should you make a mere mechanism out of what was meant to be a man? If he cannot be man and husband, too, it would be a kindly fate that snatched him from the constantly strengthening spirals of your tyranny.

Hee-hee? No! A hee-hee'd husband is irritated sometimes into revolt. But a man wrapped in the stranghold of a

bind-vine is just wapped and enervated till he is so impoverished of will, so enervated of body, that he actually leans upon the bind-vine that has unmaned him for support.

Gentle Cynicisms

It is a mistake to suppose that a glass window is always in clover. A chicken isn't as pretty as a bird of Paradise, but it's a whole lot better to eat. You can't hurt the feelings of some people with a sledge hammer. There isn't much hope for the fellow who is too lazy to run in debt. The people who throw bouquets at themselves can't always pay the florist's bill. Lots of us have our wits sharpened in the nick of time. The man who feels that he is fully appreciated is yet to be born. Beauty is only skin deep. A spring

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THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, Editor. Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return postage required. NO BAD MONEY TAKEN. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE. REGINALD ON THE JOB. Bumble Bee's Staff Correspondent Located There. Right Here at Home. Our Poet's Corner. How to Treat a Wife. Odd Superstitions.

Auctions in Japan Are Different

To the uninitiated the announcement of a real Japanese auction, meant real Japanese goods, but persons wise in the ways of auctions knew that it meant a lot more than that, writes a traveler to the Philadelphia Ledger. It means for one thing, silence. An un-Americanized Japanese auction is a kind of oriental Quaker prayer

meeting. People do not exactly wait for the spirit to move them before making a bid, but they go about as silently as if meditating in a Lenten retreat. Nobody has anything to say, or if he has he exercises a powerful restraint over his emotions and refrains from saying it. Even the auctioneer holds his tongue. Every article that he offers for sale is simply held up for inspection.

TURNING A CRANK



Our big neighbor is quietly but persistently proving that Omaha folks are paying more for ice than is being charged to consumers in other cities. Why? Ye Editor had the pleasure of seeing Bill Allen White talk to the University graduates on Thursday morning. He couldn't be heard even by himself. The silence that blooms out of Mayor Jim's corner in the city hall is about the most portentous thing in sight just now. What does it mean?

Odd Superstitions

Putting a shoe upon the wrong foot brings ill luck. In the days of chivalry it was thought by knights to be unlucky to meet a priest if they were going to war or a tournament. To feel a tingling of the right ear is lucky, denoting that a friend is speaking well of us; a tingling of the left ear implies that an enemy is speaking of us. The virtues of herbs were once considered to be affected by the influence of the planet under which they were sown or gathered. Black hellebore had to be plucked, not out, and this with the right hand, which was then covered with a portion of a robe, and secretly conveyed to the left hand. The person gathering the herb had to be beseeched and called in white, and was obliged to offer a sacrifice of bread and wine.

POLICE!

