

# The Bee's Home Magazine page

## Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"I see that some Americans are going to build a playground American style hotel in London," said the-Regatta Fellow. "Ten stories high! They must have rather low skies for scraping in London."

"The prison will do the sky-scraping," assured the Innocent Bystander. "Didn't you read that the men building the hotel are successful hotel men? Leave that sky-scraping stuff to them. I asked them why they didn't expect any objection on the part of the English, just because they were Americans? But they didn't say a word about the prejudice of the several hundred Americans flocking through London every season. I wonder if they have given that a good hard think."

"An American hotel in London ought to be a pure fire hit, though they will have no water. That's one American thing you can get in a successful American hotel, and I'm reliably informed you merely arouse contempt for your language if you ask for it on the other side of the Atlantic. The only use they have for ice water is for a bath. It takes ten minutes to get it."

"Then, they'll probably have such typically American hotel necessities as French chefs, Swiss waiters, Italian porters and English chambermaids. The diamond pin-cushion behind the register should be an American, and the bellhops should too, excepting the boy they send around to page for the telephone, and he should talk Volapuk."

"To make it really American, the hotel should recruit a small army of museum giants who have acted as dentists, advertisements and don't mind what kind of uniforms they are sent out to the porticoes in. The full-dress uniform of the general of the Swiss navy is most favored by the men who will accept any amount from a half-dollar up for decorating the curb with their presence when your taxicab rolls up. They should be a selected regiment of ultra haughty persons in secret



"ULTRA HAUGHTY"

order degree team costume, one to wait the carafe and napkin before the diner, one to call the man who takes the order, one to take the order, one excited one to take the wine order, and to deliver the check, the other to deliver the wine. Another to remove the crumbs, one more to bring the finger bowl and their business representative to collect the tips.

"For the bar there should be several well-combed dispensers who look like United States senators, several professional shift-ers a few shrinking violets who pay the telephone girl to page them frequently, a number of insidious 'touch' artists and the men who can tell a story when it is their turn to buy. Upholster the lobby with a few chair warmers, march onyx and solid gold and let the revels begin."

"They may even steamheat the rooms," suggested the Regular Fellow.

"The Magna Charta forbids it," replied the Innocent Bystander.

## TRIALS OF EDITOR MOUSE

THAT'S JUST THE WAY THE COPY READ, BOSS

BARNARD NEWS CONTINUED FROM THE PAGE THAT THAT IS IS, THAT THAT IS NOT, IS NOT

WELL AFTER THAT YOU DON'T LEAVE BUT THE PUNCTUATIONS

ONLY SEE

TURTLE'S SUMMER RESORT - CHECK -

HELLO - JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE. (TAKE THIS AD.) TURTLE'S SUMMER RESORT

WOW! LEGGO!

SO YOU ARE THE EDITOR, HEY?

MY NEEDS ARE FOR RELATIVES OR FRIENDS?

FINE BOARD BEDS. SOFT, FOR THOSE WHO DON'T CARE. FOR BATHING, THERE WILL BE LOTS OF OPEN AIR SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

BUY PASS!

## Railroad Speed in the "Good Old Times"

When the first passenger railroad ever built was opened in England in 1825, the train traveled from one end of the line to the other, a distance of twelve miles, in two hours. One of the best known writers on the subject of railroads at that day, wrote as follows:

"Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railroads than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives traveling at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

Today, with locomotives traveling at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, one can look back at Wood's warning with a feeling of amusement, says the New York World. In 1829 a locomotive was introduced in this country, and in the following year Peter Cooper experimented with a locomotive on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The flues of the boiler were made from gun barrels. The boiler was about the size of a flour barrel. Cooper related, with considerable satisfaction how on the trial trip of this engine he passed a gray horse attached to a wagon.

At present the railway mileage of this country is nearly 200,000, and according to statistics compiled by Prof. William B. Bailey of Yale university for the independent, this mileage has an equipment of more than 87,000 locomotives, 45,000 passenger cars and 2,000,000 freight cars.

A better idea of the extent of this mileage and equipment may be gained when we realize that the mileage is sufficient to encircle the earth with a ten-track road, and the freight cars would form five lines stretching across this country, while a person traveling from New Haven, Conn., to Washington, D. C., could pass the entire distance with a continuous line of locomotives on either side, and the passenger cars would reach over 4,000 miles. The rapidity

of the growth of American railway systems becomes apparent when we realize that there are probably a half million people in this country who were born before a locomotive was ever placed upon a railroad track in the United States.

Careful Language.

The late Judge Alton W. Tourgee was very fond of children, and his most treasured anecdotes always concerned their droll sayings. One day, making a call on some relatives, the little daughter of the house came to him in a sorrowful mood.

"Well, Ethel, what's the matter?" sympathized the judge.

"Papa gave me a whacky-whacky," sobbed Ethel.

"Read papa! And where did he whacky-whacky Ethel?"

"On the back of my tummyk," was the tearful reply.—Metropolitan.

## Loretta's Looking Glass



I wonder if the girl ever lived, who did not thrill to the splendor of achievement when a great bridge is stretched with tedious, dangerous effort across a river. And, in her heart, she has almost worshipped the man, the engineer, whose brain directed the work. She has reviled in the thought of the service of humanity, she has been thankful for the end of a time when the sweeping torrents take toll of human life. She has rejoiced in the work of the bridge-builder and in the builder!

But you, who daily build bridges, are not a cause for rejoicing. You are a source of misery and discontent. For you not only construct the bridge, but you create the worst that it is to span. You are the worrier! You are the one who crosses the bridges you build over the streams of trouble that you cause to flow. You seem never to know what weight you are burdening the minds of those who are forced to listen to your bridge plans. You are impervious to the protests that they make against your impudencies.

Listen to this! There was another like you. She built many bridges that she had her family in a state of constant confusion. It was utterly impossible to keep a map of her constructions. They endured her foolish, wasteful work. But they tried to keep from her all the materials with which she might erect new structures of worry.

She had a continuous stream of worry always running. And over it she flung a thousand spans. She would look up at a dark cloud in a summer sky and immediately begin a bridge. A picnic party was starting out, and she added to the lunch baskets a choice collection of cumbersome umbrellas and overshoes—for fear it would rain. And all day long, the ridiculous impedimenta had to be dragged about in the

hot and unvelled summer sun. It did not rain. When one of her loved ones went out of her sight she began to have faintful floods of trouble, a real torrent came rushing down upon her. And she had no bridge to cross it.

Death came like a bolt out of a clear sky. A dear one died. For two years the menance had hung above her. But she would not tell the bridge-builder because it would make her work harder that ever. Ah! those two years! The one who had needed sympathy and comfort was denied it because of the passion of the other for building bridges. And now the reproach piles mountain high on the builder of unneeded bridges when she thinks of the two years during which her loved one was calmly and quietly approaching the bridge over the river of death—alone. "Think of all the wasted effort! Think of the help and the comfort the builder might have given to the one who trod the hard road to the real bridge!"

Oh, builder of bridges, forsake your useless work!

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## A Sore Subject Lightly Treated

Can you tell a woman by her feet? The X-ray can. And listen! Pretty nearly all pretty women look alike in it. They are swayed heavily, abandoned of their extremities.

Dr. George Rosenbaum, the X-rayer of Mt. Sinai hospital of Philadelphia, has 1,000 X-ray photographs of feet, many of them taken through the feet and in a fraction of a second, for the X-ray is of late progressed, from slow freight to lightning express. He started in five years ago, equipped with extensive surgical knowledge and the best X-ray equipment in the country. And he hasn't found a perfect foot on a woman's feet.

Whether he sees on the street, in the cars, at a dance, he finds the old blisters look forlorn, because there doesn't remain a single woman who is free enough from corns or bunions to let a single foot revive. All, all are afflicted with feet that have lost their primitive purity of line and the insensibility of their phalanges and metatarsals, which are joints and bones.

Here are a few "things" about women which you can reliably learn from their feet, according to the Philadelphia North American:

A woman will follow the fashion if it cripples her.

A woman will wear shoes half a size too short for her until she takes to her death bed.

A woman will wear shoes two sizes too narrow for her after she lands in her coffin.

A woman can never find a shoemaker who can make shoes to fit her, this being no shame to the shoemaker, because—

A woman has never been born who will let her shoemaker fit her with shoes the real size of her feet.

A woman will deny the fact that her shoes are too tight until the pitiless X-ray proves they are, and then she'll just as likely explain that they're comfortable, whatever the horrid old ray says, as try.

These all-important things about woman can be learned from her feet, and the greatest of them is vanity, which coveteth a multitude of bunions.

## A Trifling Query

A colored citizen of a Georgia town had a vision on one occasion a rare feast for number of his friends, among whom was included the pastor of Mount Calvary church.

The piece de resistance of this banquet was a fine goose. "A fine bird, Peter," exclaimed the minister, casting a side glance at his host. "As fine a bird as ever I feed!"

There divine pastor, who had never lost their primitive purity of line and the insensibility of their phalanges and metatarsals, which are joints and bones.

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## Wise Maxims

He that dies pays all debts.

Value does not always single.

It takes two to make a quarrel.

Intentions often die with words.

Motives are the hardest workers.

A repining life is a lingering death.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

The wormwood of conscience embitters even sorrow.

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



219 North Twentieth Street. FRIDAY, July 21, 1911.

| Name and Address.                                | School.      | Year. |
|--|--------------|-------|
| Louis M. Anderson, 1770 South Ninth St.          | Lincoln      | 1899  |
| Arthur B. Adams, Corner State and Main Sts.      | Saratoga     | 1903  |
| Erwin J. Bitterlich, 4340 Erskine St.            | Chilton Hill | 1901  |
| Edna May Bilby, 4757 North Eleventh St.          | Sherman      | 1904  |
| Jesse Black, 1899 South Fifty-sixth St.          | High         | 1895  |
| Marjorie Bosworth, 2438 Manderson St.            | Lothrop      | 1899  |
| Leo Bicker, 506 North Twentieth St.              | Cass         | 1904  |
| Florence Clarke, 1910 South Nineteenth St.       | Castellar    | 1897  |
| Angelle Conain, 2408 South Twentieth Ave.        | Castellar    | 1905  |
| Lucey V. Cottin, 601 North Twenty-eighth Ave.    | Columbian    | 1905  |
| Frank D. Dunkle, 955 South Fifty-first St.       | Beals        | 1899  |
| Marion Dickens, Fifty-third and Mason Sts.       | Beals        | 1899  |
| Belle Greenberg, 2217 California St.             | Cass         | 1901  |
| Joseph Graebner, 1818 South Eighteenth St.       | St. Joseph   | 1902  |
| Lillian M. Gustafson, 1114 South Forty-fifth St. | Walnut Hill  | 1895  |
| Edith Gilson, 2653 North Fourteenth St.          | Lake         | 1900  |
| Lillian Hansen, Forty-ninth and Pine Sts.        | Beals        | 1900  |
| Howard Hicken, 3328 Myrtle Ave.                  | Franklin     | 1894  |
| Eloise Howell, 2012 Franklin St.                 | Long         | 1902  |
| Vivian A. Hoyer, 1402 North Fortieth St.         | Walnut Hill  | 1899  |
| Emerson Howard, 1814 South Eighteenth St.        | Castellar    | 1900  |
| Leo Krause, 122 North Thirtieth St.              | Farnam       | 1900  |
| George T. Kirkland, 2700 Seward St.              | Long         | 1904  |
| Louisa Kraft, 2707 South Twentieth St.           | Castellar    | 1901  |
| Mae Larson, 2219 North Twenty-ninth St.          | Lake         | 1905  |
| Fann Levinson, 1714 South Tenth St.              | Lincoln      | 1905  |
| John Looker, 4728 Saratoga St.                   | Central Park | 1893  |
| La Vaughn Lehnhoff, 4119 Hawthorne Ave.          | Franklin     | 1900  |
| Dorothy McIlvaine, 4220 Harney St.               | Columbian    | 1903  |
| Harold Moser, 2706 Jackson St.                   | Farnam       | 1902  |
| Wilm Minkus, 2218 Seward St.                     | Kellom       | 1896  |
| Arthur Metzger, 2128 South Twenty-fourth St.     | Mason        | 1905  |
| Mary McDowell, 2522 Rees St.                     | Park         | 1900  |
| Alice E. Moeller, 2104 North Twenty-ninth St.    | Mason        | 1902  |
| Patrick Mostyn, 2016 Willis Ave.                 | Long         | 1899  |
| Anna C. Peters, 3712 Ohio St.                    | Lake         | 1908  |
| Fred Stromberg, 4205 Saratoga St.                | High         | 1902  |
| Ethel Stewart, 709 1/2 North Eighteenth St.      | Cass         | 1905  |
| Mildred Sullivan, 1830 Clark St.                 | Kellom       | 1905  |
| Opal Sales, 2110 Oak St.                         | Vinton       | 1899  |
| Helen K. Spafard, 2210 Ohio St.                  | Lake         | 1904  |
| Mae A. Salsan, 2318 North Twentieth St.          | Lake         | 1905  |
| Nettie Vashica, 818 Pierce St.                   | Pacific      | 1905  |
| Berbert H. Woodland, 2310 South Thirty-third St. | Windsor      | 1904  |
| Rufus V. Whitley, 411 Patrick Ave.               | Walnut Hill  | 1904  |

## Holiday Traveling Suits

Every provident woman is planning her vacation trousseau, and the wise virgins who can make their own clothes find they can have half a dozen gowns to the one that the unwise virgin must buy ready made. The summer gowns are in evidence at first hand, but now they have been marked down to irrefragable figures, while the dressmakers' charges remain out of all proportion.

The light-weight woollens show novelty stripes, shepherd checks, volles, challenge cloth, rep and serge. Beautifully lovely materials are silk and wool, such as poplin, madras, etc. The two former are highly desirable for holiday traveling.

Be sure to have a darling little bolero, which, by the way, is so easy to make that even the unwise virgin, though she is a beginner, can give it a professional air; have some big revers of satin, touch it off with little satin-covered buttons to match and little "frogs" made of tiny bias bands of the satin scraps folded into one-inch loops. They are awfully smart, and you can make them with your eyes shut. Have one of the new yoke skirts now so deservedly popular. It has the "flat back," which, being interpreted, means a deep inverted and invisible pleat that relieves the tension of the very narrow skirt, which, however, fashionable, is decidedly ungraceful to sit in and disgraceful to walk in. Have the skirt inatep length if your feet are shapely and your walking boots good style, but not otherwise. The boots may be tan or russet. By all means have a white suit of linen, gaiters or cotton rep, canvas cloth or linen-estamine, made in a jaunty little jacket coat and six-gored skirt. The shoes may now be white canvas ties.

With both of these suits wear tailored shirts, which have come to be as indispensable in a woman's suitcase as in a man's. The tailored shirtwaist has no adornment, but carefully laid tucks. It closes in front, thank heaven with a box pleat; the one-steam Bishop sleeve ends in a plain, neat cuff at the wrist and is finished at the neck with a collar band only, to be worn with standing collar and mammoth four-in-hand. Simplicity is its only charm, but its "set" declares "the art that conceals the art" and may account for its outlandish price in the shops. Make it of linen or lawn, as "costly as the pure can buy," and never wear it if muscad. If you must have a fancy shirtwaist, get cotton voile or batiste and make a little tucked waist, upon which set a fancy shaped yoke, extending well over the shoulders onto the sleeves; embroider this yoke in pale blue, coral and lilac cottons, and outline the design with black. You will then be "in the rage."

Do not be without a charmingly French, bewitching princess-empire combination of foulard, pongee, muscadine, chiffon voile or crepe de chine, and wear with it a dear little chemisette and under-skirt of palest white. With such costumes wear patent leather pumps.

A most charming model shows ornamental bretelles over shoulders, holding up the lower part of the waist, which looks for all the world like an apron bib, and has a cute little fancy "tucker." It is joined at the high waist to a three-piece skirt.

oped of white embroidery bounding, also suitable for bordered materials. The waist had the body-and-sleeve-in-one effect. The skirt was one of the new yoke designs, lengthened by two pleated flounces.



Pandemonium.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she derived flannel of a voice."

"How do you make that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"—Toledo Blade.

## THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I OMAHA, JULY 14, 1911. NO. 245.

**THE BUMBLE BEE.**

**A STINGER.**—Editor Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return postage required. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

**Experiment.**—The proposition to open the school houses to the uses of neighborhood clubs has in it more of merit than appears on the surface. It has been tried in other cities, notably Rochester, N. Y., where it has been found to work well.

Why not try it in Omaha? The objection to the gatherings may be that the gatherings may be too large to be held in the school houses, and if they were to use one or two of the rooms for meeting places they ought to have that privilege. If the rooms are mused up any way that are the janitors' and the people pay the wages of the janitors, too.

**Suggestion.**—A try at course in the constitutional history of the United States might have a soothing effect on some of the statesmen who are now ramping around the country. At any rate it would give them a better understanding of some things they apparently do not know.

**White.**—Jim's untimely death has hit one bull's-eye in the typewriter and warbles thus: PREMONT CONVENTION. The democrats from Omaha are coming by the score; I hear their joyful "hurray" for Jim's death.

**Notified.**—Persistent pursuers of this clear fountain of information were not taken into account when Mayor Jim went on the warpath. The Bumble Bee has consistently warned them that something was coming off.

**Clever.**—You've got to give it to our pet! This weather maker, when he gets down to business, He surely knows how to make summer weather.

**Tip.**—Teddy had an trouble tracking the disk in Africa. Why not lose him upon the spoon of the disk in Washington?

**Lathe.**—At any rate, the barbers knew what sort of mixture to prepare for the city council.

**HURRAH FOR HARMONY**

Where to Hold the Convention at Fremont is Now the Question.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

MEMPHIS, July 2.—(Special.)—Quite a problem is before the committee of arrangement for the reception of the democratic state convention of getting them into one building is giving a lot of trouble.

The ordinary democrat may be made content quite easily, but with the prospect of entertaining Dick Metcalfe and Harvey Newbranch and Mike Harrington and Jim Dabman and Ed Howard and Dan Stevens and a few dozen others, each militant, the committee halts undecided.

One outsider has made a suggestion that may be adopted. He thinks it might help to track the train from Omaha at the stock yards about a mile east of town, near the crossing, and let the delegates from Douglas county hold their convention in the sheep pens. They will cut as much hay there as they will anywhere else, and will do a lot less harm.

Falling in this, it is proposed to have the convention meet at the county fair grounds, where plenty of room may be had for the proceedings.

**Prize.**—Old Doc Bixby tunes his typewriter and warbles thus: PREMONT CONVENTION. The democrats from Omaha are coming by the score; I hear their joyful "hurray" for Jim's death.

**Seats.**—The fuss over the end seat was not just a little far fetched in view of the fact that the pay cars remain on the line, and the open summer car is seldom seen except coming in from the ball park. Some regulation as to standing on the platform would be more reasonable.

**Going.**—Perhaps you thought we were kidding when we told you that the democrats of Pa. Route's boys. They surely have been making the other fellow go for the last few weeks.

**Weeds.**—Tom Pfinn will have to cut weeds with only \$1000. Bull. If the amount of money expended it will help out nicely at the primaries and the weeds will surely last till then.

**OUR POETS' CORNER.**

Sojering.

I've been hoping and wishing and praying That the post on a Michigan farm, Might diligently stick to his hay; But alas, I have cause for alarm!

His last poem reveals things so plainly, Though he's couched in most comical rhyme; Can you wonder the story should pain me? "Killing bugs," "fighting ants" all the time!

He is eager to gain information, Well, I'll tell you, my jolly old rebel! It was hotter than Satan's plantation, Till the mercury slid down the label.

Just what work F. B. T. is engaged in, I'm too diffident here to relate; But I'd know you 'e'en though you were caged in, 'I'd exclaim, "See my friend's shiny pate!"

As to Welch—he is doing some better— Keeps on suggesting and trying the pedal; If he'd turn on the faucet marked "water" We'd buy him some valuable medals.

You seem anxious to know if I'm in Beason, Any buildings soar up to the sky? If you find one I'll give you a pension— Not a cent, but they're sore 'cause it's dry!

Now believe me, 'twould please me to answer All the queries that bother your brain. But I'll ask you to wait, if you can sit— In the meantime, go harvest your grain! F. B. T.

Another.

Ye Editor expects to see on the market shortly a second edition of "Bryan's Biography" by Harvey Newbranch. He knows more of his subject now than he did a few years ago.

**Authentic.**

In some cities a policeman strikes a prisoner at his own feet. In Omaha some of them do it to show how strong they are.

**Hello.**

In Chicago you drop the middle fin nowadays. They learned this from St. Louis. Omaha is in line. It's a great game.