The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lay of the Hotel Lobbyist

"What's the moral of that case where five men got their degrees from that Ohio college twenty-five years after they had been expelled for going to a theater?" demanded the Chair Warmer. "One is now a judge, one a lawyer, one a banker—"

"I thought they had reformed!" exclaimed the Hotel Lobbyist. "Well, maybe the college authorities happened to see the same show later and thought the boys had suffered enough. Moreover, it is always well, if you live in Ohio, to be friendly with a judge; you never can tell what will happen. You might want to vote in Adams county, or go to the legislature, or boss Cincinnati—most any obession, and you never can tell. It's always well to have a life preserver handy. I wonder if the fired five would have received their degrees if they had been failures.

"GOOD."

"Just the same, this case must make fine material for lectures of advice to young collegians about to go forth and grapple with the world's problems, with special reference to jerking soda water and handling through freight. It must point a moral and illumine a lecture to tell the rising highbrows that they had best stick to their books and refrain from annoying the faculty if they wish to climb to the dizzy heights which lie just beyond life's threshold and the Alps and where the sea and river meet expectant feet if you don't wear rubbers.

"No, sir. It will be hard to convince the young that a college lad, who has spent all but a few weeks of four years learning glees and the snappy cut of clothes and how to elbow into fraternities, will be barred from the privilege of starting at the bottom of the ladder—if he's that lucky—along in July, or as soon as the visiting old chums season is over.

"Heretofore, all the stories have had the bad little boy sinking and sinking after he was expelled from school until he became something terrible, like a trust president or a high priced aviator or a prominent millionaire murderer. But, no. Up steps five brisk men and kick a hole in that good old myth. One a judge, and one a lawyer—in Ohio. Ohio judges and lawyers have furnished several presidents and supreme court justices and cabinet officers, to say nothing of owners of legislatures, trusts, presidents and such trifles.

"Not discouraging the good little boys, but—ha, ha!"

"Well, what're you laughing about?" asked the Chair Warmer.

"I was wondering if the star good scholar was ever heard of after graduation," said the Hotel Lobbyist.

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Cue to Queue Talk

"A Chinese servant can be impudent without anybody who doesn't know the tricks of the race ever finding it out," said a Montana man. "Without speaking a word or moving a muscle he can tell you to shut up, or go to the infernal regions, or any other billingsgate he chooses to indulge in.

"Just to go around with his queque stuck in his pocket means all that and any other compliments of that character you care to add to it. All the impudent retorts in the Chinese vocabulary can be expressed by that apparently innocent arrangement of his pigtail.

"Some Chinese who know they have a greenhorn to deal with go about their work with their queue in the retort impudent state, so that if any order is given that they don't like their answer of defiance is ready. But that is a form of insolence that the sophisticated employer squelches without ceremony. He will knock a Chinaman on the head or break his back, if necessary—anything to get his queue out of his pocket."

Yearly pay of a New York policeman in 1860 was $800. In London at that time patrolmen's salaries ranged from $229 to $378 per annum, while in Paris the compensation was $300 a year.

Trials of Editor Mouse

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.). All Rights Reserved.

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

FRIDAY, June 23, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Morton Allery, 2902 Franklin St	Long	1905
George Buffett, 1015 South Thirtieth Ave	Park	1901
Malcolm H. Baldrige, 124 South Thirty-ninth St	High	1894
Cordelia Bitterlich, 4340 Erskine St	Clifton Hill	1900
Marion Bradley, 316 North Nineteenth St	Central	1902
Harry Compton, 832½ South Twenty-second St	Mason	1897
Deyo E. Crane, 4 Mason Apartments	High	1894
Aaron Clamage, 1512 North Thirtieth St	Long	1902
Ina P. Deppe, 3434 Meredith Ave	Monmouth Park	1903
Margaret R. Disbron, 2031 North Twenty-first St	Lake	1905
Clyde Fitzgerald Clark, 502 South Twelfth St	Pacific	1903
Mildred Griffith, 2715 Chicago St	Farnam	1897
Carl J. S. Hansen, 1311 South Twenty-fifth Ave	High	1893
Arthur E. Hood, 2114 Grand Ave	Saratoga	1902
Harlan Hinebaugh, 715 Twenty-seventh and Jones Sts.	High	1897
Marie Iversen, 4720 Ames Ave	High	1894
John Chris Jensen, Thirty-eighth and Jordon Sts	Windsor	1901
Maude H. King, 3718 Meredith St	Monmouth Park	1898
Irance Kwasniewski, 3004 Spring St	Im. Conception	1903
Harold Kingston, 4020 Miami St	Clifton Hill	1904
Ormond Kenyon, 3239 Ohio St	Howard Kennedy	1898
Hazel Larson, 2204 South Tenth St	High	1896
John Lynch, 3361 South Seventeenth St	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Henry Leeder, 1825 North Twenty-first St	Kellom	1895
Hugh McLendon, 3518 Parker St	Franklin	1897
George McPherson, 712 North Sixteenth St	Central	1903
Louie Meyer, 2204 South Thirteenth St	Lincoln	1903
Marie Miller, Fifteenth and Paul Sts	Cass	1902
George McPherson, 712 North Tenth St	Cass	1903
Herbert J. Nelson, 4244 Burdette St	Clifton Hill	1904
Selma Nelson, 2220 North Thirteenth St	Lake	1898
Florian Pollries, 2727 South Ninth St	St. Joseph	1899
David Posowsky, 1433 South Sixteenth St	Comenius	1903
Hazel Rich, 2716 Camden Ave	Miller Park	1899
Christian Rasmussen, 3407 Jackson St	Columbian	1904
Freda Rolli, 5209 Center St	Beals	1903
Floyd M. Smith, jr., 1038 Park Ave	Park	1900
Leroy S. Scott, 117 South Thirty-sixth St	Farnam	1901
Hubert A. Shannon, 2873 Meredith Ave	Saratoga	1898
Frank Siogr, 1262 South Fourteenth St	Comenius	1903
Louise P. Tomsu, 1459 South Sixteenth St	Comenius	1897
Edward Tully, 570 South Thirty-third St	High	1898
John R. Wilderman, 1821 Pinkney St	Lothrop	1900
Lavern C. Wedmore, 2118 North Twenty-eighth St	Long	1899

Present-Day Fashions

NEW YORK, June 21.—Although the protest is several hundred years old against "painting the lily" and "adding a perfume to the violet," yet we find women actually embroidering the pattern on brocade, beading the pattern of lace and spangling embroidery! For what? To put on the front of a gown. For what? To please some "mere man," of course. (Dear unselfish women.)

Speaking of beading, inasmuch as everything has been done on the shirt waist

that the ingenuity of woman could devise, they have turned to the Indian and borrowed his beads wherewith to bead, actually bead the yoke of their washable voile or canvas shirt waists, or over-blouse of chiffon; just plain little white china beads, following a stamped design around the Dutch neck. But for color, they must turn to Bulgarian embroidery and one sees most interesting motifs wrought in the primitive colors set off with an outline of black, all in heavy wash silks. "They come high" in the shops, but the embroidery counters all parry them ready to work.

Color? Again the fickle public is veering off on another track, and this time it is coronation yellow, a royal color, combined with sapphire blue. One sees it even in the "headache bands," as the cynics call the pretty classic ribands around milady's coiffure.

When the modistes planned these empire and princess clothes with their glove-fitting skirts, they surely forgot all about trains, and when it came time for brides, she had to hang her train from the shoulders in truly court fashion. And the 1911 brides have the cutest way of making the veils into little mob caps caught around with orange blossoms. Alas for the poor bridesmaid's train; hers was only a little fish drapery hanging loose from her waist, but she was satisfied to know it was imported by a Fifth avenue house. Those imported gowns have a very freakish air, produced by building the two sides of the waist differently. It is evidently done in the thought that few people can copy it, but any woman handy with a needle with an up-to-date pattern can do wonders in this respect.

In the illustration is presented a costume sure to please because of its becoming lines and varied making possibilities. The waist was body and sleeve in one model. The skirt had five gores lengthened by a gathered flounce, which had a straight lower edge. The development of this costume was of white batiste trimmed with allover lace and insertion. This could be also fashioned of bordered materials, linens or light-weight woolens.

Loretta's Looking Glass–Held Up to the Girl Who is Fussy

A delightfully written letter came to me a few days since. It was so charmingly worded, and it held such a wealth of girlish frankness, funnily mixed with an exuberance of girlish scorn and impatience that I had to laugh. So, you see, I had a varied enjoyment out of it. It is too long to put in here, and I am sorry, for it is one of the communications which makes me regret that I have not a whole page at my disposal.

However, this is the gist of it: "I confess to the faults that you flay. I know that I have nearly all of them. And it does me good to be scolded for them." But now comes the funny, fussy, scornful part: "I never allow my finger nails to gather dirt under their rims."

This girl owns up to stealing beaus and talking gossip. She acknowledges that she flirts and she wears hubble skirts. But she keeps her nails clean. And she enters into a youthfully enthusiastic exposition of the criminality of dirty nails. She begs me to write an awful lecture to the girls who dress in their prettiest and have their hair marcelled perfectly, then go to a dance with dirt under their finger nails. She tells how she keeps hers cut so very short that no dirt can find any hospitality under their roof.

But I am not going to write about finger nails. I am going to give a short disquisition on the fussy girl. I think she will be one if she is not already. Finger nails are her fussy hobby. But something else will succeed them. She is an extremist.

And the only thing which makes an extremist livable is the saving sense of humor, which, I much fear, she has not. Could a girl who saw the funny side of herself and her fussiness so sweetly and generously and cheerfully, indeed with an abandon that indicated a real enjoyment, acknowledge that she possessed all the faults that make girls hate her, make men shun her, make women suspect her of double dealing and then apply the fact that she had always clean finger nails as a kind of salve for all her shortcomings?

You see, finger nail faddist, you have made a fetich of a comparatively insignificant matter. I know you actually form your opinion of people on their finger nails. And it's a terribly unsafe way of deciding whether a man is good or a girl true.

I hate dirt—under finger nails or any place, on top of them or around them or even in their neighborhood. But I am not so fussily frantic about it that I make it a sign by which to judge people. Neither does it seem to me cause for approving my flirting or gossiping that I have clean finger nails.

Dirty finger nails are not a crime. They are just an abomination. But some of the faults you so amiably acknowledge are criminal. They cut and slash hearts. They wound and destroy reputations. About the only real harm finger nails, clean or otherwist, can accomplish is to scratch. And such assault would be legally avenged. But the other faults, the gossiping, the lying, all of them are the subtler misdemeanors which deal invisible but lasting harm and cannot be reached for redress.

Don't be so fussy about your finger nails. You may have holes in your stockings. Another girl might hate you for that. Of course, she would be another fussy girl if she did.

Odd Superstitions

When the right eye itches the person affected will shortly cry; if it be the left eye, he will laugh.

To drop anything shows that visitors are coming; if it should be a coarse comb a woman will come; if a fine comb it will be a man.

Natives of the Tonga Islands considered that to sneeze at the moment of setting out on an expidition was fraught with the most fatal results.

An old superstition prescribed that if those who were affected with ague would visit at dead of night the nearest cross road five different times and then bury a new-laid egg, the disease would be buried. If the experiment failed, they attributed it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them on the way.

Nubs of Knowledge

Barrels were used in 910 B. C.

Milk bottles were household necessities as early as 1296 B. C.

An instrument for measuring the force of the wind was first contrived in 1667.

The first work on agriculture published in England was the "Boke Husbandrie." It was issued in 1534.

Art of algebra, which is defined as the computation of numbers by general symbols, arose in the fourth century.

Anaxagoras, a distinguished Athenian, in 535 B. C. taught that the sun was not a diety, but an inanimate fiery mass. He also suggested that the moon shone by reflected light, and correctly explained solar and lunar eclipses.

A Wise Elephant

A funny story is told of an elephant in a traveling circus. The animal's stunt was to drum on the piano with his trunk while he sat before the instrument on a stool. He looked odd, to say the least, and the hideous noise he made was by courtesy called music. One day he hit the piano more heavily than usual and smashed the keyboard. A new one was purchased, and the next day the elephant was led to the stool before the instrument. He sat himself down, but instead of playing he groaned miserably. The manager of the circus coaxed him to play, but he only groaned. Finally he was led out of the tent by the manager, who returned in a few minutes with this excuse:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that the disobedience of Jumbo has caused you a loss of pleasure; but unfortunately the poor fellow discovered that the ivory in the keys of the piano came from his mother's tusks and he couldn't play for grief."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sucker Sore on Worms

He had been told to use worms, and he had done so. He had been told that the best place for fish was at a spot a long distance from his hotel, and he had tramped thither through seven miles of mud. He had been told to wait until the shadows of clouds played upon the water, and the first cloud had not appeared till the afternoon was half spent.

But he had waited patiently, for he was taking no risks, and had cast his first worm into the water at exactly half-past three.

Four came, half-past four, then five. He changed his position many times, and also his worms. He even peered into the river to see if there were really any fish in it. But, if there were, none seemed tempted by his bait, and at six o'clock he decided to quit.

"And, I must say, I ain't surprised they didn't bite," he muttered, as he packed up his rod and tackle. "I always thought these worms tasted rotten myself."

Rheumatism Cure

Sufferers from rheumatism, gout and other chronic diseases will be interested in learning how the natives of Somaliland, East Africa, effect cures. It costs an elephant to cure rheumatism in this way, and for that reason the treatment is not likely to become popular in New York and other large cities where elephants are scarce.

In Somaliland, after an elephant has been killed by the native hunters it is cut open while the body is still warm, and any rheumatic sufferer within hail is invited to step inside the elephant's skin. There he crouches down and remains for an hour or so. This treatment is said by the Somali natives to be a positive cure for rheumatism and gout.—New York World.

Sweet Innocent.

Telegrapher—"The message must not exceed ten words."

Fair Sender—"I can add a postscript, can't I?"—Boston Transcript.

Stray Bits of Wisdom

While a knocker may be a useful citizen he should be handed his own medicine with a sledge hammer occasionally.

If your boss has a poor opinion of you, you can make up your mind that your boss is about 90 per cent right.

The trouble with an argument is that the loser always goes away with the idea that the other man won't listen to reason.

One great trouble with a really pretty girl is that she so often has an idea that she looks best when she is being coaxed.

HARE RAISING TRAGEDY.

Wine Cheaper Than Water

Imagine living in a place where wine is as cheap and more plentiful than water, where water is used for washing purposes only, and where, when you want to quench your thirst, you go to the nearest wine cask and simply help yourself. There is no charge.

Down in the southeast corner of Europe—in Roumania and Bulgaria—there are such places. The plain folk down there live in villages—there are no isolated farms between towns—and in the morning men, women and children troop out into the fields to work from sunrise up to sundown. There is a little vineyard on almost farm. In the autumn the grapes are pressed, the wine is made and it is stored in the cellar. When you are thirsty you take a flagon and fill it and drink. It is just the same as drinking at a public drinking fountain after you become accustomed to it.

The reason why nobody thinks of drinking water is for the simple reason that water is too precious. It has to be hauled from the town pump or some hillside spring, and there is enough of it to be carried for washing dishes and so on, but not for a beverage, particularly in winter, when the brooks are frozen over, and then it is too much trouble to get water.—New York World.

Not the Real Thing.

"Oh, that my son should wish to marry an actress!" shrieked the pround, patrician mother.

"Now, ma, don't take on so," beseeched the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress; she only thinks she is."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At any rate there is much more competition in being rich than in being honest.

The Weekly Bumble Bee

VOL. I. OMAHA, JUNE 23, 1911. NO. 242.

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.

Gonding.

Ye Editor notes with much regret the passing of Johnny Gonding. He is one of the real princes of base ball, and it is a matter for real sorrow that his services can be no better requited. Yet that is the one thing in store for us all. Some day another will stand in the shoes we now fill, and as Hamlet says, "a good man's memory may outlive his death a six-month."

Johnny Gonding did his work well and modestly, and by his gentle manners both on and off the ball field has endeared himself to Omaha as no other player. His fortunes will be followed with interest by many genuine friends, who will always wish for him prosperity.

Revised.

Here's a new lover's litany, revised and brought up to date:

To make a lady love you, soak her in the jaw.

To make her quit loving the other fellow, shoot her.

To get the other fellow out of the way, hang him.

All of these plans have been tried in Nebraska, and they all work.

Royalty.

A friend of Ye Editor saw three kings the other night, and felt pretty good for a little while. But the other fellow dragged a pair to his three queens, and it cost the first man fifty. Huh?

Paving.

The present scrap between the paving contractors would have a more soothing sound did not memory recall the echoes of similar rows in days of yore.

Lid.

You can now buy it at Lincoln without taking any chances on the lid or the law. Provided, of course, that you have it sent up to your room before 8 o'clock.

Thought.

Ye Editor's copper-riveted notion of no way to cure a toothache is by telling yourself that the tooth doesn't hurt. He tried it.

Opportunity.

To Candidates: Come on in, there's lots of room. No danger of any crowding at the primaries.

HEROES NEED MEDALS

Cedar Bluffs Provides 20 Candidates for Carnegie's Courage Trust.

An' noo, Andy Ca-a-r-r-negie, mon, haste ye hame frae Skeebo to yer ain countree.

Great work waits ye here, mon, an' ye care tae do it.

A new degree of valor demands new treatment. What will you, who have given recognition to human valor and self denial in all other ways, say to the high courage of the twenty good men of Cedar Bluffs who volunteered to immolate themselves in the cause that is calling for men of might and bravery—the suppression of Sunday base ball.

Martyrs have gone to their fate in various ways, with hymns of praise on their lips and the light of faith in their eyes. The lions in the pit at the amphitheater have gulped the blood of tender maids, and crunched the bones of aged men; Christians have blazed to light the revels of a Roman despot; the auto-de-fe has been the prelude to the holocaust; "Bluidy Claver'us" has harried the Covenanter, and Alva sighed in vain that all the millions of heads of Holland were not on one neck that he he might end the heresy by a single stroke. And those were days of devotion and deeds of heroism such as the world had thought it would never know again.

But the spirit of the martyr is not dead, nor will it be while we find men like these, willing to undergo the hardship, the toil and the privation, the danger, and the nerve wracking strain incident to watching two country base ball teams play on Sunday.

Surely some special form of recognition will be provided for them. Their martyrdom has only one parallel in recent years, and that is the case of the ministers who took money subscribed by the congregations, and went into the bad lands of Omaha to spend it for beer and other entertainment, that they might have first hand knowledge of what was being done behind the red light signs.

Opportunity.

It isn't every day you get a chance to vote to put a mortgage of nearly $9,000,000 on the town. This is why the attendance at the polls on Tuesday ought to be both large and joyous.

Rooted.

One of the local candidates for a fat office announces on his card that he has been a resident of Douglas county since 1909. Long enough to decide that he would like to have the job.

ON THE CROWNING DAY

Reginald Views a Vast Expanse of Hats and Heads in London.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LONDON, June 22.—(Very Special—XXXX)—Some diddings, take it from me.

I was dreadfully disappointed, though. I almost got nearer than three miles to the route traveled by 'Is Gricious Mawjesty, the Kink. It wasn't my fault, though, and I apologized.

Others were similarly disappointed. Another cause for regret of which I have heard not a little, is that the great American bank roll did not respond to the dint with the yielding noise it is accustomed to make. One reason for this, though, is that the coronation prices here are not so much higher than those we pay every day at home.

I had a splendid station while the procession was going by. It was at a street corner, and as far as I could see my eye fell on a great expanse of bowlers, and billycocks and fore-and-afters, with 'ere and there a topper, and the missus with her hostrich plume. All of which was deucedly uplifting. And at that I had as good a view of the Kink on his way as several millions of others, and I didn't see 'im a tall.

Mister John 'Ays 'Ammond, I see by the bally newspapers, is 'avin' the time of his life with the toffs. 'E was a talking of 'avin' nervous prostration, but it will not be until after this is all over; John 'Ays has nerve enough to last through the coronation.

I haven't seen anyone from Omaha, although I understand that Dave Cole is in town. But David knows his way about over here, so it is not at all likely that I will see him, unless I should meet him at the dock on the way back.

A coronation crowd looks just like a crowd watching a circus parade.

REGINALD.

Happy.

You've got to give it to the New Thoughters for one thing. They are a happy lot, and most of them have tried about everything else, and so ought to know a little of what they are talking about.

Bumps.

The Omaha team is still on the bumps, but the loyal fans know it can't last forever. Give 'em time. The other fellows are due for a bit of hard luck somewhere along the route, you know.

Bumble Bee stings are always the best.

OUR POETS' CORNER.

Enroute.

Nebraska I have left behind,
I now have hit the trail,
And left that old quart cup of
mine a hangin' on its nail;
I do not quench at mountain
rills, my thirst, dear sir;
ah no,
Aboard the chu-chu cars I
gasp, and gulp a thimbleful
or so.
As eastward tears the train
that bears a cinder sprinkled crew—
I turn from novel sights and
sounds to say my how
d'ye do.
My thoughts fly back to
Omaha, with pavement
oozing far,
Where blatant robins split the
dawn—where my pardner
poets are.
'Twas yesterday thro' Elmwood gay this poet did
meander,
And now I find myself pro
tem a proxy Michigander.
And tho' vacation sights and
sound fill eyes and ears
with glee—
It can't obliterate the buzz of
a certain Bumble Bee.
And here I close this rambling
rhyme with my sincere regards
To Mr. Stinger, and also to all
my poets pards. —Q. R. O.

P. S.—
Dear Mr. Stinger, please excuse this pencil—'cause for why—
Altho' it is not 8 p. m., my
fountain pen is dry.
Q. R. O.

Discovered.

Toot, toot, away we go—
Over the hills a-flying.
Ding, dong, sounds the swinging bell,
Past green meadows hieing.
Out in the pasture, a farmer
lass,
Glances demurely to see us
pass;
Frolicking cattle lift tails and
run;
Home goes the plowman, his
work well done.
Had I of him but a fleeting
look—
Wish I'd a camera, his picture
I'd "took."
Just for a guess and I think
it no harm—
Looked like friend Curio out
on his farm! —F. B. T.

Joy.

Just a little chug car,
Just a little bunch,
Just a sporty chauffeur,
Just a little hunch.

Just a little copper
Watching by the way,
Just a little police judge—
Twenty-five to pay.

Recess.

Has the Ad club taken a recess? It has been some time since any ebullition from that source was noted.